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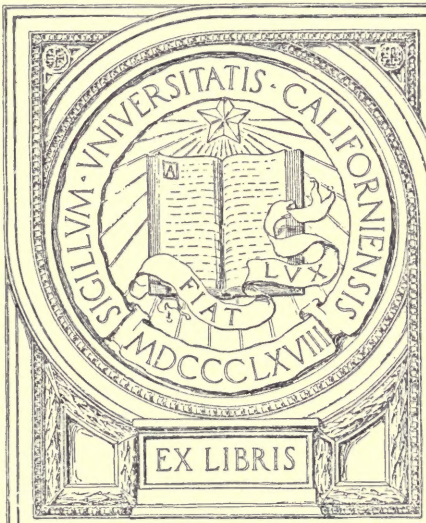

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COLLECTION

OF

PLAYS.

VOL. 7.

Shakspeare's

TRAGEDY

OF

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA;

WITH ALTERATIONS, AND WITH ADDITIONS FROM

DRYDEN;

AS NOW PERFORM'D AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISH'D BY J. BARKER,
(DRAMATIC REPOSITORY,)
GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN,
AND MAY BE HAD AT THE THEATRE.

1813.

[*Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.*]

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Octavius Cæsar	.....	Mr. ABBOT,
Marcus Antonius	*Triumvirs*	Mr. YOUNG,
Æmilius Lepidus	.....	Mr. BARRYMORE,
Dolabella	.....	Mr. HAMERTON,
Mæcenas	.....	Mr. CRUMPTON,
Agrippa	*Friends of Cæsar*	Mr. CRESWELL,
Proculeius	.....	Mr. JEFFERIES,
Thyreus	.....	Mr. MURRAY,
Enobarbus	.....	Mr. EGERTON,
Canidius	*Friends of Antony*	Mr. TREBY,
Ventidius		Mr. TERRY,
Philo	.....	Mr. BROOK,
Alexas	.....	Mr. CHAPMAN,
Diomedes	*Officers of Cleopatra's House* ..	Mr. MENAGE,
Mardion, an Eunuch	.....	

Attendants, Messengers, Officers, and Soldiers.

Cleopatra, Queen of Ægypt		Mrs. FAUCIT,
Charmion	*Her Women.* ..	Miss COOKE,
Iras	..	Mrs. WATTS,
Octavia, Cæsar's Sister		Mrs. M'GIBBON.

SCENE—*Ægypt, and dispersed in several parts of the Roman Empire.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Address to the Publick has been induced by due reverence for the great names of *Shakspeare* and *Dryden;* and by a respect for Those (among a multitude of their living Admirers) who, glowing with that enthusiasm which such pre-eminent Poets only can inspire, look upon any change of their text as a profanation:—a profanation, which may, possibly, be the only mode of continuing some of their Plays before a modern Audience. For the arrangements ventured in the following Tragedy, various precedents might be quoted; frequent liberties having been taken with old Dramatists; and taken successfully, (at least upon the boards of a Theatre) with little previous explanation, or with no explanation whatever: but, in the present instance, it is particularly wish'd that an humble endeavour may not be misconstrued into an arrogant attempt.

Doctor Johnson observes, on Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, that "the events, of which the principal are described according to History, are produced *without any art of connection*, or *care of disposition;*" which comment, according to the strict critical code, conveys no slight censure, though mildly express'd;—but he also tells us, that, "the Play keeps curiosity always busy, and *the passions always interested;*" and that "the power of delighting is derived principally from the *frequent changes of the Scene*:"—now, when we consider what those changes *are*, he will be found to praise, in one paragraph, that which he appears to condemn, in another.

But Johnson cannot be fairly convicted of incongruity in the above remarks: for, it is to be recollected, that they claim a bearing upon his general tenets; and that, in his admirable Preface to Shakspeare's Plays, he has *defended* the Poet's *departure from the Unities*. The authority of his opinion produces a powerful Ally to generous Taste, when inclined to rebel against scholastick Prescription; still, although "deliberately given," it makes him, he says, "frighted at his own temerity."

To behold the gigantic Doctor *in a fright* at his contemporary brethren, the majority of whom were pigmies to him in intellect, excites a smile! and may be cited, among repeated, and often, salutary instances, of the men of Method keeping the man of Genius in awe. He certainly labour'd to be beneficial; and to assuage the fury of the Aristotelian fire, raging in the bosoms of diminutive Literati; but he felt that he might be pouring oil; and encreasing the flames he wish'd to subdue.——It is, by no means, intended to insinuate that, when Johnson broached his opinions, there were not individuals of great talent, and erudition, alive, to oppose them; as, doubtless, there are now; but he, probably, dreaded an uproar of the dogmatical million, rather than the discussion of liberal men of letters, who were, comparatively few. Perhaps candour may open a walk between Aristotle and Johnson: the former may have exacted a path too narrow, and the latter have permitted a road too wide.

Be this as it may, Shakspeare's disregard of the Unities are traditionally received; and, to reduce his historical Plays to critical rules, is impossible: they grasp an age in a span; they comprise the events of years in a minute:—we may carefully rescind redundant scenes, and tenderly prune the exuberance of his dialogue, and they may flourish the better on a modern Stage;—to strike at the root of his general construction, is to eradicate the venerable Bard from the soil of our Theatre.

But the magick of his Muse is so powerful, he transports us from place to place, out-running Time with so sweet a velocity,

that we acknowledge much delight would be lost if we did not submit to the violence of the motion. We feel like men indulging in morning slumbers, sensible of visionary impossibilities, but unwilling to rouse our minds from the illusion: and when the enchantment is broken, by the termination of the Drama, a polish'd Auditor may exclaim, with the Poet's rude Caliban,

"*when I waked*
"*I cried to dream again!*"

Horace has described him by anticipation:

"Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit;
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut *Magus;* et *modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.*"

Dryden in the Preface to his Play of "*All for Love,*" vaunts that he has observed the Unities of Time, Place, and Action, with more exactness *than, perhaps, the English Theatre requires:*—thus, while he volunteers a difficulty, he seems proud of shackling himself with fetters he holds in contempt, to shew how gracefully he can rattle them: In his boasted observance, however, of the Unities, he has not scrupled to falsify History; which he informs us he has done "*by the privilege of a Poet.*"

But the two Authors have told the same story in a different way; and, while *Shakspeare* has taken the broadest range, *Dryden* has concentrated his plan;—to mingle, therefore, their Dramas has presented no little difficulty;—to blend the regular Play of Dryden with the wild Tragedy of Shakspeare, creates a danger of entangling a chain of incidents.

The obvious question, then, is,—Why make such an attempt? to which the following answers are respectfully given:——

Shakspeare's Play has been, already, altered, abridged, &c. &c. —but it has stood the test of modern times less than many of our great Bard's revived Dramas, which are, now, kept before the Spectators, from year to year:—Something has been

wanting to render it what is termed a *Stock* Play:——*Dryden's* Play has been long upon the shelf; nor does it appear suited to the present taste, without much departure from the original; but there is much to be admired in both the Plays.

Under these circumstances, an amalgamation of wonderful poetical powers has been considered the best method to be adopted; and it is hoped, that the present arrangement will be found sometimes to have softened the violations of those Unities in Shakspeare, which it cannot easily encrease.

In respect to pruning for representation, it may be allow'd, that

> " ——*fluent Shakspeare scarce effaced a line;*
> " *Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,*
> " *The last, and greatest Art, the Art to blot.*"

A few lines of interpolation, here and there, will be observed; inserted merely for the purpose of connecting those beauties (which have long been dormant) of Two of England's greatest Poets.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE—*Alexandria. The Interior of* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *and* PHILO.

Can. NAY, but this dotage of our General
O'erflows the meaſure; thoſe, his goodly eyes,
That, o'er the files and muſters of the war,
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn
The office, and devotion, of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which, in the ſcuffles of great fights, hath burſt
The buckles of his breaſt, diſowns all temper,
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipſy's paſſions. Look, they come.
(*Flouriſh*)

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and their Train. Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a wanton's fool. Behold!

Cle. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cle. I'll ſet a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new Heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The ſum?

Cle. Nay, hear them, Antony.
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the ſcarce-bearded Cæſar have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you—"do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchiſe that;
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love!

Cle. Perchance,—nay, and moſt like,—
You muſt not ſtay here longer; your diſmiſſion
Is come from Cæſar; therefore, hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's proceſs? Cæſar's, I would ſay; both?
Call in the meſſengers.—As I am Ægypt's queen,
Thou bluſheſt, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæſar's homager: ſo thy cheek pays ſhame
When ſhrill-tongu'd Fulvia ſcolds. The meſſengers! (*Calling.*)

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my ſpace:
Kingdoms are clay; the nobleneſs of life
Is, to do thus. (*kisses her hand.*)

Cle. Excellent falſehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I ſeem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himſelf.

Ant. Now, for the love of Love, and his ſoft hours,

Let's not confound the time with conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now. What ſport to-night?

Cle. Hear the ambaſſadors.

Ant. Fy, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make itſelf in thee, fair and admir'd!
No meſſenger but thine. Come, come, my queen!—
Speak not to us. (*To the Attendant.*)

[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and Train.*

Philo. Triumphant lady!—But, ſince meſſengers,
From many his contriving friends, in Rome,
Petition his return, now Antony
Muſt leave her utterly.

Can. Never; he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies.

Philo. I am full ſorry that he ſo approves
The common liar, who, we oft have heard,
Thus ſpeaks of him at Rome. But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy!

[*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

SCENE—*Alexandria. A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, *with a Messenger; Attendants following.*

Mess. Fulvia, thy wife, firſt came into the field.

Ant. Againſt my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:
But ſoon that war had end; and the time's ſtate
Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainſt Cæſar;

Whoſe better iſſue in the war from Italy,
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well,
What worſt?
Meſs. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. On;
Things that are paſt are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, tho' in his tale lie death,
I hear him, as he flatter'd.
Meſs. Labienus
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Aſia.
His conquering banner from Euphrates ſhook,
From Syria to Lydia, and Ionia;
Whilſt——
Ant. Antony, thou would'ſt ſay,——
Meſs. O, my lord!——
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as ſhe's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phraſe, and taunt my faults,
With ſuch full licence as both truth, and malice,
Have power to utter.
From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.
Meſs. The man from Sicyon.—Is there ſuch a one?
Attend. He ſtays upon your will. (*Looking out.*)
Ant. Let him appear:—And fare thee well awhile.
(*To Meſſenger.*)
Meſs. At your noble pleaſure. [*Exit.*
Ant. Theſe ſtrong Ægyptian fetters I muſt break.
Or loſe myſelf in dotage.

Enter a Second Messenger.

What are you?
Meſs. Fulvia, thy wife, is dead.
Ant. Where died ſhe?
Meſs. In Sicyon:

Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe, more ſerious,
Importeth thee to know, this tells. *(Gives a letter.)*
Ant. Forbear me.—— [*Exit Messenger.*
There's a great ſpirit gone! Thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again: She's good, being loſt:
The hand could pluck her back, that forc'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleaſure, Sir?
Ant. I muſt hence; hence with haſte.
Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. If they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.
Ant. I muſt be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die. It were pity to caſt them away for nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly. I have ſeen her die twenty times, upon a far poorer occaſion.
Ant. She is cunning, paſt man's thought. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Fulvia!
Ant. Dead.
Eno. Why, Sir, give the gods a thankful ſacrifice. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then were the caſe to be lamented:—the tears live in an onion that ſhould water this ſorrow.
Ant. No more light anſwers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpoſe: I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience to the queen.
Say, our pleaſure,
To ſuch whole place is under us, requires
Our quick removal hence.
Eno. I ſhall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*A Room in* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS, *discover'd.*

Cle. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cle. (*To* Alexas.) See where he is, who's with him, what he does.——
I did not send you. If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.
[*Exit* Alexas.
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cle. What should I do I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cle. Thou teachest like a fool;—the way to lose him.
Char. Tempt him not so too far.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.
Cle. I am sick, and sullen. (*to* Charmion *aside.*)
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.
Cle. Help me away, dear Charmion, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
Ant. Now, my dearest queen,——
Cle. Pray you, stand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?

Cle. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news;
What ſays the marry'd woman? You may go:
Would ſhe had never giv'n you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis *I* that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; her's you are.
Ant. The gods beſt know,——
Cle. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the firſt,
I ſaw the treaſon planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,——
Cle. Why ſhould I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you, in ſwearing, ſhake the throned gods,
Who have been falſe to Fulvia? Riotous madneſs,
To be entangl'd with thoſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!
Ant Moſt ſweet queen!
Cle. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going;
But, bid farewel, and go; when you ſu'd ſtaying,
Then was the time for words. No going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliſs in our brows, and none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of Heaven.
Ant. Hear me, queen;
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices awhile; but my full heart
Remains in uſe with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil ſwords; my more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.
Cle. Her death!—Can Fulvia die?
Ant. She's dead, my queen.
Cle. O, moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhould'ſt fill

With ſorrowful water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In Fulvia's death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give advice. Now, by the fire
That quickens Nilus' ſlime, I go out hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'ſt.
Cle. Cut my lace, Charmion; come;
But let it be; I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.
Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.
Cle. So was Fulvia told:——
I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay, the tears
Belong to Ægypt. Good now, play one ſcene
Of excellent diſſembling: and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.
Cle. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now, by my ſword,——
Cle. And target,—ſtill he mends;
But this is not the beſt. Look, pr'ythee, Charmion,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cle. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I muſt part; but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well. Something it is, I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your majeſty
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs itſelf.

Cle. Your honour calls you hence:
Therefore be deaf to my unpity'd folly,
And all the gods go with you! On your ſword
Sit laurell'd victory; and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go:—Come on;
Our ſeparation ſo abides, and flies,
That thou, reſiding here, go'ſt yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE—*Rome. A Room in* CÆSAR's *Palace.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and their Trains.*

Cæs. You may ſee, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news; He fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more man-like
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchaf'd to think he had partners. You ſhall find there
A man, who is the abſtract of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think there are
Evils enough to darken *all* his goodneſs.
His faults, in him, ſeem as hereditary
Rather than purchaſed; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooſes.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Grant it not amiſs
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave;
To reel the ſtreets at noon; ſay this becomes him;
(As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh;) Yet is Antony

No way excuſed; for to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As our ſtate, with his own,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, ripening into knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Pompey is ſtrong at ſea;
And, it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd Cæſar: to the ports
The diſcontents repair, and men's opinions
Give him much wrong'd.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menacrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them:
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen; for Pompey's name ſtrikes more
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſels: when thou once
From Mutina wert beaten, at thy heel
Did Famine follow; whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer; nor diſdain'd
The rougheſt berry on the rudeſt hedge;
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The bark of trees thou browſed'ſt—and all this
Was borne ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did ſhew ourſelves i'the field; and, to that end,

Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.
Cæs. Till which encounter
It is my business too. Farewel.
Lep. Farewel, my Lord. What you shall know, meantime,
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, Sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, Sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*Alexandria.—A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, *supporting herself on* IRAS; *and* CHARMION.

Cle. Charmion,—
Char. Madam.
Cle. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away!
Char. You think of him
Too much.
Cle. O, Charmion!
Where think'st thou he is now?
Or does he walk, or is he on his horse?
O, happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of the earth, the arm,
And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring,—'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!
Cle. What tidings of my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear queen,
He kiſs'd, the laſt of many double kiſſes,
This orient pearl;—his ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Cle. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say—the firm Roman to great Ægypt ſends
This—[*giving a pearl.*]
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the Eaſt,
Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs.—So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed,
That neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoken
Was dumb'd by him.
Cle. What, was he ſad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year, between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor ſad, nor merry.
Cle. O, well directed diſpoſition! note him,
Note him, good Charmion, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Ægypt, with his joy; but between both.
O, heavenly mingle! Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my poſts?
Alex. Ay, Madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cle. Who's born that day
When I forget to ſend to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmion;—
He ſhall have every day a ſeveral greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Ægypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Room in* LEPIDUS' *House, at Rome.*

Enter LEPIDUS, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Lep. GOOD Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to entreat your Captain
To ſoft, and gentle ſpeech.
Eno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer like himſelf; if Cæſar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæſar's head,
And ſpeak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not ſhave't to-day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private ſtomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion:
But, 'pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY, *and* CANIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæſar.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MÆCENAS.

Ant. If we compoſe well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Canidius! [*Speaking aside to* Canidius.
Cæs. I do not know, Mæcenas; aſk Agrippa.
Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, Sir!
Cæs. Nay, then——
Lep. Noble friends,
That which conven'd us, was moſt great; and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech)
Touch you the foureſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus.——
[*They ſit*—LEPIDUS *in the middle*—ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, *and* CANIDIUS *on one ſide*—CÆSAR, MÆCENAS, *and* AGRIPPA *on the other.*]
(*To Cæsar.*) I learn you take things ill, which are not ſo;
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæs. I muſt be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay myſelf offended; and with you
Chiefly i'the world; more laugh'd at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when, to ſound your name,
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæſar,
What was't to you?
Cæs. No more than my reſiding here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt: Yet, if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in Ægypt
Might be my queſtion.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall: Your wife, and brother,

Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was theme for you; You were the word of war.
Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs: my brother never
Did urge me in this act;—of this my letters
Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
(As matter whole you have not to make it with)
It muſt not be with this.
Cæs. You praiſe yourſelf,
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuſes.
Ant. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend thoſe wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another:
The third o'the world is yours; which, with a ſnaffle,
You may pace eaſy, but not ſuch a wife.
Cæs. I wrote to you,
When, rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters; and, with taunts,
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.
Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, 'ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i'the morning; but, next day,
I told him of myſelf; which was as much
As to have aſk'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife; if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, Cæſar.
Ant. No,

Lepidus, let him ſpeak:
The honour is ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lack'd it; but, on, Cæſar;—
The article of my oath,——
Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both refus'd.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greatneſs: Truth is,—Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here;
For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.
Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken,
Cæs. I do not much miſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech; for't cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop ſhould hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O'the world I would purſue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæſar,——
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not ſo, Agrippa.
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deſerv'd of raſhneſs.
Ant. I am not marry'd, Cæſar: let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
With an unſlipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whoſe beauty claims

No worſe a huſband than the beſt of men:
Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces, ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
Her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke;
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæſar ſpeak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would ſay, Agrippa, be it ſo,
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæſar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment. [*They riſe.*
Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and from this hour,
The hearts of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!

Cæs. A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt Pompey;
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies, and great,
Of late upon me: I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us muſt Pompey preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Miſenum.
Ant. What's his ſtrength
By land?
Cæs. Great, and encreaſing; but, by ſea,
He is an abſolute maſter.
Ant. So is the fame.
Yet, 'ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not ſickneſs ſhall detain me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*Alexandria—A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cle Give me ſome muſick; muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.—No, let it be.
We'll to the river;—there I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fiſhes: as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And ſay, "Ah! Ha! you're caught."
Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt-fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
Cle. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and, that night,
I laugh'd him into patience; and, next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I laugh'd him to his bed;——
Then put my ties and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword Phillippan.—O! from Italy;——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, Madam,—

Cle. Antony's dead?—If thou ſay ſo,
Villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs:—but well, and free,
If thou ſo yield him, there is gold, and here,
My blueſt veins to kiſs; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembl'd, kiſſing.

Mess. Firſt, Madam, he is well.

Cle. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark; we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well; if he be dead,
(And I perceive no goodneſs in thy face)
Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Wil't pleaſe you hear me.

Cle. I have a mind to ſpurn thee, 'ere thou ſpeak'ſt:
Yet, if thou ſay, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæſar, or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cle. Well ſaid.

Mess. And friends with Cæſar.

Cle. Thou art an honeſt man.

Mess. Cæſar and he, are greater friends than ever.

Cle. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, Madam,——

Cle. I do not like, but yet; it does allay
The good precedence. 'Pr'ythee, pr'ythee friedn,
Pour out thy pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæſar;
In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and, thou ſay'ſt, free.

Mess. Free, Madam? No; I made no ſuch report:
He's——married to Octavia.

Cle. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!

Mess. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.
Cle Say, 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud:
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide,
Thy modeſty can beg.—
Mess. I have done my duty.
Cle. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſe than now I do,
If thou again ſay, yes.
Mess. Too ſure he is; and, 'ere I quitted Rome,
He and Octavia had embark'd for Athens.
[*Exit* Meſſenger.
Char. Good, your Highneſs, patience.
Cle. Lead me hence,
I faint: O, Iras, Charmion!—'Tis no matter——
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.
[*Exit* Alexas.
Let him for ever go! Pity me, Charmion,
But do not ſpeak to me. Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Athens. A Room in* ANTONY's *House.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excuſable; that, and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import;—but ſince we married,
And have dwelt here, in Athens, he hath waged
New wars 'gainſt Pompey, made his will, and read it
To public ear;
Spoke ſcantily of me; when, perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold, and ſickly,
He vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me:

When the beſt hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O, my good Lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts:—Huſband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your beſt love draw to that point which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it: if I loſe mine honour,
I loſe myſelf: better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs. But, as you requeſted,
Yourſelf ſhall go between us. Meantime, Lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war
Shall ſtain your brother; ſpeed you then to Rome,—
So your deſires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord.
The Jove of power make me moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. Well, well, the ſhip awaits you in the harbour:
Chooſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to.

Oct. Oh, my Lord—farewel!

Ant. The April's in thy eyes;
Thy tongue will not obey thy heart, nor will
Thy heart inform thy tongue: the ſwan's down feather
Thus ſtands upon the ſwell, at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.—Come on, Octavia;
I'll lead thee to the ſhore. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Alexandria. A Room in* CLEOPATRIA's *Palace.*

CLEOPATRA, *and* IRAS, *discover'd.* CLEOPATRA *penſively reclined on a Couch.*

Cle. Athens may well be proud! it circles, now,
Within its walls, Bellona's paragon;
The man of men;—ay me! the married man.
Would that Mark Antony could ſee me thus!
Sure he would ſigh, for he is noble natur'd,
And bears a tender heart. I know him well—
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But, now, 'tis paſt.

Iras. Let it be paſt with you—
Forget him, Madam.

Cle. Never, never, Iras.
Faithleſs, ungrateful, cruel though he be,
I ſtill muſt love him.

Enter CHARMION.

Now, what news, my Charmion?

Char. The man, whom you diſpatch'd in truſt, to Athens,
Newly return'd, now waits upon your will.

Cle. (*Starting up.*) Will Antony be kind?—or, quite forſake me?
Is't life or death? for when he gave his anſwer,
Fate took the word, and then I died or lived.

Char. Madam, the Meſſenger.

Enter Messenger.

Cle. Say,—had'ſt thou audience
Of great Mark Antony?

Meſs. I found him, Madam,
Encompaſs'd by a throng that ſhouted round him:—
When he beheld me ſtruggling through the crowd,
He bluſh'd, and bade make way.

Cle. There's comfort yet!
Proceed. (*Apart from the* Meſſenger.
Meſs. I told my meſſage,
Juſt as you gave it, broken and diſhearted;
Told him, you only begg'd a laſt farewel;——
Preſented next your letter; which he read,
Then fetch'd an inward groan, and only ſigh'd,
As if his heart was breaking. Thus we parted.
Cle. (*Apart.*) That inward groan gives hopes he may be here,
If but to ſay, farewel. Saw'ſt thou Octavia?
Meſs. Madam, I did; for, as I reach'd the land,
I view'd her ſtanding at her veſſel's prow,
To ſail for Italy: our barks approach'd
Almoſt to contact.
Cle. Italy! why thither?
Meſs. To reconcile, at Rome, (ſo rumour ſpake)
Diviſions which, of late, forebode a war
Between her Lord and Cæſar.
Cle. Bleſt forebodings!
Long may diviſions laſt, that can divide
That mate, ill-mated, from Mark Antony. (*apart.*)
Is ſhe as tall as I?
Meſs. She is not, Madam.
Cle. Dwarfiſh! he ne'er will like her long.
Char. O, Iſis!
Like her? it is impoſſible.
Cle. I think ſo.
What majeſty is in her air? Remember,
If e'er thou look'd'ſt on majeſty.
Meſs. She ſtoops.
She ſhews a body, rather than a life:
A ſtatue, than a breather.
Cle. Is this certain?
Meſs. Or I have no obſervance.
Cle. There's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cle. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? Is't long, or round?

Meſs. Round, even to faultineſs.

Cle. For the moſt part too,
They are fooliſh that are ſo. Her hair, what colour?

Meſs. Brown, Madam; and her forehead is as low
As ſhe would wiſh it.

Cle. There is gold for thee. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

Char. A proper man.

Cle. Indeed, he is ſo; why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.

Char. O, nothing, Madam.

Cle. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould know.

Char. Hath he ſeen majeſty? Iſis elſe defend,
And ſerving you ſo long!

Cle. I have one thing more to aſk him yet, good Charmion:
But, 'tis no matter; thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, Madam. [*Grand flourish.*

[*Shouting, without.*] Antony! Antony!

Enter ANTONY, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cle. Oh, this I prophecied!
(*Rushes forward to meet* Antony.)
My love! my Lord!
So quick to follow thus my meſſenger!—

Ant. Well, Madam, we are met. (*coldly.*)

Cle. Is this a meeting?
Then, meet we but to part?

Ant. We muſt;—for ever.

Cle. Who ſays we muſt?

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cle. We make thoſe fates ourſelves.
Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other
Into our mutual ruin.
Cle. The gods have ſeen my joys with envious eyes;
I have no friends in Heav'n, and all the world
Is arm'd againſt my love: Ev'n you yourſelf
Join with the reſt; you, you are arm'd againſt me.
Ant. I will be juſtify'd in all I do,
To late poſterity; and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lie
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;
Elſe favour me with ſilence.
Cle. You command me,
And I am dumb.
Eno. I like this well. He ſhows authority.
Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone,—
Cle. O, Heav'ns! I ruin you!
Ant. You promis'd me your ſilence, and you break it,
Ere I have ſcarce begun.
Cle. Well, I obey you.
Ant. When I beheld you firſt, it was in Ægypt,
Ere Cæſar ſaw your eyes: You gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I ſettled
Your father on his throne, was for your ſake;
I left th' acknowledgement for time to ripen:
Cæſar ſtept in, and with a greedy hand
Pluck'd the green fruit, ere the firſt bluſh of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my Lord,
And was, beſide, too great for me to rival.
When, after, I beheld you in Cilicia,
An enemy to Rome, I pardon'd you.
Cle. I clear'd myſelf.
Ant. Again you break your promiſe.

I lov'd you ſtill and took your weak excuſes;
Took you into my boſom, ſtain'd by Cæſar,
And not half mine. I went to Ægypt with you,
And hid me from the bus'neſs of the world;
Shut out enquiring nations from my ſight,
To give whole years to you.

Eno. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. Fulvia, my wife, grew jealous,
As ſhe, indeed, had reaſon; rais'd a war
To call me back.—While in your arms I lay,
The world fell mould'ring from my hands each hour,
And left me ſcarce a graſp.

Cle Yet may I ſpeak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a falſehood, yes; elſe not.—
Your ſilence ſays, I have not. Fulvia died;
(Pardon, ye gods! with my unkindneſs died,)
To ſet the world at peace, I took Octavia,
This Cæſar's ſiſter; in her pride of youth,
And flow'r of beauty, did I wed that lady;
Whom, bluſhing, I muſt praiſe, for I have left her.
You call'd; my love has now obey'd the ſummons,
But, if I ſtay, 'twill raiſe the Roman arms.
If you have ought to anſwer,
Now ſpeak—you have free leave.

Eno. Now lay a ſigh i' th' way, to ſtop his paſſage;
Prepare a tear, and bid it for his legions;
'Tis like they ſhall be ſold.

Cle. How ſhall I plead my cauſe, when you, my judge,
Already have condemn'd me? You are pleaſed
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
Here then I end. Though I deſerve this uſage,
Was it like you to give it?

Ant. O, you wrong me,
To think I fought this parting, or deſir'd
T' accuſe you more than what will clear myſelf,

And juſtify this breach. We're both unhappy.
If nothing elſe, yet our ill fortune parts us.
Speak, would you have me periſh by my ſtay?
Cle. If, as a friend, you aſk my judgment, go;
If, as a lover, ſtay. If you muſt periſh,
'Tis a hard word, but ſtay.
Now, judge my love by this.
Could I have borne (*Giving* Antony *a writing.*)
A life, or death, a happineſs, or woe,
From your's divided, this had giv'n me means.
Ant. By Hercules, the writing of Octavius!
I know it well.
See, Enobarbus! here he offers Ægypt,
And joins all Syria to it as a preſent;
So, in requital, ſhe forſake my fortunes,
And join her arms with his.
Cle. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, Antony, and yet I love you,
Indeed I do; I have refus'd a kingdom,
That's a trifle,
For I would part with life, with any thing,
But only you. O, let me die with you!
Is that a hard requeſt?
Ant. Next living with you
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.
Char. (*Aside.*) He melts! we conquer!
Cle. No, you ſhall go. Your int'reſt calls you hence;
Yes, your dear int'reſt pulls too ſtrong for theſe
Weak arms to hold you here. (*Takes his hand.*)
Go; leave me, ſoldier,
(For you're no more a lover) leave me dying;
Puſh me, all pale, and panting, from your boſom;
And, when your march begins, let one run after,
Breathleſs almoſt for joy, and cry, ſhe's dead:
The ſoldiers ſhout: you, then, perhaps, may ſigh,
And muſter all your Roman gravity;

Octavia chides; and ſtraight your brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Ant. Dead! rather let me periſh:
My life, my ſoul, my all! (*Embraces her.*)

Eno. And what's this toy,
In balance with your fortune, honour, fame!——

Ant. What, Enobarbus? it outweighs 'em all.
Down on thy knees, blaſphemer as thou art,
And aſk forgiveneſs of wrong'd innocence.

Eno. I'll rather die, than take it.—Will you go?

Ant. Go! whither? Go from all that's excellent!
Faith, honour, virtue, all good things forbid,
That I ſhould go from her, who ſets my love
Above the price of kingdoms. Give, you gods!
Give to your boy, your Cæſar,
This rattle of a globe, to play withal,
This gew-gaw world, and put him cheaply off;
I'll not be pleas'd with leſs than Cleopatra.

Cle. She's wholly yours.

[*Exeunt* Antony *and* Cleopatra.

Eno. O women! women! women! all the gods
Have not ſuch pow'r of doing good to man,
As you, of doing harm! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE—*A Room in* CÆSAR's *Palace.*

Enter CÆSAR, MÆCENAS *and* AGRIPPA.

Cæs. CONTEMNING Rome, he did all this, and more.
In Alexandria—here's (*Shewing papers.*) the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself, in chains of gold,
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue, that their crime
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Ægypt; made her,
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common shew-place, where they exercise:
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings.
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia and Phœnicia: She,
In the habiliments of the goddess, Isis,
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accuſations.

Agr. Whom does he accuſe?

Cæs. Cæſar: and that having, in Sicily,
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'the Iſle: then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping, unreſtor'd; laſtly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the meſſenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæc. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor muſt not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæſar, and my Lord! hail, moſt dear Cæſar!
Had not the adverſe wind, and raging ſeas,
Prolong'd my voyage, and driv'n our labouring bark
Leagues from its courſe, I ſooner had embraced you.

Cæs. That ever I ſhould call thee, caſt-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.

Cæs. Why have you ſtol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæſar's ſiſter: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long 'ere ſhe did appear: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; We ſhould have met you

By ſea, and land; ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.
Oct. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My Lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieving ear withal; whereon I beg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which ſoon he granted,
Being an obſtruct 'twixt his love and him.
Oct. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind:
Where ſay you he is now?
Oct. My Lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, no, my moſt wrong'd ſiſter: Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her; and they are levying
The kings o'the earth for war againſt me. Now,
E'en now, they head their force at Actium;
But they have found, I truſt, to their confuſion,
Our fleet and armies there, prepared to meet them.
Oct. Ah me moſt wretched!
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other.
Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters ſo far check'd our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubl'd with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determin'd things to deſtiny,
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me.—You are abus'd
Beyond the ma k of thought: and the high gods,
To do you juſtice, make them miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Be of comfort;—
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, Lady.
Oct. Is it ſo, Sir?
Cæs. Moſt certain. Siſter, welcome: 'Pray you, now,
Be ever known to patience. My deareſt ſiſter!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*Near Actium.—The Outskirts of* ANTONY'S *Camp.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cle. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
And have command, here, while we ſtay in Actium.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cle. Thou haſt forſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it? is it?
Cle. Is't not denounced 'gainſt Us? Why ſhould not we
Be there in perſon?
Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis ſaid, in Rome,
You, and your maids, manage this war.
Cle. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot,
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i'the war,
And, as the Preſident of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it,
I will be in the action.
Eno. I have done.

Enter ANTONY, *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Canidius, we will fight with them by ſea.
Cle. By ſea! what elſe?
Can. Why will my Lord do ſo?
Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my Lord dared him to ſingle fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle in Pharſalia,
Where Cæſar fought with Pompey: But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his 'vantage, he ſhakes off,
And ſo ſhould you.

Eno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs: in Cæſar's fleet
Are thoſe that, often, have 'gainſt Pompey fought:
Their ſhips are yare, your's heavy:—No diſgrace
Awaits you for refuſing him by ſea.

Ant. By ſea, by ſea.

Eno. Why, Sir, you throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance; and
Give up yourſelf merely to chance and peril,
From firm ſecurity.

Ant. I'll fight by ſea.

Cle. I have ſixty ſail; Cæſar's none better.

Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping we will burn,
And, with the reſt full mann'd, from the head of Actium,
Beat the approaching Cæſar.—If we fail,
We then can do't by land.

Enter Messenger.

Thy buſineſs?

Mess. The enemy, my Lord, is now deſcried.
Cæſar has taken Toryne.

Ant. There in perſon!
Well, to our ſhips:—this ſpeed of Cæſar carries
Beyond belief.

Mess. While he was, yet, in Rome,
His power went out in ſuch detatchments, as
Beguil'd all ſpies. [*Retires.*

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Ant. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe Haſte to thy charge. [*Exit* Canidius.
So now on board—and cheerly!—Come, my Thetis! [*To* Cleop.
Away! Away! [*Martial flourish.*
[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, *and followers*

SCENE.—*The Country near Actium.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching, with his Land Army.*

Can. Halt! breathe awhile, ere we aſcend the ſteep.——
Set we our ſquadrons upon yonder hill,
In eye of Cæſar's battle;—from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly.
The fleets [*Alarum from the Sea.*
Draw near each other; Roman ſtrains of war,
With Ægypt's timbrels mingling, on the ſea,
Proclaim immediate action.—To the heights;
Steadily, ſoldiers.—March! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*Sea Shore—Open Sea beyond it.*
A Grand Sea Fight; which ends in the defeat of Antony *and* Cleopatra.

SCENE.—*Open Country, near Actium.*

Enter PHILO.

Philo. Loſt! loſt! all loſt! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Ægyptian Admiral,
With all their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
Now, Enobarbus?

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Gods and goddeſſes!
The greater portion of the world is loſt,
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Provinces, kingdoms!

Philo. How appears the fight?

Eno. On our ſide like the ſpotted peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon ribald hag of Ægypt,
Whom leproſy o'ertake! i'the midſt o'the fight,
When 'vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the ſame, or rather our's the elder,
Hoiſts ſail, and flies:—and ſhe, once being looſt,
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his ſea wing, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the battle, and flies after her.
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our General
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
Oh, he has given example for *our* flight,
Moſt groſsly by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed!

Can. Towards Peloponneſus are they fled.

Philo. And thence, no doubt, to Ægypt.

Can. Doubtleſs ſo.
To the all conquering Cæſar I will render
My legions and my horſe; ſix kings already
Shew me the way of yielding. [*Shouts.*

Eno. Hark! the enemy!

I'll follow yet the wounded chance of Antony,
Although my reaſon ſits i'the wind againſt me.
[*Shouts again. Exeunt, severally.*

SCENE.—*Another part of the Country, near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Cæs. Where is the man whom Antony, when flying,
Sent from his fleet to ſhore.

Atten. Cæſar, he's here.

Ambassador from Antony *advances.*

Cæs. Approach, and ſpeak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was, of late, as petty to his ends,
As is the morn dew on the myrtle leaf
To the vaſt ocean.

Cæs. Well;—declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes, he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt: which not granted,
He ſues to breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This from him.
Next Cleopatra craves of thee her diadem;
For now ſhe feels, if thou purſu'ſt the fall'n,
'Tis hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The queen
Of audience nor deſire ſhall fail, ſo ſhe
From Ægypt drive her all diſgraced friend.

Amb. Fortune attend thee!

Cæs. In thy courſe to Ægypt,
A meſſenger of mine, to Cleopatra,
Muſt be thy fellow.—Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* Ambaſſador.
Thyreus,—

Thyr. (*advancing.*) My Lord.—

Cæs. Thou muſt ſail with him, Thyreus.
From Antony win Cleopatra; promiſe,

And in our name, what ſhe requires; add more,
(From thine invention) offers. Try thy cunning;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.

Thyr. Cæſar, I go.

Cæs. Go quickly, then; and ſhould thy veſſel prove
A fluggard to the wind, I may ſet foot
On Afric's ground before thee. [*Exit* Thyreus.
Now, my friends,
We muſt, once more, embark to ſeek theſe runaways:
'Tis fit we take the lion we have driven
Into his laſt retreat. Therefore, for Ægypt.
Strike,—and march on! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Alexandria—The Interior of* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, *with Attendants.*

Ant. This land of Ægypt bids me tread no more on't.
It is aſham'd to bear me.—Friends, come hither;
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever:—I have one ſhip,
Laden with gold:—take that, divide it;—fly,—
And make your peace with Cæſar.

All. Fly? not we!

Ant. I fled myſelf; and have inſtructed others
To run and ſhew their ſhoulders.

Atten. Sir, the Queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *and Attendants.*

Cle. O, my Lord! my Lord!
Forgive my fearful fails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'ſt too well
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the ſtrings,
And thou ſhould'ſt tow me after.

Cle. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt!—Now, kiſs me, ſweet!
Even this repays—Oh, I am full of lead.
Some wine there, and our viands. Thou wilt follow;
Wilt thou not, ſoon?—Oh! [*Exit.*

Enter a Male Attendant.

Atten. A meſſenger from Cæſar.

Cle. What, no more ceremony!—See, my women,
They treat with negligence the roſe, when blown,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, Sir.

Enter THYREUS.

Cæſar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cle. None but friends; ſay on boldly.

Thyr. Thus then;—the moſt renown'd Cæſar intreats
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt,
(For ſoon his forces will ſet foot on Ægypt)
Further than he is Cæſar.

Cle. On—right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cle. O!—

Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.

Cle. He is a god; and knows
What is moſt right.

Thyr. Shall I, then, ſay to Cæſar,
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,

That of his fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaff
To lean upon: but it would warm his ſpirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourſelf under his ſhroud, the great,
The univerſal landlord.

Cle. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cle. Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar this. By deputation
I kiſs his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel;
And from his all-obeying breath to hear
The doom of Ægypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe.
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cle. Your Cæſar's father, oft, (*giving her hand.*)
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lip on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. Why tarries thus my Cleopatra?—Ha?
Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.

Ant. Approach there: What, have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet—Take hence this Jack, and whip him,
Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away. This Jack of Cæſar's ſhall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants with* Thyreus.

Cle. O, is it come to this? Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, "God quit you," be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand: this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts!
Henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't! Get thee back to Cæſar,
Tell him thy entertainment;
Hence with thy ſtripes, begone!

Cle. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack! our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cle. I muſt ſtay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæſar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cle. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cle. Ah, dear! if it be ſo,
From my cold heart let Heaven engender hail,
And poiſon it in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life!

Ant. I am ſatisfi'd.
Cæſar will ſoon ſit down in Alexandria;
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Will nobly hold; our ſever'd navy, too,
May knit again, our fleet, threat'ning moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart? Doſt thou hear, Lady?
When in the field I enter, and return
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;

I and my ſword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cle. That's my brave Lord!

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly; for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſom lives
Of me for jeſts; but now, I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night; call to me
All my ſad captains; fill our bowls; once more,
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cle. It is my birth-day:
I had thought to have held it poor; but ſince my Lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cle. Call all his noble captains to my Lord.

Ant. Do ſo; we'll ſpeak to them; to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars. Come on, my queen;
There's ſap in't yet:—the next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe.

[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and Attendants.*

ACT IV.

SCENE—*The Interior of* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

Enter ALEXAS, *and* ENOBARBUS.

Alex. YES; we ſhall fare but ill, now theſe ſame Romans
Have croſs'd the ſeas, and ſat down here before us,
In Alexandria.
Eno. Moſt ſcurvily.
Alex. (*Looking out.*) But who's that ſtranger? By his warlike port,
He's of no vulgar note.
Eno. Ha!—'tis Ventidius!
Our Emperor's great lieutenant in the Eaſt;
Who firſt ſhew'd Rome that Parthia could be conquer'd.
When Antony return'd from Syria laſt,
He left this man to guard the Roman frontiers.
Alex. You ſeem to know him.
Eno. Aye;—I honour him.
A braver Roman never drew a ſword.
Firm to his prince; but as a friend, not ſlave.
He ne'er was of his pleaſures, but preſides
O'er all his cooler hours, and morning counſels.
In ſhort, the plainneſs, fierceneſs, rugged virtue,
Of an old true ſtampt Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes ſome good, I truſt.—Withdraw,
We ſhall learn more, anon.

[*Exeunt* Enobarbus *and* Alexas.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *and an Ægyptian Attendant.*

Ven. Nay, tell thy queen;
Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her charms.

Let your Ægyptian timbrels play alone;
Nor mix effeminate ſounds with Roman trumpets.
You dare not fight for Antony; go pray,
And keep your coward's holy-day in temples.

Enter an Officer of ANTONY.

Off. The emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of death, that none preſume to ſtay.

Ægyp. I dare not diſobey him.

[*Exeunt Officer and Ægyptian Attendants.*

Ven. Well, I dare;—
But I'll obſerve him firſt unſeen, and find
Which way his humour drives: the reſt I'll ventrue.

(*Withdraws.*)

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the ſkies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were ſpent, and then caſt downward,
To be trod out by Cæſar?

Ven. On my ſoul,
'Tis mournful; wond'rous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains.
Now, Antony, would'ſt thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune! thy devouring youth
Has ſtarv'd thy wanting age.

Ven. (*Aside.*) How ſorrow ſhakes him!
I muſt diſturb him; I can hold no longer.

(*Standing before him.*)

Ant. (*Starting up.*) Art thou Ventidius?

Ven. Are you Antony?
I'm more like what I was, than you to him
I left you laſt.

Ant. I'm angry.

Ven. So am I.

Ant. I would be private; leave me.

Ven. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me?
Where have you learnt that anſwer? Who am I?
Ven. My emperor; the man I love next Heav'n:
If I ſaid more, I think 'twere ſcarce a ſin:
You're all that's good, and god-like.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me, then?
Ven. 'Twas too preſuming
To ſay I would not;—but I dare not leave you:
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So ſoon, when I ſo far have come to ſee you.
Ant. Now thou haſt ſeen me, art thou ſatisfi'd?
For, if a friend, thou haſt beheld enough;
And, if a foe, too much.
Ven. Look, emperor, this is no common dew;
(*Weeping.*)
I have not wept this forty years, but now
My mother comes afreſh into my eyes;
I cannot help her ſoftneſs.
Ant. By Heav'n he weeps! poor, good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops courſe one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I ſhall bluſh to death: They ſet my ſhame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.
Ven. I'll do my beſt.
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends:
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine. Nay, father,——
Ven Emperor.
Ant. Emperor! why, that's the ſtile of victory;
The conquering ſoldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general ſo; but never more
Shall that ſound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh——
Ven. It fits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day,
And, in my ſhort, diſtracted, nightly ſlumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams.
Ven. Out with it, give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my ſhame.
I loſt a battle.
Ven. So has Julius done.
Ant. Thou favour'ſt me, and ſpeak'ſt not half thou think'ſt;
For Julius fought it out, and loſt it bravely;
But Antony——
Ven. Nay, ſtop not.
Ant. Antony,—well, thou wilt have it—like a coward fled,
Fled while his ſoldiers fought; fled firſt, Ventidius:
Thou long'ſt to curſe me, and I give thee leave;
I know thou cam'ſt prepar'd to rail.
Ven. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee. I have been a man, Ventidius.
Ven. Yes, and a brave one; but——
Ant. I know thy meaning:—
But I have loſt my reaſon, have diſgrac'd
The name of ſoldier with inglorious eaſe.
Fortune came ſmiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatneſs met my ripen'd years;
When firſt I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;
I was ſo great, ſo happy, ſo belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains
And work'd againſt my fortune, chid her from me:
My careleſs days, and my luxurious nights,
At length have wearı'd her, and now ſhe's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever.—
Ven. You would be loſt, then?
Ant. I am.

Ven. I ſay, you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to the utmoſt. Doſt thou think me
deſperate
Without juſt cauſe?—All's loſt beyond repair;
I ſcorn the world, and think it not worth keeping.
Ven. Cæſar thinks not ſo;
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd; hold out your throat to
Cæſar,
And ſo die tamely.
Ant. I can kill myſelf.
Ven. I can die with you too, when time ſhall
ſerve;
But fortune calls upon us, now, to live;
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'ſt, Ventidius.
Ven. Up for your honour's ſake! twelve legions
wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marſhes to the Nile;
'Twill do you good to ſee their ſun-burnt faces;
Their ſcarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's vir-
tue in 'em:
They'll ſell their mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Ven. I ſaid, on the banks o'the Nile.
Ant. Then, bring 'em hither;
There may be life in theſe.
Ven. They will not come:
They petition
You would make haſte to head 'em.
Ant. I'm beſieg'd.
Ven. There's but one way ſhut up:—How came I
hither?
Ant. I will not ſtir.

Vent. They would, perhaps, desire
A better reason.
Ant. I have never us'd
My soldier's to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
Ven. They said, they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Ant. What was't they said?
Ven. They said, they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight indeed to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave?
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra: She deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Ven. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance! plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank, o'erflowing gall.
Oh! that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee,
Without a stain to honour.
Ven. You may kill me;
You have done more already,—call'd me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Ven. For shewing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done; but had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes;
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hind'red me to've led my conqu'ring eagles
To join with Cæsar's bands? I could have been
A traitor then; a glorious, happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.
Ant. Forgive me, soldier;

I've been too paſſionate.
Why did'ſt thou tempt my anger, by diſcovery
Of what I would not hear.
Ven. No prince but you
Could merit that ſincerity I us'd,
Nor durſt another man have ventur'd it:
Ant. Go on; for I can bear it now.
Ven. No more.
Ant. Thou dar'ſt not truſt my paſſion, but thou may'ſt.
Do with me what thou wilt:
Lead me to victory, thou know'ſt the way.
Ven That's my royal maſter!
And ſhall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old ſoldier.
Thou ſhalt behold me once again in iron;
And, at the head of our old troop, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud—Come follow me!
Ven. O, now, I hear my Emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me ſee that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all!
I'll thank you for th' exchange.
Ant. O, thou haſt fir'd me! my ſoul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me: once again
That noble eagerneſs of fight has ſeiz'd me;—
That eagerneſs, with which I darted upward
To Caſſius' camp: In vain the ſteepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of ſpears
Sung round my head, and planted all my ſhield;
I won the trenches, while my foremoſt men
Lagg'd on the plain below.
Ven. Ye gods! ye gods!
For ſuch another hour!
Ant. Come on, my ſoldier!
Our hearts and arms are ſtill the ſame. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,

May taſte fate to 'em; mow 'em out a paſſage,
And, ent'ring where the foremoſt ſquadrons yield,
Begin the noble harveſt of the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Before Alexandria*—CÆSAR's *Camp.*

Enter CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA *and* PROCULEIUS.

Cæſar. Go forth, Agrippa, and urge on the fight;
Our will is, Antony be ta'en alive;
Make it ſo known.
Agrip. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Agrippa.
Cæſar. The time of univerſal peace is near;
Prove this a proſperous day, the three nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Antony is come into the field.
Cæſar. Go, charge Agrippa.
Plant thoſe that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may ſeem to ſpend his fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeunt. Shouts, Flouriſhes, &c.*

SCENE—*The Gates of Alexandria.*

Flouriſh, and Shouts, from ANTONY's *Party.*

Enter ANTONY, VENTIDIUS, *and their Forces.*

Ant. This day is ours;—Bravely thou fought'ſt, Ventidius;
We have beat him to his camp.
We *can* conquer.
Five thouſand Romans, with their faces upward,
Lie breathleſs on the plain.
Ven. 'Tis well: and he,
Who loſt 'em, could have ſpar'd ten thouſand more.
Yet if, by this advantage, you could gain
An eaſier peace, while Cæſar doubts the chance
Of arms,——

Ant. O, think not on't, Ventidius;
The boy purſues my ruin; he'll no peace.
Ven. Have you no friend
In all his army, who has power to move him?
Ant. No. Wherefore drive me from myſelf, to ſearch
For foreign aids? to hunt my memory
To find a friend? The wretched have no friends:
Yet I had one, the braveſt youth of Rome;
I ſcarce need tell his name:—'twas Dolabella.
Ven. He's now in Cæſar's camp.
Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him Cleopatra's ſight,
Becauſe I fear'd he lov'd her. When he departed
He took no leave; and that confirm'd my thoughts.
Ven. It argues that he lov'd you more than her;
Elſe he had ſtaid; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
And would not grieve his friend. I know he loves you.
Ant. Would he were here!
Ven. Would you believe he lov'd you?
I read your anſwer in your eyes, you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has ſent
A meſſenger from Cæſar's camp, with letters.
Ant. Let him appear.
Ven. I'll bring him inſtantly.

[*Exit* Ventidius; *and Re-enters immediately, with* DOLABELLA.

Ant. 'Tis he himſelf, by holy friendſhip!

[*Runs to embrace him.*

Art thou return'd at laſt,
Oh, Dolabella!
Thou haſt beheld me other than I am.
Fortune is Cæſar's now, and what am I?
Dol. What you have made yourſelf.
Ant. This from a friend?

Ven. Yes, Emperor, a true one.
Dol. O, judge me not leſs kind becauſe I chide:
To Cæſar I excuſe you.
Ant. O ye gods!
Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to Cæſar!
Dol. As to your equal.
Ant. Well, he's but my equal:
While I wear this he never ſhall be more.
Dol. I bring conditions from him.
Ant. Are they noble?
Methinks thou ſhould'ſt not bring 'em elſe:
Ven. Granting this,
What pow'r was theirs, who wrought ſo hard a temper
To honourable terms?
Ant. It was my Dolabella, or ſome god.
Dol. Nor I; nor yet Mæcenas, nor Agrippa;
They were your enemies; and I, a friend
Too weak alone: yet 'twas a Roman deed.
Ant. 'Twas like a Roman done: Shew me that perſon,
Who has preſerv'd my life, my love, my honour;
Bring us but face to face.
Ven. That taſk is mine;
And, Heav'n, thou know'ſt how pleaſing!
[*Exit* Ventidius.
Dol. You'll remember
To whom you ſtand oblig'd?
Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind;
My queen ſhall give thanks too.
Dol. I fear ſhe will not.
Ant. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall: the Queen, my Dolabella!
Haſt thou not ſtill ſome grudgings of thy fever?
Dol. I would not ſee her loſt.
Ant. When I forſake her,

Leave me, my better ſtars;
This Cæſar tempted her
At no leſs price than kingdoms, to betray me;
But ſhe reſiſted all: and yet thou chid'ſt me
For loving her too well. Could I do ſo?

Dol. Yes: there's my reaſon.

Re-enter VENTIDIUS *with* OCTAVIA.

Ant. Where? Octavia there! (*Starting back.*)

Ven. What, is ſhe poiſon to you? A diſeaſe?
Look on her, view her well.

Dol. For ſhame, my Lord! if not for love, receive her
With kinder eyes. If you confeſs a man,
Meet her, embrace her, bid her welcome to you.

Oct. Thus long I have attended for my welcome;
Which, as a ſtranger, ſure I might expect.
Who am I?

Ant. Cæſar's ſiſter.

Oct. That's unkind!
Had I been nothing more than Cæſar's ſiſter,
Know, I had ſtill remain'd in Cæſar's camp;
But a wife's virtue ſtill ſurmounts her pride.
Your hand, my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.
(*Taking his Hand.*)

Ven. Do, take it, thou deſerv'ſt it.

Ant. I fear, Octavia, you have begg'd my life.

Oct. Begg'd it, my Lord?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my Ambaſſadreſs.
Come, you've all betray'd me;
My friend, too! to receive ſome vile conditions,
My wife has bought me, with her pray'rs and tears;
And now I muſt become her branded ſlave.
In ev'ry peeviſh mood ſhe will upbraid
The life ſhe gave.

Oct. But the conditions I have brought are ſuch

You need not bluſh to take; I love your honour,
Becauſe 'tis mine; it never ſhall be ſaid
Octavia's huſband was her brother's ſlave.
Sir, you are free; free ev'n from her you loath;
For, tho' my brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a ſoul like yours: I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deſerve.
I'll tell my brother we are reconcil'd;
He ſhall draw back his troops, and you ſhall march
To rule the Eaſt; I may be dropt at Athens;
No matter where, I never will complain,
But only keep the barren name of wife,
And rid you of the trouble.

Ant. Octavia, I have heard you, and muſt praiſe
The greatneſs of your ſoul;
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd;
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love;
But you do all for duty. You would free me;
And would be dropt at Athens; was't not ſo?

Oct. It was, my Lord.

Ant. Then I muſt be oblig'd
To one who loves me not; who, to herſelf,
May call me thankleſs, and ungrateful man;
I'll not endure it; no.

Ven. I'm glad it pinches there.

Oct. Would you exult o'er poor Octavia's virtue?
That pride was all I had to bear me up;
That you might think you ow'd me for your life,
And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.
I have been injur'd, and my haughty ſoul
Could brook but ill the man that ſlights my bed.

Ant. Therefore you love me not?

Oct. Therefore, my Lord,
I *ſhould* not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me?

Oct. And therefore I *ſhould* leave you,—if I *could*.
Ant. I am vanquiſh'd. Take me, Octavia;—
[*Embracing her.*
I've been a thriftleſs debtor to your love,
But all ſhall be amended.
Oct. O, bleſt hour!
Ant. [*To Octavia.*] This is thy triumph; lead me where thou wilt;
Ev'n to thy brother's camp.
Oct. All there are your's.

Enter ALEXAS, *haſtily.*

Alex. The Queen, my miſtreſs, Sir, and yours—
Ant. 'Tis paſt!
Octavia, you ſhall ſtay this night; to-morrow,
Cæſar and we are one.
[*Exit, leading* Octavia; Dolabella *follows.*
Ven. There's news for you; run, my officious pandar;
Be ſure to be the firſt; haſte forward: go—
Haſte, my dear go-between!—haſte! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE—*Outſide of the City of Alexandria.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* VENTIDIUS.

Ant. 'TIS plain, Ventidius, Cæſar has diſſembled;
He knows no honour, he!—and the conditions,
Sent by Octavia and Dolabella,
Were treacherouſly meant.
Ven. You pleaſe to think ſo.
Ant. Is it not clear?—He'll not withdraw his troops.

Ven. And thus the war continues.—I had hopes
To patch up peace.

Ant. Thou ſee'ſt it cannot be.

Ven. Well, well!

Ant. So cold! wilt *thou*, as numbers have,
When Fortune is upon the wane, forſake me?

Ven. I ſhall forſake you when I die;—not ſooner.

Ant. My friend! (*ſoften'd*).

Ven. We loſe time.
The day advances.

Ant. We'll to yonder eminence:—
The preparation is, to-day, by ſea;
We pleaſe them not by land.

Ven. The preparation
Is both for ſea and land: On ſea, I fear,
'Tis a frail venture, ſince your loſs at Actium.

Ant. I would they fought in fire, or in the air!
We'd fight there too.—But, this it is, Ventidius:
Order for ſea is given; and our beſt force
Is forth to man the gallies.—With our foot,
Upon the hills adjoining to the City,
Their naval movements we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavours.— Follow me.

[*Exit* Antony, *and* Ventidius.

SCENE—*Interior of* CLEOPATRA'S *Palace.*

(*Shouts at a diſtance.*)

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, *and* IRAS.

Cle. Hear'ſt thou how fares the battle?

Char. Antony
Now ſtands ſurveying our Ægyptian gallies,
Engaging Cæſar's fleet. (*Shout again.*)

Cle. Now death, or conqueſt!

Iras. Have comfort, Madam ;—'twas a cheering ſhout.
Hark! they redouble it. (*Shouts repeated.*)

Char. 'Tis from the port.

Cle. Good news, kind Heav'n!

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. O, horror, horror!
Ægypt has been ;—our lateſt hour is come ;
Time has unroll'd our glories to the laſt,
And, now, cloſed up the volume.

Cle. Say the worſt.

Alex. Proud on the waves, your well appointed fleet
Row'd forth to ſea, and ſmooth the well-timed oars
Were dipt to meet the foe ;—ſoon did they meet,
But not as foes! In brief, we ſaw their caps
On either ſide thrown up ; Ægyptian gallies
(Receiv'd like *friends)* paſt through, and fell behind
The Roman rear ; and, now, they all come forward,
And ride within the port.

Cle. Enough, Alexas ;
I've heard my doom !—What ſays Mark Antony ?

Alex. You muſt avoid him.
He raves on you, and cries he is betray'd.
Do not ſee him yet.

Cle. I muſt not.—Whither go ?

Alex. Retire, awhile,
Within your monument:—meet not this tempeſt ;
It will o'erblow.

Cle. Not till he hears I'm dead;—
Then would this guſt of anger end in grief.

Alex. E'en that way turn it, then ;—let me report
To Antony that you have ſlain yourſelf :
When undeceiv'd, his joy will be ſo great,
He will forgive, if not forget, the ills
Our fleet hath wrought him.

Cle. Well, well, be it ſo.
And yet, 'tis not for fear that I avoid him:
I know him noble; when he baniſh'd me,
And thought me falſe, he ſcorn'd to take my life.
But I'll be juſtified, and then die with him.
Away, Alexas!—Come, my women, come!
[*Exeunt.*—Cleopatra, *and her Women, on one ſide*; Alexas *on the other.*]

SCENE—*Within the Town of Alexandria.*

Enter ANTONY, *and* VENTIDIUS.

Ant. Gods! how this foul Ægyptian hath betray'd me!
Her fleet and Cæſar's mingle in the port,
And there, like long-loſt friends, carouſe together.
O, ſun! thy up-riſe ſhall I ſee no more;
Fortune and Antony part here, even here!——
All come to this! to this!

Ven. This Ægypt is
One univerſal traitor; and their queen
The ſpirit, and the extract, of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left a poſſibility?—
The leaſt unmortgaged hope?—for, if there be,
Methinks I ſhould not fall beneath the fate
Of ſuch a boy as Cæſar.

Ven. There are, yet,
(The remnant now fled with us from the hills)
Three legions left.

Ant. Who knows but yet we may——

Enter ALEXAS.

How now, Alexas?

Ven. He comes from Cleopatra;—from your ruin;
And looks a lie before he utters it.
Hence, villain, hence!

Ant. Away from me for ever!
No ſyllable to juſtify thy queen:
Alex. Sir, be ſatisfied,
She'll ne'er moleſt you more;—ſhe could not bear
To be accus'd by you; but ſhut herſelf
Within her monument: Her ſilent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but ſtole their parting:
At laſt, with dying looks——
Ant. My heart forebodes!——
Ven. All for the beſt: Go on.
Alex. She ſnatch'd her poignard,
And, 'ere we could prevent the fatal blow,
Plung'd it within her breaſt. Go, bear my Lord,
(Turning to me, ſhe ſaid,) my laſt farewel;
And aſk him, if he yet ſuſpect my faith:——
More ſhe was ſaying, but death ruſh'd betwixt:——
She half pronounc'd your name, with her laſt breath,
And half was loſt with it.
Ant. And art thou dead?
Dead, Cleopatra! Oh, then what am I?
The murderer of this truth, this innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themſelves in words ſo horrid
As can expreſs my guilt!
Get thee hence:——
Thou art not worthy to behold what, now,
Becomes a Roman Emperor to perform. [*Exit* Alexas.
I will not fight; There's no more work for war;
The buſineſs of my angry hours is done.
Ven. Cæſar is at your gate.
Ant. 'Tis but a ſcorn of life, and juſt deſire
To free myſelf from bondage.
Ven. Do it bravely.
Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O, Ventidius!

What ſhou'd I fight for now? My Cleopatra,
Now thou art dead, let Cæſar take the world,—
Ven. Wou'd you be taken?
Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken;
But, as a Roman ought,—dead, my Ventidius.
Ven. As I ſhall not outlive you, I could wiſh
We threw life from us with a better grace;
That, like two lions, taken in the toils,
We might, at leaſt thruſt out our paws, and wound
The hunters that incloſe us.
Ant. Thou haſt lov'd me,
And fain I wou'd reward thee; I muſt die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death
To make thee friends with Cæſar.
Ven. Did I think
You wou'd have us'd me thus? that I ſhould die
With a hard thought of you!
Ant. Forgive me, Roman:
I have thought better; do not twice deny me.
Ven. By Heav'n, I will not,
So it be not t' outlive you.
Ant. Kill me firſt.
Ven. Give me your hand.
We ſhall ſoon meet again. Now, farewel, Emperor——
(*Embraces.*)
Methinks that word's too cold to be my laſt:
Since death ſweeps all diſtinctions, farewel, Friend!
And, yet, I cannot look on you, and kill you:
'Pray, turn your face.
Ant. I do: ſtrike home, be ſure.
Ven. Home as my ſword will reach. (*Kills himſelf.*)
Ant. O, thou miſtak'ſt:
Thou robb'ſt me of my death.
Ven. Think 'tis the firſt time that I e'er deceiv'd you,

If that may plead my pardon. And, you gods,
Forgive me, oh, forgive! for I die perjur'd,
Rather than kill my friend. *(Dies.)*

Ant. Farewel! Ever my leader, ev'n in death!
My queen and thou have got the ſtart of me,
And I'm the lag of honour. *(Falls on his Sword.)* Ah! not dead!
I've miſt my heart—O, unperforming hand!
Thou never cou'd'ſt have err'd in a worſe time.

[*Noiſe without.*

Hark! I hear footſteps.——Oh, diſpatch, diſpatch me!

Enter PHILO, *with Soldiers.*

Philo. Whence are thoſe groans! Ha,—'tis our General!

Ant. I've done my work ill, friends; make, make an end
Of what I have begun.

Philo. Not I!—nor any one.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where is Mark Antony?

Philo. (Mournfully.) Here, Diomed!

Dio. Oh, heavy ſight! [*Sees* Antony.

Ant. Diomed, is it not?

Dio. I come, Sir, from the Queen; from Cleopatra.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend?

Dio. Now, my Lord.

Ant. Now! where is ſhe?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument:—for when ſhe heard
You did ſuſpect ſhe had made terms with Cæſar,
(Which never will be found) and that your rage
Could not be ſooth'd, ſhe yielded to Alexas
Her haſty leave to tell you ſhe was dead,
But, fearing ſince, how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late!

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the Emperor's guard!—Come, your Lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides:
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.
Yonder lies,
In death, the brave Ventidius:—Bear his corſe
To burial;—and reſpect it as my own,—
And——life flows faſt—Take me to Cleopatra!

[*Soldiers throng round, and ſupport him.*

I've led you oft;—lead me, now, gallant friends,
And have my thanks for all!

[*Exit* Mark Antony, *ſupported by his Guard—other Soldiers join their ſhields, on which they place the corſe of* Ventidius, *and bear it away.*

SCENE.—*A Street in Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, AGRIPPA, *and Soldiers.*

Cæs. How! fall'n upon his ſword, and dying, ſay you?

Dol. 'Tis held for certain that he cannot live.

Cæs. The breaking of ſo great a ſpirit ſhould
Convulſe the frame of nature;
O Antony!
I've follow'd thee to this: I muſt, perforce,
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine.

Agr. Cæſar is touch'd.

Dol. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.

Cæs. Come hither, Dolabella;
Hie thee to Cleopatra; ſay to her
We purpoſe her no ſhame: give her what comfort

The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her greatneſs, by ſome deſperate act
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph.—Go. [*Exit* Dolabella.
On, in our march, through Alexandria. [*Flouriſh, Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*The Interior of a Monument.*

ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, CHARMION, IRAS, DIOMEDES; *diſcover'd.*

Cle. O, Sun! now quit the ſhining ſphere thou mov'ſt in,
And leave the world in darkneſs.—O, Mark Antony!

Ant. I'm dying, Cleopatra, dying!
But here importune death awhile, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes, the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.

Cle. O, come, come, come! *(Embracing him.)*
And die where thou haſt liv'd: had my lips power
Thus would I wear them out.

Ant. Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.

Cle. No, let me rail at fortune; and——

Ant. One word, ſweet:
Of Cæſar ſeek your honour, and your ſafety.

Cle. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;—
None about Cæſar truſt, but Proculeius.

Cle. My reſolution, and my hand, I'll truſt;—
None about Cæſar.

Ant. The miſerable change, now, at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at; but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes;
Wherein I lived, the greateſt prince o'the world,
The nobleſt; and do now not baſely die,
Nor cowardly;—put off my helmet to
My countryman; a Roman, by a Roman,

Valiantly vanquiſh'd ;—and——my ſpirit is going ;
I can no more!—one kiſs!—and——Oh! [*Dies.*
Cle. The crown o'the earth doth melt! My Lord! my Lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war!
The ſoldier's pride is fall'n ;—the odds are gone ;
And there is nothing left of worth beneath
The viſiting moon!
Char. O, quietneſs, dear lady! [Cleopatra *faints.*
Iras Oh, Madam, Madam!
Char. Leave us with the Queen,
Awhile, good Diomed. Take the ſoldiers hence.
[*Exit* Diomedes, *with the Soldiers*
Cle. (*Recovering.*) Ah me!—Is't Charmion there? what, Iras, too?
Char. Dear, royal Empreſs!
Cle. Good now, come ; take heart ;
We'll bury him ; and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. [*Noiſe heard.*
Iras. Liſten!—hark!—
Some one has forced the monument.
Cle. Surpriſed!
Enter DOLABELLA.
E'en be it ſo.—Well, Sir, you come from Cæſar.
Dol. Cæſar ſends greeting to the Queen of Ægypt;
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.
Cle. What's thy name?
Dol. My name is Dolabella :—
Moſt noble Queen, aſſuredly you know me?
Cle. No matter, Sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams ;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.

Cle. I dreamt there was an Emperor Antony:—
O, ſuch another ſleep! that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!
Know you what Cæſar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cle. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will: Once, ſworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this;—Cæſar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You, with your children, will he ſend before:
Make your beſt uſe of this: I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.

Cle. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.

Dol. I, your ſervant.
Adieu, good Queen! I muſt attend on Cæſar.

Cle. Farewel, and thanks! [*Exit* Dolabella.
Now, Charmion, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In Rome, as well as I.

Char. O, the good gods! and muſt we live to ſee it?

Cle. No, never, never, Charmion! thou remember'ſt,
This morn, a rural fellow brought me fruit!
And at the bottom of his baſket lurk'd
The pretty worm of Nile, that kills, and pains not:
Bring me that baſket. [*Exit* Charmion.
Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I ſee him rouſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæſar, which the gods give men
To excuſe their after wrath.

Enter CHARMION *with the baſket.*

Char. Oh, Madam! what is it you have reſolved?

Cle. (*Taking the baſket*). Dull that thou art! I go to meet my love.
Ay, here's the Aſpick:—Huſband, now, I come!
(Goes to a couch, which ſhe aſcends: her women compoſe her on it.)
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements

I give to baſer life.—So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind Charmion! Iras, long farewel!
(Kiſſing them.)
Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain! that I may ſay
The gods themſelves do weep.
Come mortal wretch, *(To the aſp, applying it.)*
Come, thou poor venomous fool!
Be angry and diſpatch.
Char. O, Eaſtern ſtar!
Cle. Peace, peace!
I ſoon ſhall meet my noble Antony,
And meet his kiſs, which 'tis my Heav'n to have.
Char. O, break! O, break, my heart!
Cle. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle, - - -
O, Antony! *(Dies.)*

Enter Guard.

Guard. Where is the Queen?
Approach, ho! All's not well:—
What work is here! Charmion, is this well done?

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How now?
A cry without of
Way there! make way for Cæſar!

Enter CÆSAR, *and Train.*

Dol. O, Sir! you are too ſure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.
Cæſar. Braveſt at the laſt:
She levell'd at our purpoſes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of her death?
I do not ſee her bleed; she looks like ſleep;
As ſhe would catch another Antony
In her ſtrong toil of grace.
Guard. (Taking up the baſket.) Theſe leaves have ſlime upon them;
Such as the Aſpick leaves upon the caves of Nile.
Cæſar. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe fell; for, I have oft been told,
She hath purſued concluſions infinite
Of eaſy ways to die.

Now bear the bodies from the monument.
She ſhall be bury'd by her Antony;
Then we'll to Rome.—Come, Dolabella; ſee
High honour in this great ſolemnity.
[*Exeunt* Cæſar *and his Party.*

SCENE—*A Street in Alexandria.*

Enter PROCULEIUS, *with an Officer, and a Company of Soldiers.*

Pro. Halt. We muſt here abide, till Dolabella
Arrive, to tell us how we may proceed,
In the interment of Mark Antony;
Lo! in good time, he comes.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Well met, my friends,——
If well we meet upon a cauſe ſo mournful.
Pro. Antony was your friend.
Dol. He was;—none, once,
So dear to me as Antony;—not Cæſar;
We were ſo cloſed within each other's boſoms.
The rivets were not found that join'd us faſt.
War ſunder'd us!—Oh, in his happier day,
His legs beſtrid the ocean;—his rear'd arm
Creſted the world;—his voice was propertied
As all the tuned ſpheres, unto his friends;
But when he meant to quail, and ſtrike the orb,
He was as rattling thunder.
Proc. How ſtands the order for our march?
Dol. E'en thus:——
Attend the ceremony, as to ſerve,
Rather than to command, its order.—They
Who ſerv'd Mark Antony, e'en to the laſt,
The beſt will honour him.—Our Cæſar's troops
Muſt be ſubſervient;—Antony's adherents
Muſt fix the order of proceſſion, and
Admit us, or reject us, at their will.
Pro. I am inſtructed.
Dol. I ſhall go with you.
Pro. Now, ſoldiers, march!
(*Soldiers and their Leaders march out.*)

SCENE—*Alexandria.*

A GRAND FUNERAL PROCESSION:

DURING WHICH IS SUNG THE FOLLOWING

EPICEDIUM:

CHORUS.

Cold in death the Hero lies;
Nerveless, now, the Victor's arm;
Quench'd the light'ning of his eyes,
The Foe to daunt, the Fair to charm.
Mourn, soldiers, mourn! your day is done;
Valour has lost its cheering sun;
The Roman Glory sets on Ægypt's shore,
And great Mark Antony will rise no more.

Solo. Oh, comrades! many a time has he
Led us to glorious Victory!
Then, blush not, friends, at drops that force,
Down manhood's cheek, their rugged course:
The tears that Soldiers o'er their General shed,
Are Brave Men's tribute to a Brave Man dead.

TRIO OR QUARTETTO.

A constant Fire his Courage glow'd;
A ceaseless Stream his Bounty flow'd.
If Riches in the field of Fame he reap'd,
The Harvest was on Love and Friendship heap'd.

Solo. When Mars no longer battled on his side,
And Neptune, weary of his prowess grown,
Buoy'd him no more to Conquest down the tide,
E'en then no sword subdued him, but his own.
While Cleopatra's grave ye trim,
There her lov'd Antony inter;
For she her Ægypt lost for him;
He half the World for her.

GRAND CHORUS.

No monument, till now, could boast a pair
So fam'd, yet, ah! so luckless in their doom;
Long will the doves of Venus murmur there,
And shouts of Warriors thunder o'er the tomb.

FINIS.

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AND

OTHER POEMS.

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OF NO TEMPLE.

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Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam ſi proferres ignota indictaque primus.
Publica materies privati juris erit, ſi
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres; nec deſilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.

"*Hor. de Arte Poet:*"

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PREFACE.

IT is melancholy to obſerve the long liſt of writers who have had their works forced upon the publick through the ſolicitations of friends, which, were written, merely for amuſement, without any view to publication. I beg leave to aſſure the publick, that I have not been preſſed into their ſervice, and that I cannot alledge the misfortune of friendſhip either in excuſe of my preſumption, or extenuation of my errors. Indeed, I have ſo little faith in the uſual methods of deprecating the judgment of the reader, that I ſhould chuſe to decline their uſe, even if I could urge them with truth. There is no tribunal in fact more inſenſible than the publick; it is in vain that an author feelingly enumerates the diſadvantages under which he labours, the hurry of buſineſs, or the languor of ſickneſs; it is to no purpoſe that he declares himſelf to be a minor, and kindly prefixes his age to his effuſions; even title itſelf, however illuſtrious,

ſeems to looſe its influence, when inſcribed on the front of a book; and that name which paſſes a man current through the world, will not beſtow on his writings, even a momentary celebrity.

It might ſeem ſuſpicious in one who has laid himſelf ſo much open to its cenſures, to effect that contempt ſo common among authors, for contemporary criticiſm; I have no ſuch contempt; my occaſional diſregard of rules, has not proceeded from ignorance; nor ſhall I regret the dereliction if it has been productive of greater beauties.

There is little doubt but the charge of plagiariſm will be objected to me; this may be well founded, for it is true that ſtriking paſſages which in reading have laid ſtrong hold of the imagination, will be aſſimilated with our ideas, and are apt, after a time, to be conſidered as our own, and to ſteal undetected from our pen, notwithſtanding a vigilant attention to prevent ſuch an occurence. I can only defend myſelf by declaring, that I have no wiſh, wilfully to paſs the productions of others as my own; and that Iam ready, when the opportunity ſhall offer, to give every one his own.

With reſpect to the verſification, I have occaſionally departed from eſtabliſhed practice; it is customary when the laſt ſpeaker leaves the line imperfect, for the next to take it up and finiſh it. This

I have not uniformly adhered to, becauſe it appears to contribute very little to harmony, and is apt to give, eſpecially to the empaſſioned ſcenes, a too artificial appearance.

Speaking generally of the influence of precepts, it may be obſerved, that he who attempts to model his work by the line and rule of the critic, will ſeldom deviate from thoſe beaten tracts rendered conſpicuous by the proud monuments of the more ſucceſsful authors; as it is from theſe that the critick laws are derived, and to which they ultimately refer themſelves; he will fail to meet with thoſe ſtill unembodied and evaneſcent ſhapes that have not yet travelled into the regions of criticiſm, nor recline under the broad ſhelter of rules and authority in the peaceful receſſes of the academick groves.

I am well aware that I have expoſed myſelf to neglect as well from my choice of a ſubject, as my manner of treating it. At preſent, an author is in much danger of having no readers, if he writes in ſuch a manner as to be eaſily underſtood; it is now ſo much the cuſtom by forced thoughts, glaring figures, and inverted ſtyle, to puzzle and ſurpriſe the reader, that a poem is not likely to attract attention that wants the recommendations of obſcurity of genii and enchanters, and which only aims to expreſs natural thoughts in ſimple language.

Whatever be my merits, I at leaſt come before the publick in a modeſt dreſs; if I have written dull intolerable ſtuff, I have not decked it out in the alluring accompaniments of copious notes, hot-preſs and a head of the author. Should this little volume then be allowed quietly to glide into oblivion, I conceive it is in a very proper dreſs for the occaſion, at leaſt, it will eſcape the ridicule ſo juſtly levelled at thoſe which are made fine only to be buried.

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EDWARD THE SECOND.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Hall of the Palace.*

Enter ARUNDEL.

Arun. THEY ſay—and I believe the doctrine's feaſible,
That mighty States muſt undergo each change
Of youth, of manhood, and decaying age:
And here we ſeem t' have paſs'd our prime already,
For loyalty, the bulwark of true policy,
Is now a thing deſpis'd and out of date:
Rebellion meets a welcome from our nobles,
While churchmen who ſhould damn it, pray for it.
But let ambition blind the eyes of men
And learning ſuit its doctrines to the times;
For me, tho' ſeated in the breach of danger
I'll keep the cuſtoms of old faſhioned days,
Nor barter fealty for deluſive hope.

Enter DE WATTEVILLE.

De Wat. The urgent ſummons that hath brought me here
Muſt ſtand as an excuſe for this intruſion—

Arun. Friends are twice welcome in the day of need—
New from the North?—
De Wat. My horſe yet pants for breath——
Arun. This ardent haſte while other friends but lag,
Shall grace you in the favour of the king—
De Wat. Your kindneſs overates my ſervices.
As I ſped along, the populace all
Were in unuſual ſtir—and fame was loud
About new wars, rebellion, and the queen.
Arun. Report ſpreads faſt when charg'd with diſmal news,
Good deeds are not ſo quickly rumoured.
De Wat. True, Sir—but fame ſo often adds to truth,
That, in this caſe I know not what to think—
Arun. Nor am I better ſkill'd, but only this,
That ne'er did England ſtand in ſo much need
Of prudent councils and moſt loyal friends.
The queen has landed on the Suffolk coaſt,
And boaſts her ranks ſurcharg'd with Engliſh nobles,
The Earls of Lancaſter, of Kent, and Norfolk
Have grac'd her purpoſe with their noble preſence,
And ſcarce was her herald's proclamation heard,
Which ſpoke of wrongs and evil counſellors,
When baron's proffered her their armed bands.
And biſhops brought their prayers and influence.
De Wat. What has cauſed this ſudden change in Kent,
Who wont to be his duties worſhiper.
Arun. Kent is the open ſoldier who believes,
The line the queen has drawn will bound her views;
While ſhe inſenſible to love and duty,
Gives to Mortimer her heart, her perſon,
Uſing moſt falſe pretences as the means
To get poſſeſſion of the ſeat of power.

De Wat. The Prince of Wales I hear attends the queen!

Arun. That is the prop that holds rebellion up
And gives to damn'd deſigns the ſhow of right.
I curſe the day when purblind policy
Allowed this jewel to be ſtolen from England;
In him the dignity and fire of manhood,
Seem'd to ſhake hands with youth.—Tho' yet he knew
But to recount the darings of his grandſire.

De Wat. How bore the king this news when firſt related?
A wife and ſon thus join'd in ſtrange rebellion.

Arun. I never ſaw ſuch mildneſs ſo transformed,
When the pale meſſenger whiſpered the news;
Mutely he ſtar'd, then ſtruck the kneeling ſlave;
Rage, indignation, pallid grief, deſpair,
Each independent govern'd him by turns,
And ſway'd the perturb'd motion of his lips.

De Wat. It were enough to ſet all paſſion looſe
And make us laugh at reaſon.—But how is't now,
Where did the lateſt news report the queen?

Arun. We hear at Hereford, where ſhe waits with caution
Until her promiſes begetting credit,
By being cryed by heralds, preach'd in churches,
Have cauſed the wavering mob to crowd her armies,
Mean time the Earl of Kent ſpurs on ſo hotly
That now he braves our gates—

De Wat. What has the King reſolved on?—

Arun. I know not: he and Deſpenſer are retir'd
To fancy ſchemes in ſecret conference.
You muſt remain until the King's prepar'd
To give you hearing.—As friends are few we need
Make up in action what we want in numbers.
I go mean time to ſound the wav'ring mob,
To try if any ſpark of love remains
And rouſe the tardy citizens to arms. [*Exit Arundel.*

DE WATTEVILLE, *solus*.

Why then thus it is—the enemy at the gates—
No army near—deserted by his nobles—
What is this King that I for him should loose
My life, my fortune.—Then I am resolved—
There is no tie that binds me to his cause,
But gen'ral loyalty—I never reap'd
The golden harvest of his favours, pour'd
With such profusion on Despenser's head;
Who apes with wond'rous skill the state of King,
And to whose pride and whim we must submit;
But now 'tis past; for if the plot succeeds
A halter may reward mock majesty,
And I with all my soul will help thee to it.

Enter EDWARD, DESPENSER, *and Attendants.*

Edw. Where is this man who braves example's force,
And hastes with so much speed to do us service?
De Wat. My gracious sovereign my poor services,
All seem as nothing when you deign to praise them.
Edw. Not so brave sir, tho' faith they need it not;
We're told that some of these rebellious slaves
Presuming on our weakness have advanced,
And dare to brave us in our capital;
But you will check their course.—We give you command
Over the reg'lar force without the gates,
While we within will arm our citizens—
You must dispatch; For in the rapid course
Of dangerous war, the moments are more precious
Than are the weeks and months in peaceful times—
De Wat. As I shall act in this so judge me heaven,
If ever I by hope of fair reward,
Should barter fealty for rebellion,

Let me be counted then the ſtain of knighthood,
And for the name of ſoldier, call me ſlave.
Edw. From the deſtruction of theſe rebel lords,
I'll pluck for thee rewards; thou for thyſelf
Wilt earn the honors—give no reply,
But haſte thy ſetting out, and fare thee well.
Exit De Watteville.
De Watteville will be faithful mid temptation;
He has not mix'd with thoſe who taſk their wits,
To ſpread rebellion, and confound the marks
That men were wont to place t'wixt right and wrong.
Deſp. If he but checks their progreſs for a time,
He'll turn the pop'lar clamour on our ſide,
Which is the main ſtrength of the enemy.
Edw But why are all men's tongues thus loud againſt me—
What have I done to merit their reproaches?
Deſp. You've uſed your power with too much gentleneſs;
Of this they make advantage; taking arms
Againſt your highneſs, for *which* they have no grounds,
Save what are hatched in their traitrous hearts.
They even vow revenge on me, becauſe,
I would not be a party in their crimes;
When you have again the power to puniſh
You will, I truſt, make better uſe of it.
Edw. We will not ſpare examples, my Deſpenſer,
Yet I am ill at reſt if we muſt fight
'Gainſt thoſe who ſhould be cheriſh'd next our heart—
It ſeems moſt bloody and unnatural—
Would that ſome means of peace could be deviſed.
Deſp. Theſe are the feelings that diſgrace a throne;
Where all ſuch weakneſs of our common nature
Should fall before the deſtinies of a king.
What are the ties of brother, wife, to this,

Ties, that men do make, by giving names to them,
(Having no end or object in their being,
But as the means connecting man to man)
Which you ſhould laugh at, being yourſelf the ſource
Of your own ſtate, having no equal here.
'Tis likely they may offer terms of peace
Hiding their foul intents in friendly guiſe;
But if you give them ear, yourſelf will be
The dupe and vaſſal of their artifice,
And I the helpleſs victim of their rage;
And if my life could but confirm your power,
I would be well content to yield it up.

Edw. Sooner let war and famine march their rounds,
Until they make my ſtate a wilderneſs,
So that they leave me you, in whom I'd find
A compenſation for the death of millions.
No my Deſpenſer; take my ſacred word
That you ſhall be the ſharer of my fortune—

Deſp. I will be your faithful ſervant ever—
Then 'tis reſolved we lend no ear to peace,
But keep the field, until they are reduced
To ſue for mercy, and confeſs their crimes.

Enter ARUNDEL.

Edw. Well, my Arundel, do the citizens
Diſmiſs their fears and buckle on their arms?

Arun. I am aſhamed to be the meſſenger
Of tidings that diſgrace a vill'nous age.

Edw. What! they don't refuſe their ſervice at this time?

Arun. I haſtened for to execute your wiſhes,
And when they were with ſome delay aſſembled
And I had open'd your neceſſities;
The enemy near, and in your name demanded,
That they ſhould ſtraight repair unto your ſtandard,
Urging the danger to your crown and perſon;
Why they who ſhould have ſtarted forth and cried,

Long live King Edward, we will die for him,
And the ready hand involuntar'ly
On the bright hilt been ſeen—Theſe ſlaves, I ſay,
Did bleſs themſelves, and cried, good lack ſo near!
And look'd and moved, and noded to each other,
As if I talk'd to them of diſtant battles,
Of wars in Paleſtine, and not in England.

Edw. Dull minded ſlaves, and do they then refuſe?

Arun. Again I urged and preſs'd your highneſs ſuit,
When the Mayor, who did interpret for the reſt,
Began to tell me of good deeds performed,
Of taxes they had paid, and money lent;
And when I ſtopped, anon the fulſome tale,
He did announce it as their firm reſolve,
Which by their charter they were privileg'd,
Not to ſerve without the city walls.
In times like theſe when men's inflamed minds
Hold no mean courſe, but ſet with violence
On either ſide; ſuch friends are counterfeit.

Edw. Precious cowards—ſlaves, have they no fears
For their own ſafety—No, no—I am the butt;
I feel this tempeſt drives 'gainſt me alone.
What have I done that they ſhould give me up
To ſure deſtruction—What reaſons gave they?

Arun. They gave none—ſome talk'd of evil counſellors,
And mutter'd loud of robbers, wars and famine.

Edw. Famine! could I command the ſhowers of Heaven,
Did I ſet on the robber for to plunder,
Or grant protection to the murderer?
They do all this, and then they cry the king,
The king's in fault—O! moſt royal wretch,
I am exalted high in miſery:
And yet they envy me the perilous ſtation,
And plot with rebels for to pull me down.
What hope, what conſolation's left me now?

Deſp. Let not the diſtant murm'rings of rebellion

Diſturb the ſacred pleaſures of a king;
You are the lawful and anointed head,
To whom we all in fealty owe obedience;
Truſt to that fortune, then that made you king,
And the ſucceſſor of the mighty Edward,
Heaven will protect that placed you on the throne,
And cauſe theſe impious rebels kneel before you.

Edw. Thou art the oracle of comfort to me,
Something may ſtill fall out to favour us!—
They will reſiſt—What thinks my Arundel?

Arun. My lips ſhall never give my heart the lye,
By glozing that which you muſt ſhortly know;
This is no broil about ſome diſtant fief,
The ſtake that's to be played for is the crown.
Let us not dally in the midſt of treaſon,
But ſeek more loyal friends in other parts;
For now they will not flinch, when they've forſworn
The ſacred duty which they owe your highneſs.
Nor do their ſallies want the ſhow of right,
When to the trembling crown the next in blood,
The Prince of Wales ſtands in the foremoſt rank.

Edw. That is my crime, and now I'm puniſh'd for't;
Had I but kept this jewel to myſelf,
He would not now have been the cauſe—the cauſe
That I'm forbid to curſe, while it undoes me.

Deſp. There is no reaſon for this deep deſpair;
If De Watteville but holds the queen in check,
Theſe honeſt citizens will change their note,
And come with kneeling proteſtations to us;
They always dally with the conqueror,
Let us not then by flight betray our weakneſs.

Edw. Then 'tis reſolv'd we keep our ſtation here—
This boiſtrous morning has unhing'd me quite;
Come, my Deſpenſer, let us to the hall,
The banquet waits us, and the game's prepar'd;
Let's turn our eyes from theſe rough ſcenes awhile
And give an hour to ſweet forgetfulneſs—

[*Exeunt* EDWARD *and* DESPENSER.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mes. Our ſlender guard is routed and diſperſed
That fought for Edward—for, on him, De Watteville
Hath turned his back and joined the enemy,
Whoſe hoſtile banners flout within our gates

Arun. If ſo, he is in villany the firſt,
And I will put no more implicit faith
In words, the very offspring of the breath—
Do not the people arm themſelves—O! ſhame,
Is there no ſpirit ſhewn, no oppoſition?—

Mes. None, my lord—No ſword unſheathed is ſeen;
It rather ſeems of peace, the joyous welcome;
For, near the gate, where now they make their entry
The mob preſs on, and ſhout loud welcomes forth;
The citizens clamour out for queen and prince,
And ſay, you ſhall have bread when he is king;
On which the rabble wave their ready caps
And cry, no famine, no Chancellor Baldoc—

Arun. What welcome them? they boaſt of freedom moſt
When they're the tools of others artifice:—
Credulous ſlaves!—if infidels did come
And promiſe this and this, they'd welcome them—

Enter DESPENSER.

Deſp. What new alarm is this?—

Arun. The ſlave De Watteville has betrayed his truſt,
And now the enemy are within the gates,
And are received like friends, made dear by abſence.

Deſp. De Watteville falſe! then heaven's name's a reckleſs bond
That every fool may break—O! fickle ſlaves—
What is't to them who governs——What's to be done?

Arun. Let us prolong the hope of better days,
And ſave the king by flight—
Deſp. What leave our capital, to give the lie
To my own promiſes—And yet we muſt,
Or yield their priſoners—My good Arundel,
Will you break it to the king!—I cannot do it.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Where's my Deſpenſer?—It was moſt unkind
When anxious fears were preying on my heart
To leave me thus, in ſolitary mood—
Deſp. We were conſidering what was for your good;
Some news is now arrived, which ſeems to ſay,
That——

Enter the Biſhop of EXETER.

Bp. of Ex. This is no place of ſafety for your highneſs,
The enemy will ſoon ſurround the palace,
A moment ſcarce is left you for eſcape!—
Edw. What! ſurround my palace!—I am betrayed;
O matchleſs ſlaves when I again am king—
Their bodies chained, ſhall wither in the air
For fowls to feed upon—
I will not fly—why don't my people riſe,
Avenge my cauſe, and cruſh the rebel throng—
Arun. We pray your highneſs looſe no further time.
Deſp. A better fortune waits us in the weſt,
Where friends are loyal and moſt valiant.
Let us then haſten to call forth their power—
Why this deſpair?—We are not loſt ſo far—
Edw. I'm loſt indeed—Are theſe your promiſes?—
May thoſe who have reduced me to this paſs,

Like me be wretched—I blame not you—

[*Trumpets.*

Bp. of Ex. Hark! they approach—Arundel, ſave the king—
Away—I will remain to anſwer them.

[ARUNDEL *and* DESPENSER *hurry off* EDWARD.

I've never lent my voice to fill the cry
On either ſide—But will they think on't now—
Now, in the reckleſs current of their paſſion—
How can I hope my function will protect me,
When ſo many of like holy calling,
Are loud and clamrous on the other ſide,
Turning their fair religion to abuſe,
To furniſh réaſons to excuſe their crimes.

[*Trumpets.*

Enter Officer and Soldiers.

Off. For the queen?——

Bp. of Ex. For peace and juſtice, therefore, not for thee,
Whoſe impious trade, an alien to nature
Appears to trample both——

Off. No holy cant—
But earn your ſafety by confeſſing ſtraight:
Where's the king?—

Bp. of Ex. Without the reach of that great care and love,
Which no doubt a wife and brother proffer,
Thro' you their meſſenger—The king is ſafe.

Off. Thou lieſt, and I will prove it to thy face—

Enter 2d Officer.

2*d Off.* The king is fled—Ere we could ſurround him;
He, with the curſed Deſpenſer, have eſcaped,
And born along on horſes ſwift and freſh;
They bid defiance to our tired ſteeds—

1ſt Off. Then we have miſs'd the beſt half of our errand,
And what we've done will ſcarcely get us thanks;
The king is forced away againſt his will,
And this is one of thoſe accurſed adviſers,
Who hath been aiding to this treachery—
Take him to the ſtreets, and tell the people
To whom they are obliged for ſuch good ſervice.
(Soldiers ſurround Biſh.)

Bp. of Ex. If you will hear me, I can free myſelf——

1ſt Off. Take him to the ſtreets—We will hear thee
When the block is thy confeſſional,
For then thou mayeſt ſpeak truth—Away with him
[The Soldiers hurry off Biſhop.
[Trumpets heard.
Bid them ſtay that trumpet's clam'rous breath
That ſtirs our minds to needleſs energy;
The ſounds of war we were prepar'd to hear
Are chang'd to peaceful welcomes—The town is ours;
Then let us haſten with the news to Kent
Of Edward's flight—And to the queen report
The love that waits her here, that ſhe may come,
And by her ſtate confirm their loyalty.
[Exeunt Omnes.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE—*A Room of State.*

Enter ISABELLA, *Biſhop of* HEREFORD, MORTIMER, DE WATTEVILLE, *and Attendants.*

Iſab. I give you welcome to our capital,
Your grace of Hereford, you Lord Mortimer,
And you De Watteville; a joyful welcome all.
For this fair day, auſpicious to our hopes,
We bow to heaven with kneeling and ſubmiſſion.
Mort. May every day like this ſhine bright on one
Who frees us from the yoke of upſtart power,
And gives to ravag'd fields the ſweets of peace.
Here. Such quick ſucceſs outſtrip'd our ſlender means,
And ſhewed the power above hath fought with us.
Iſab. Our loyal citizens all welcom'd us
With ſuch fervent prayers and acclamations,
As ſhewed their hearts were earneſt in our cauſe.
Mort. No wonder faith, when they ſo long have groan'd
Beneath the ſway of Baldoc, Spenſer's tool;
Whoſe treas'nous ſchemes have ſtir'd up this rebellion,
And forced the king to arm againſt his barons,
Who aſk but juſtice and redreſs of wrongs.

Iſab. Yes, my dear Edward, thou art not to blame,
It was the act of traitors, not thy deed,
So we ſhall ſtill in fealty do thee homage
And keep the crown in truſt till your return.

Here. Shall we attempt to thwart the purpoſes,
Of heaven, made manifeſt by open ſigns?
Edward who fled, impell'd by ſecret awe,
Can ne'er again return to claim his crown.

Mort. What other means are left to ſave the ſtate
From anarchy, confuſion, plots and wars,
But to proclaim young Edward in his ſtead;
While our good queen, according with our prayers,
Will guide his youthful ſteps and grace with wiſdom.

Iſab. Your words ſurprize me—I am ill prepar'd
To anſwer to ſuch bold unlook'd for thoughts.—
Yet, I will take them as good will to me;
And tho' your councils ſuit not with my ſtate,
Yet I do thank you with a grateful heart,
And would reward you had I but the power.
But I am but a woman,—Edward's queen—
Without alas! the power to give protection
To you, dear friends, and loyal noblemen;
Who will, I fear, have little cauſe of gladneſs
When Edward comes to claim his royalty.

De Wat. We do beſeech your highneſs grant our prayers,
And cruſh the dangers and conſpiracies,
That ſtill ſurround a throne without a king.

Iſab. We would not now be further preſs'd to this—
Let each exert himſelf in our behalf.—
You, De Watteville, haſten to the troops,
And ſee you check their riots with the people.

[*Exit* DE WATTEVILLE.

While your preſence and moſt chriſtian precepts
Will calm the publick mind unhing'd, unſettled;
We ſoon again may want your counſel here.

(*To* HEREFORD.)

Here. We yield unto your wiſhes—May heaven incline
Your highneſs' pleaſure to your people's good.—
[*Exit* HEREFORD.

Manent ISABELLA *and* MORTIMER.

Iſab. Come hither Mortimer, and tell me truly
If e'er in happy hour your gayeſt wiſhes,
Did revel in the hopes of ſuch ſucceſs?—
Mort. If I'm leſs joyful on this happy day
'Tis not for want of friendſhip to your cauſe;
You are not now an exile but a queen,
Here let me bend and pay a ſubject's homage.
Iſab. What means this cold reſpect, this ſtated diſtance?
Good fortune that ſhould bind our friends to us
Seems to have ſet you at a greater diſtance.
Mort. I'm ſtill the ſame, 'tis you are farther off.
I thought, I ſhould be bleſt to ſee you thus,
But being ſo—I wiſh it were not ſo.—
Iſab. I am a queen, but ſtill I am a woman;
Think'st thou the pomp and ſhew that lackey greatneſs
And change the outward form can change the mind?
Mort. The mind oft changes with the changing ſtate,
Even if your love ſtill bleſs'd your Mortimer,
Envy of that would raiſe me enemies,
Who would not want fair words to gloze their purpoſe;
You may comply with thoſe who plead the ſtate
As an excuſe for perſonal revenge,
And ſacrifice me to the love of power.
Iſab. Here, take this hand, and bid your fears adieu;
I ſcorn to ſquare my acts by common rules;
You are deſerving of a ſovereign's love,
And, what I gave when poor, I give a queen.

Mort. What toils, what ſervices can pay this goodneſs.

Iſab. I have already all I want, thy love;
What are the gifts of riches, power, and ſtate
But as the means of happier enjoyment?
You'll have the power of king without the name;
Edward for you will bear the empty title.

Mort. Edward! what Edward? will you then betray me?

Iſab. My ſtripling Edward—he it is I mean—
You ſhall be as a king without the hate
The toils and dangers that attend the ſtation.
Diſpell your fears, and let this ſilent hour
See all the cares of nations yield to love.

Mort. This happy hour renews our plighted vows;
This hand, that firſt I preſs'd a wretched exile,
I now ſalute with new and happier fortune.

Iſab. I would have all the world revere me elſe,
And pay me deference and obedience;
But here I wiſh t'obey, and ſeem to you
A gentle woman—and all I aſk is love.

Mort. And I will pay it triple fold ev'n here,
Amid the doubts and fears that chill my heart,
For I do ſtand upon moſt ſlippery ground,
When Edward ſtill may come to claim his crown,
Who will brand my ſervices as treaſon,
And pay with death each ill endur'd for you.

Iſab. Sooner let ſplendour, empire, ſink at once
While I in poverty, will pay thy love,
Nor think myſelf an exile bleſt with you—
You made the welcome tender all too ſoon,
We muſt not graſp the crown in ſo much haſte,
Leſt it ſurprize too much; we only wait
For news from Kent, to give our means direction.

Enter Attendant.

Atten. One Edward Bohun who has juſt arrived, and ſays he is charged with buſineſs of the king's, requeſts admittance to your highneſs—

Iſab. Admit him ſtraight— [*Exit Attendant.*
This is one from whom we may learn ſomething,
Leave him to me; you muſt reſtrain yourſelf—

Enter EDWARD BOHUN.

Tho' not friendly to us you are welcome
If you bring good tidings of our Edward—
Why comes he not himſelf? where did you leave him?
But he is not to blame for other's guilt;
You, for your own ambitious purpoſes,
Have forced the king to join himſelf with rebels,
And war 'gainſt thoſe who come to ſave the ſtate.

Boh. I come not here to juſtify rebellion;
Which is the rebel, now let heaven decide.
I am the ambaſſador of the king,
And not a ſuppliant, or a pleader for him.

Iſab. He wants no pleader, we are all his friends.—
And ſay, how has he far'd, for the long term
That I have been a ſtranger to his bed?

Boh. As one, whom fortune mocks with diſtant viſions
He ne'er o'ertakes; yet ſtill muſt follow them.
Finding no active friendſhip in the weſt,
We croſs'd to Wales, whoſe hardy ſons he hop'd
Still cheriſh'd fondneſs for their native prince,
And loyalty deſpiſed, found ſhelter there;
But here affection could not ſtoop ſo low.
What wretch but finds ſome pity in misfortune,
While he, who's rais'd above the heads of others,

When ſtorms aſſail the fabrick of his greatneſs
Still falls the loweſt——
Mort. Spare, ſpare, your comments—
And ſay where Edward is, and what's your miſſion.
Boh. I'll ſtill be bold to ſpeak my maſter's wrongs—
Nor ſhall I long detain you with the tale—
Driven from the ſhore, we ſought the faithleſs ſeas;
But ſcarce embark'd, e'er the reckleſs ſtorm
Baffled the pilot's ſkill, and the ſtout bark,
Deſerted by the kneeling mariners,
Became the wind's plaything—Seeking her grave
In the big waves, whoſe foam inwreathed tops
Look'd like the beck'ning candles of the ſea,
To light us to deſtruction.—Heav'n and earth!—
We ſtrove to gain the ſhore that erſt we ſhun'd,
And bleſs'd the wave that threw us on the beach.
Iſab. The hand of heaven did ſure protect my Edward
And fruſtrate thus your ſchemes of damn'd rebellion.
Boh. Too true, there ſeem'd ſome ſecret end in this,
For all was calm, when the next morning ſun
Withdrew from nature's face the maſk of night,
With luſcious gold o'ercarpeting the deep.
Iſab. And was it thus that you far'd my deareſt Edward,
While I, who ſhould have been at hand to help,
Can only pay my duty with my tears;
Poor tokens of a heart that bleeds for thee.
But you will pardon them.—Go on, I pray you—
Boh. My miſſion I was only to unfold
Within your ſecret hearing——
[ISABELLA *turns to* MORTIMER, *who Exit.*
Thus to his queen, did Edward bid me ſpeak,
Tell her our impious wars offended nature,
And drew upon our heads the curſe of heav'n;
He ſaid, the plough and ſickle were forgot
For barbed ſteeds, and ſwords the game of war,

And that we only digg'd the earth's ſweet boſom
For early graves to friends and countrymen—
'Twas time that holieſt peace ſhould hide ſuch crimes.
For this good end, he pardon grants to all
Who to their true allegiance will return;
As for himſelf, he does conſent to baniſh
For ever from his perſon and his councils,
The chanc'lor Baldoc, and the young Deſpenſer.

Iſab. Theſe are the very purpoſes for which
We took to arms.—And we muſt tak't amiſs
That he ſhould ſeem to hold us in diſtruſt,
The more as we've proclaim'd it thro' the realm
That we are but the truſtees of his crown,
Inviting him to come and take poſſeſſion—
But ſay, where is he lodged, that we may ſend
A deputation to conduct him hither.—

Bob. Shall I haſten to him with this good news,
Aſſure him of your love, and bring him here.

Iſab. There are ſome things on which we muſt adviſe
Before we anſwer you.—Mean time you'll be
In our courts, love, as his ambaſſador
That's neareſt to our heart—— [*Exit.* BOHUN.

ISABELLA, *ſola.*

Bring him hither for the weak eyes of men
To gaze upon—Give him the crown—No, no.
The crown, for which we've play'd a dang'rous game
And won it too—'Tis ours in juſtice then,
And we are call'd on to defend our right—
This loyal talking fool hath his ſuſpicions,
Which ſhew themſelves, by trying to conceal
Where Edward is:—But, I will ſoon do what
Will ſet ſuch prying wretches at defiance.

Enter MORTIMER.

Mort. This Bohun, now may ceaſe his idle vaunts,
His miſſion's ended; ſo are all our fears,
For, Edward, he is ſafe!—

Iſab. How ſafe d'ye ſay?—dead!—is he dead?

Mort. As ſafe as if he were.—One has arriv'd,
The forerunner of Kent, who hurries hither,
Who ſays, that in the weſt, the wars are ended;
For, at Lantreſſen, Edward was ſecur'd,
And, now is ſafely lodg'd at Kenilworth.

Iſab. May be not quite ſo ſafe.—What elſe?

Mort. Arundel and Deſpenſer, with the king,
Have alſo been ſecur'd—

Iſab. Deſpenſer, ſay'ſt thou?—He is ſafe indeed,
For, I will ſhut ſuch priſon doors upon him,
As treaſon ſhall not open.—Aſpiring ſlave—
Juſtice and revenge ſhall point the torments,
That now await thy multiplied aggreſſions.

Mort. Arundel too, who urg'd the king to fly,
And levy war againſt his queen and people,
Deſerves alike, a traitor's puniſhment.

Iſab. We muſt not now be ſparing of examples;
To hold the frolic minds of men in awe,
Let ſpeedy juſtice then o'ertake their crimes.—

Mort. Theſe are the ſmall and ſtragg'ling rivulets
Eaſily choak'd.—The ſource remains unſtopp'd;
Edward ſtill lives, and yet may claim his crown.—

Iſab. You fear that what's impoſſible may happen;
Edward being ſafely lodg'd at Kenilworth,
He cannot come to claim his proffer'd crown,
And draw the pitying eyes of men upon him;
For I will ſo enmeſh him in my ſnares,
He may as well attempt to pierce the walls
That bar the chain'd traitor from the day,

As paſs thoſe open and unbolted doors.
Our courſe, mean time, muſt be, to ſummon ſtraight
Our loyal parliament; to them lay bare
His weakneſs, treach'ry, and other crimes,
Seeing which charges openly preferr'd,
And that he comes not here to claim his crown,
Which we, with honeſt heart do offer him;
They needs are pledg'd to vote his depoſition.

Mort. But, will not Kent, and thoſe who only aim
T' expel the Spenſer's, oppoſe this meaſure?

Iſab. Leave him to me; the vote of parliament
I'll make appear their deed; perſuading Kent,
I'll ne'er aſſent to it. But, here comes one,
Whoſe counſels have been ever ſalutary.

Enter the Biſhop of HEREFORD.

Long live our queen;—I've this moment learn'd
From Kent, who attends now upon your highneſs,
That our worſt enemies are are all ſecur'd.

Iſab. That news is ſomewhat old in our account—
We were in talk what courſe to take upon't;
That which appears a ſource of joy to others
As this to me, is oft the cauſe of grief.

Heref. Heaven oft viſits with calamities
Its fav'rites here. It is our duty then,
Who ſhare the precious bleſſing, to remove them.

Mort. Her highneſs thinks, to truſt his depoſition
Unto the parliament: making no uſe
Of her unqueſtion'd power to puniſh guilt.
But, if I could perſuade her, we ſhould ſtraight
Proclaim young Edward king, and truſt the ſword
To baffle treaſon, and protect the ſtate.

Heref. The ſword already hath perform'd its part.

The queen's intentions are moſt right, to truſt
Her cauſe unto a loyal parliament,
Who will not fail to grant her juſt demands.
I, for myſelf, with threats and promiſes,
Will gain me friends unto this goodly cauſe;
While you, my Lord, muſt not ſtand idle by
And think, a goodly cauſe requires no aid;
You muſt beſtir yourſelf among the Barons,
Expoſe their tedious exiles, ruin'd fortunes,
If Edward e'er again ſhould ſway the ſceptre,
Nor fail to ſhew thoſe honours in reverſe,
Our Queen will give to pay their ſteady love.
Mort. I will not fail to ſeek their true ſupport;
But, for theſe new created Burgeſſes
That have begun to whiſper about rights—
If words would gain their votes, I would not give them;
The ſtate will ne'er ſtand firm, while ſuch as theſe
Profane the ſacred councils of our nobles—
Heref. Nor ſhall you ſtoop to aſk them aught in this;
Their aye or no's alike indifferent;
Enough for them to grant the contributions,
For which moſt honeſt purpoſe they are ſent.
Iſab. From them there's nought to fear; our courſe is fix'd,
To you we truſt the conduct of the bill.
We will detain by ſpecious promiſes,
The Earl of Kent and Bohun here in London,
Until this bill be voted and obtain'd;
Then, we'll ſecretly diſpatch to Kenilworth
A deputation to extort the crown,
Which thus deſerted, he will not refuſe.
Heref. Your highneſs' words ſo ſweet and full of wiſdom
Have drawn me from the purpoſe of my coming;

The Earl of Kent bid me ſay, he long'd
To pay his early duty to your highneſs.
Iſab. We will ſee him now—
[*Exit* HEREFORD.
Iſab. You muſt keep ſtrict watch upon this Kent,
His preſent humour erring againſt nature,
May quickly change. He only ſees one half,
And muſt not ſee the whole till executed.

Enter KENT *and* HEREFORD.

Kent. I give your highneſs joy; the wars that ſhook
The centre of the ſtate, are now gone by;
For, thoſe who have fomented this rebellion,
Both Baldoc and Deſpenſer, now in chains,
Await their doom—
Iſab. Which ſhall be ſoon pronounced;
We muſt ever, Sir, remain your debtors
For theſe great ſervices. But, how's the King?
I have been long a ſtranger to his love.
Kent. The King is ſafely lodg'd at Kenilworth,
Where we have plac'd a guard that will protect him
From the miſguided rage of thoughtleſs crowds.
Isab. We thank you kindly, for this care of him;
There are who ſpread moſt ſcandalous reports,
Seeking to leſſen our great love for him,
And do not ſtop to hint at puniſhment;
But, whatſoever ſuch may ſay or do,
You may rely upon our ſacred word,
Which here we pledge to you in face of heav'n,
That we ſhall ne'er conſent to what may harm him.
Kent. Such bold and treas'nous ſchemes were thoughts cruſh'd,
By quickly calling Edward to his throne.

Isab Such is our quick intent, when we've arrang'd
The rites and forms required for his reception;
Meantime we truſt, that our dear couſin Kent
Will aid us, with the earnings of his wiſdom,
And grace our court, as he is ne'er our heart.
We muſt relieve our watchings for the preſent,
As the tir'd body now requires repoſe.

Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE—*Changes to an Outer Court.*

Enter KENT *and* BOHUN *meeting.*

Boh. I did not reckon on our meeting here—
I thought you had been diſtant in the field,
Fighting againſt ſome hated enemy,
And driving from our ſhores the fierce invader.

Kent. Some would be wiſe, by ſeeming ignorant;
I know no foreign enemy on our ſhores,
But England may find foes in Engliſhmen
And ſuch there are; 'Gainſt them I draw my ſword
And war 'gainſt deareſt friends to ſave the ſtate.

Boh. I did indeed miſtake. Does Kent then ſtoop
To give his priz'd valour, waſte his honour,
To aid the mad ambition of a woman?

Kent. Your zeal has blinded here your better ſenſe;
The queen has arm'd her followers to compoſe
The ſtate diſtracted, and t' expel forever
The tyrant Spenſer and his creature Baldoc;
No more is meant, and Edward ſtill is king.

Boh. Thus ever, doth ambition clothe itſelf
With ſpecious arguments and ſeeming right,

And ſhews but half its meditated courſe.
Will ſhe ſtop now to caſt a look on Edward?
I tell thee, Kent, he is a toad before her;
For, when into th' affections of a wife
Another hath crept in, ſhe needs muſt hate
The huſband that ſhe has injur'd. I could ſee
Her eye tell ſecrets when it turn'd on Mortimer,
While his did anſwer to the am'rous challenge
With boldneſs, unbecoming in a ſubject.

Kent. This would indeed explain ſome myſteries.

Bob. Nay more—If you would let your ſenſes wake;
When I, to ſound her ſecret inclinations,
Which beſt is done by touching on the paſſions,
Did pour into her ear the lengthen'd tale
Of Edward's wanderings and his ſuff'rings,
She, that ſhould have been o'erwhelm'd with ſhame,
Confounded with remorſe, ſtruck dumb with pity,
Seem'd for to think, what others thought of her;
And muſtering up her tears at length, ſhe ſaid,
I muſt excuſe her grief, for ſhe muſt weep for him.
Why he who can be blinded by ſuch arts,
Will be the laughing-ſtock to brainleſs fools.

Kent. It is too plain.—But, was I much to blame?
When ſhe appear'd ſo earneſt in her tears!
To me the counterfeit appear'd as nature.
O! doubly blind—I muſt have ſhut my eyes
Not to have ſeen the devil in her face,
For now I ſee it plainly;—and yet, O! ſhame,
The lying tongues of men did call her fair,
When ſhe did marry Edward.—Married him
To make his coſtly and bedecked couch,
A damned ſerving place to others luſt;
But we will ſtop ſuch foul iniquities.

Bob. You then muſt put no faith in earneſt vows,
Or you will ſtill be dup'd with new evaſions;
The queen will give her tears, while Mortimer,

The worthy heir to Edward's crown and bed
Will laugh at honeſt Kent, that help'd him to them.

Kent. Have I been traitor, paraſite!—Nay more,
Forſworn all ties of blood—and all for this:—
Thou moſt accurs'd adult'rous Mortimer,
I have been the foot ſtool-to thy riſing,
But now will hurl thee to ſuch abject lowneſs,
That men will be aſham'd to pity thee;—
I will revenge thy ſuff'rings on his head,
And change thy curſes into gratitude.—

Boh. On him your juſt revenge may have its fill;
But, for the queen—ſhe is your ſiſter—

Kent. Siſter! 'tis falſe.—A ſiſter is the ſame
In wiſhes, diſpoſitions, as ourſelves.
True, ſhe did marry to my brother Edward:
Yes, thou'rt my brother, but not huſband to her:
For that's annull'd in heaven.—So whet revenge
Againſt this foreign fiend we call our queen.
Bohun, I do thank thee for thy counſel,
And will adviſe with thee in every thing.

Bob. To counſel well, is here no eaſy taſk,
Without thoſe helps that are our uſual guides:
Our courſe muſt be to watch each circumſtance,
And judge by deeds, and not by coz'ning words
Of what they farther may intend to do;
For now they are fore-pleg'd, and muſt go on.
Edward is given in charge to Lancaſter,
Whoſe hatred of the upſtart Mortimer,
Will make him loyal in diſpite of wrongs.—
He will aid our meaſures; which muſt be ſhap'd
To ſuit th' occaſion.—But there is danger here;
Mortimer, I ſee, hath left the queen.
You muſt not ſeem to ſhun his preſence now;
Cover your hatred under cool indifference,
And ſeem ſtill friendly to the cauſe you ſpurn.
I muſt begone—To night we may ſpeak further.

[*Exit* BOHUN.

Enter MORTIMER.

Mort. I ſeize this time, when uſeleſs pomp's away
As ſuiting, beſt with friendſhip to unfold
My heart to you.—But you ſeem loſt in thought!—
Kent. It ſeemeth ſtrange, I grant, to waſte the hours
In idle muſing, when the riotous times
Require our ſwords.—But in truth, I know not
Whether I ſhould be glad or ſorrowful;
For who but has ſome ſecret cauſe of grief,
And I have mine.—But it pertains not here.——
Think you, my lord, the queen will ſleep to night?
Mort. Aye, ſir, and ſoundly too;—For who is he
That dares diſturb her ſlumbers with his prayers?
But you pluck diſcontent from others joy,
Liſt'ning to vile ſlanders forg'd by traitors—
Kent. Traitor! I would that all were like to him;
He is an honeſt man!—
Mort. Honeſt!—Who's honeſt?
Kent. He whom thou haſt branded as a traitor,
Bohun——
Mort. So let him, there be many ſuch.
Kent. I know not if there be another ſuch;
He follows not the wav'ring ſcale of power,
Nor hath he crept into another's place,
But keeps the ſtation meek that nature gave him.
Mort. He is a ſlave who ſeeks to veil his treaſons
Under the maſk of vaunting loyalty.
Kent. O! that hypocriſy ſhow'd always thus;—
We all are hypocrites to our cred'lous ſelves—
For who wants ſpecious words, and reaſons too,
To give his blackeſt deeds the ſhow of virtue.
The battles of the church are holy deem'd,
The robber twiſts fair juſtice to his ends.
And, if by ruling kings it is committed,

And if thro' blackeſt murder lays the way,
They plume it gay, and call it glorious war.
Mort. How much it would rejoice the queen to hear
So much ſtayed wiſdom and morality;
The warrior and the biſhop both in one.
Kent. The queen rejoice you ſay?—You muſt miſtake;
Unleſs ſhe be as ſome I've known withall,
Making her tears the emblems of her joy;
And this would ill become her widowed ſtate,
Seeing that Edward comes not to her bed—
But you will comfort her.—So fare you well.—
[*Exit* KENT.

MORTIMER *solus.*

Here's a change indeed. Not long ſince he was
True of heart, and eaſy of perſuaſion;
Making no parley with the ſtickler thought,
But now he wears the eye of jealouſy,
With gaps in his ſpeech, that ſeem the pits of treaſon.
But, what of him, he looks not from himſelf.
And tho' I'll uſe theſe warnings as a plea,
To urge them quickly in our enterprize,
Leſt he be ſet on fire by other's help;
Yet, I can have no fears of one ſo dull,
Who fought his battles for another's profit,
And gave the crown he might have kept himſelf.
[*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE—*A Hall in Kenelworth Caſtle.*

Curtain riſing diſcovers EDWARD.

EDWARD.

CAN it be?——Am I a priſoner here?——
A priſoner!—There are no bolts—Then let me go—
Where can I go?——The ſlave may break his chains,
But I am held by ties inviſible.
The world that nature did deſign a field
For man to tread upon, to me is ſhut;
I cannot paſs theſe wide unbolted doors.
All this I could have born from traitors,—friends,—
But when the cauſe of all is part of me,—
By heavens, it ſeems a ſuicide to nature.
Did my whole love deſerve this vile return?
O! perjur'd woman, nature's hypocrite,
When thy vows to heaven are to be truſted,
Infidels will ſing in paradiſe.—
And you, ye faithleſs millions, all forſworn;
Let children laugh at oaths—for loyalty
Is but a name, link'd to the creſt of power,
And only lackies in the train of greatneſs.

Enter LANCASTER.

Lan. Why will you thus ſtill hoard your miſeries,
And ſhun the conſolation which we offer;
We are no ſurly goalers, but your friends;
And this your highneſs' palace, not your priſon.

Edw. Why mock me now with ſuch ſtale flatteries?
You may ſpeak truth—I am not now a king:
Too well you know I am a pris'ner here,
And oft the priſon to the ſcaffold leads;
The ſcaffold that hath drunk th' innocent blood
Of friends, ſo dear to me——

Lan. I too have felt the anguiſh of their loſs;
But if the occupation of the living
Were but to lament th' inſenſible dead,
The earth, deſign'd to man a paradiſe,
Would be a weeping dungeon.—Why thus recall?—

Edw. I muſt recall them—they live but here
Forgotten elſe; I ſtill have ſeen the friends
That would not let or care or ſorrow reach me,
But took it ever kindly to themſelves,
And ſhould have flouriſh'd under my protection;
Fall by the hands of barbarous violence,
While I in vain, endeavour'd to protect them.
Forlorn, indeed, when I muſt tell my woes
To one, who has no cauſe to pity them.

Lan. Your ſuff'rings have been ſuch, that when I trace them,
I looſe all thought of mine, in grief for yours*.

Edw. But, when you think upon a brother ſlain,
Do you not hate me Lancaſter?—

Lan. If I did ever hate you, good my lord,
To ſee you thus, would rob me of that hate;
Who would add to the number of his foes,
Whom even the ties of nature have deſerted;
Truſt me, as my deeds ſhall prove my friendſhip.

Edw. I take thee at thy word.—Were it not for thee,
This boſom ravaged by repeated wrongs,
Would be a waſte and dreary wilderneſs.

Lan. Leave theſe dark views of treachery and guilt,

* The brother of the Earl of Lancaſter had been executed by order of Edward.

And turn unto the true and ſilent friends
That nature kindly hath ſupplied to us.
How ſtill this ſcene of nature's deep repoſe!
Save where yon ſoft and ſpreading branches wave,
Giving ſweet motion to tranquility.
No wars, no crimes are here.—See in yon cloud
While eve her curtain draws to nature's ſleep,
The crimſon lingers ſtill, as if it lov'd
Our night, nor ſought to follow in the train
Of Phœbus, and the ſtill revolving day;
So ſhall my friendſhip quit the gauds of power,
To tend upon your fortunes in their wane;
And who would quit ſuch ſcenes of holieſt peace
To brave the iron front of murderous war,
Or emulate the thorny crown of power?

Edw. How true.—A throne is but a thorny ſeat—
I was ill fitted to its guilt and cares;
I ſhould have been ſome man of humbleſt note,
Who dedicates his days and nights to heaven,
And at the altar worſhips every ſaint;
For nature ne'er deſign'd me for a king—

Lan. It gives me joy to ſee you thus reſign'd;
For, who can tell how far the views extend
Of thoſe who revel, in the height of power;
If late report ſpeaks true, the parliament,
Swayed by the charges of your enemies,
Have even dar'd to vote your depoſition.

Edw. What! have they dar'd to ſet aſide my right
Touching the crown?—I cannot think it—
Report, is oft a lying chronicle—
And yet it is probable—Moſt probable.—

Lan. I would rejoice if ſuch their conduct was,
For then, their acts would bear no gloſs of juſtice;
And, Kent, who ſtill is loyal to his king,
Would quickly ſink the power he help'd to raiſe.

Enter Attendant.

Atten. The biſhops of Hereford and Ely, and others from the Queen, greet lord Berkley—

Edw. This may be ſome meſſage touching me.
I will retire—I could ill brook the pride
Of thoſe, who once were ſervants to my ſtate.
[*Exit* EDWARD.

Enter Biſhop of HEREFORD, *Barons*, WILLIAM TRUSSEL, *and ſeveral other Deputies.*

Lan. What's to be done that wants ſuch meſſengers?
Your grace is welcome here to Kenilworth;
This ſudden viſit muſt excuſe the want
Of other forms that ſhould have grac'd your coming.

Here. Our haſte prevented—as indeed our miſſion,
May well diſpenſe with uſeleſs ceremony.
How does the king, your gueſt?

Lan. Better than his fortune ſeems to promiſe,
Whoſe ſharpeſt ills he is reſign'd to bear.

Here. Our buſineſs is with him, and of ſuch ſort,
That we muſt quickly get admittance to him.

Lan. If ſuch your miſſion be, that it will ſtir
The new made calm, better he were prepar'd
To meet it's import, with a ſettled brow.—

Here. The mind, whoſe thoughts are rightly governed,
Still meets with reverence the will of heaven,
And bends with meekneſs to its diſpenſations;
But we are ſwayed by Chriſtian charity
To grant your prayer.—Know, that the parliament,
Swayed by the many and unanſwer'd crimes

Prefer'd againſt him, have, with one accord,
Which ſhowed the voice of heav'n did ſpeak thro' them,
Depoſed him from the crown he has diſgrac'd.

Lan. And has the queen conſented to this meaſure?

Baron. The queen has yielded to her people's prayers,
And we are here deputed and directed,
To urge the king by threats and promiſes;
In which we reckon much on your aſſiſtance,
To yield the crown unto his eldeſt ſon.—
How, think you, will our miſſion be received?

Lan. I know not, ſir,—he will not yield it—
His mind is ever changing and unſettled;
Now melancholy, and now glad by turns,
Juſt as the falling out of accidents,
Recalls unto his mind his fortunes paſt,
In every thing the child of circumſtance.

Here. Adverſity, the chaſtiſement of heaven,
Thus often props the human mind with pride,
While meekeſt penitence ſhould humble it;
But, do you go, and by your kind perſuaſions
Prepare his mind, to grant our juſt demands;
Our time is ſhort, we wait your coming here.—

[*Exit* LANCASTER.

Baron. Our meek requeſts will be commands to him,
He will not venture to ſay nay to them;
Tho' it ſeems to me a uſeleſs trouble
To beg for that, which might with eaſe be wreſted
From one in whoſe defence no ſword is drawn.

Here. The ſword's the ſoldier's means to gain his ends,
Which leaves them ſtill expos'd to like aſſault;
While that which is obtain'd thro' free good will,
Aye, ſtands ſecure, and bears the ſtamp of juſtice;

Then, truſt me, ſir, it is no uſeleſs trouble,
For, once obtain'd, it is the powerful ſeal
That will make our new form'd ſtate paſs current;
And ſeem as lawful in the eyes of men—
And what is juſtice, honor, loyalty,
But that which ſtill ſeems ſo in men's opinion?
And, as opinion oft doth change its courſe,
So he, who once was king, is now a rebel,
And we but labour in the cauſe of juſtice.
But here's the king.——

Enter EDWARD *and* LANCASTER.

Here. May angels have your highneſs in their keeping;
We are your friends, for heaven forbid,
That any enmity or hate of you,
Which ſome do charge us with, ſhould ſteel our hearts,
Where Chriſtian peace and concord ſtill reſide.

Edw. I will believe you, tho' I might be pardon'd
For putting little faith in flatt'ring words,
That oft I've found the prelude to misfortune.
Even while the ax was laying to the root
Of the fair ſpreading tree of all my greatneſs,
I ſtill was welcom'd to the feaſt with ſmiles,
And told, the diſtant murm'rings of rebellion
Should ne'er diſturb the pleaſures of a king.

Here. Theſe are the very ills we would remove,
And you will truſt us; who are only ſwayed
By the dear bond of Chriſtian charity,
Which teacheth us to ſerve our enemies;
Albeit, the love we bear your highneſs' perſon,
Which we pledge ourſelves ſhall have attendance,
Nay, all the dues of kingſhip but the name—
The crown we've brought with us that all the forms
Might be obſerved.——

[*He turns to* WILLIAM TRUSSEL *who Exit.*

——— Which tho' availing little,
The wiſe comply with to command opinion.
You know the purpoſe that hath brought us here;
Methinks I ſee compliance in your looks.

Enter WILLIAM TRUSSEL *and all the other Deputies bearing the Regalia.*

Think on the thouſand cares you will eſcape,
Reſigning this which is the cauſe of them—
Edw. Who would take up a thing ſo full of care,
If I ſhould lay it down.—But, from my ſire
I did inherit, and will ne'er reſign
The ſacred crown, which heaven deſign'd as mine.
Here. The will ſupreme is beſt interpreted,
By what it ſuffers here to come to paſs;
Had heaven deſign'd that you ſhould hold the crown,
He would have given victory to your arms,
In place of baſe defeat, and heart felt-awe.
Edw. Strange impiety!—Am I not the ſon
Of the firſt Edward? a right ſo manifeſt
You would diſprove by paſſing accidents?
But, I will truſt the juſtice of my cauſe,
Nor ſanction uſurpation by my deed.
Here. How blind is fooliſh man, who guards with care
The cauſes of his ſorrow—You ſtill will graſp
A powerleſs crown, the ſource of miſery,
Nor live to happineſs by reſigning it.
Edw. How many cheriſh thus their ſource of grief;
The pilgrim loves the relict got with toil,
The warrior loves the battle's ſteeled front,
That often tears the bands of friendſhip looſe;
So I do love the care-ſurrounded crown,
And would not yield it for a happier fortune.
Baron. Since then our kind entreaties are diſpiſed,

'Tis meet we ſhow what courſe will be purſued.
The people cry aloud for puniſhment,
Charging you with loſing to the ſtate,
The kingdom of Guienne—as alſo that
Of Scotland, loſt to Bruce at Bannockburn;
Of putting truſt in wicked counſellors,
Who robb'd the nobles to enrich themſelves;
For theſe you are deprived of the crown,
And ſhould you now refuſe to yield it up—
They have reſolved to ſet the line aſide,
And place the ſceptre in a ſtranger's hand.

Edw. How? will they put a ſtranger in my place!
And all for what?—For faults themſelves commit.
Could I command the wav'ring fate of battle?
And yet they lay theſe to my charge as crimes,
As if I had poſſeſs'd ſupreme controul,
And was to blame for heaven's diſpenſations.

Baron. Avoid theſe evils then, by giving place
Unto your ſon.—A ſtranger king will hate
One, who would ſeem a rival to his power.—
What hope of ſafety then remains to you,
When you are left alone 'midſt enemies,
Deſerted by the neareſt of your kin?

Edw. Too true indeed—It were enough, methinks,
Out of my own conviction to perſuade me
That I were guilty;—When a ſon, a brother
Can feign no reaſon in excuſe of me—
Nay, when a wife's blind love can find no dye
To waſh me white.—Away damn'd thought—It ſeems
As if theſe cheriſh'd hands in ſtrange rebellion,
Should riſe and mutiny againſt this heart,
That gives them life.—O! feeble nature bluſh,
When thoſe on whom thou haſt laviſh'd all thy ſtore,
Given beauty and protection, ſofteſt eaſe,
Made earth their paradiſe, and man their ſlave,
Plac'd heaven i'the face; deſert thy ranks

To be the ſlaves of vice.—But what of them?—
What have I now to do but lay me down
To ſhut theſe monſters from my aching ſight,
And make my cell my living ſepulchre.
And what art thou, that I ſhould hold thee faſt,
Thou common mark for every traitor's aim;
Thou thing that reſts on every fool's opinion,
I am content; here, take the crown,
[*gives the Crown.*
——————And Oh
That thus bequeathing thee, I could bequeath
Thy wounds indelible, that have made this heart
A place for care to revel in.

Trus. Bear witneſs all, the crown is forfeited;
I therefore do abſolve the parliament
(And nation too;) by whom I am deputed;
Of all allegiance due, and homage paid
To Edward of Carnarvon, once our king;
And do deprive him of the royalty.—

Here. Heaven will reward with an eternal crown,
This, which with humble ſpirit you've ſurrender'd.

Edw. No more a king.—And I ſhould bleſs the day
When a whole nation's vaſt enormities,
Are laid to his account.—But I forgive them;
If they will pay the debt they owe to me,
With intereſt to my ſon.—I thank you all;
With you my Lancaſter———

Here. Farewell your highneſs—take our parting bleſſing;
We'll ſpeak of you in our report, as one
Made dear unto our pity by misfortune.

Edw. Farewell.—I will truſt the ſacred promiſe
That you have pleg'd, touching my condition.
If I have done or ſpoke in aught amiſs,
You'll pardon it—As I am not myſelf.—

Come, come, my Lancaſter, to bed, to bed.—
[*Exeunt* LANCASTER *and* EDWARD.

Baron. And try how you will ſleep without a crown.

Trus. Let us away; this prize will charm fatigue,
And make us think the dull and laggard ground
Riſes to meet our horſes' nimble hoofs,
That ſoon will bear us to a joyful welcome.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter LANCASTER.

What, gone already?—This is no ſeaſon
For leave taking.—This deed is now complete;
And has got all the forms and outward helps
That ſanction even the guilt of uſurpation,
To the *purblind* eyes of thoughtleſs crouds,
How little can we truſt, what men do ſeem—
I thought that Kent would have riſk'd fortune, life,
Sooner than have allowed this deviliſh queen
To gain a ſtep, which he may ne'er retrieve.

Enter KENT *and* BOHUN.

Kent. How do ye Lancaſter—What make theſe viſitors
Gone hence juſt now?—Was their buſineſs with the king?
I have been ill at reſt reſpecting him,
But tell me, how is Edward?—How's the king?—

Lan. The king—there is no king.—You've come too late;
For certain reverend biſhops have been here,
Who did urge it in moſt friendly terms,

As being anxious for his royal health,
That the great crown which preſs'd his age with care,
Should unto younger ſhoulders be reſign'd!
And Edward gave it them.—

Boh. As I ſuſpected.—We may doff our ſwords;
The crown that we had ſworn to guard with them,
Is purloin'd from us by a woman's trick;
You would not take my word—you ſtill would truſt—

Kent. How was I wrong to put ſome faith in oaths
That ſlaves revere, and infidels reſpect?—
I'll put no truſt in blazing miracles,
But could we have prevented this miſchance?—
Methought I ſtill could check the power I rais'd;
But now I find it is too firmly ſeated,
Stands by itſelf, and laughs at my reſentment.

Lan. How came you thus deceived? you muſt have known
The vote of parliament the cauſe of this,
For common fame had ſpread it even here.

Kent. I was blinded by the queen, who ſwore
The vote would ne'er be ſanctioned by her voice,
And prayed me to aſſiſt her with my counſels;
While ſhe was planning counſels to undo me.—
The meaneſt reptile that doth crawl the earth,
Still knows to ſhun what once hath injur'd it;
While I——But if I make not heaven amends,—
Deceit be virtue call'd, and cowardice
Shall ſhame the upright face of valour.—

Lan. I too will join my utmoſt power with yours,
Tho' our ſucceſs ſeems now remov'd far off;
When thus the voice of Parliament oppoſe us.

Kent. Their voice will change, if we can change the head;
That great aſſembly is a paſſive tool,

That will be aiding to the ſchemes of others,
And ſhare the guilt without the benefit;
But fly my Bohun, find the king.—I long
To earn my pardon by my penitence,
And give redoubled love for former treaſons.
[*Exit* BOHUN.
How ſhall I bear his cenſuring looks thus fall'n,
When I have been th' inſtrument of his fall,
Driven from his throne, depoſed, and perſecuted;
But now their guilt has run it's deſtin'd courſe,
And will have puniſhment.—So heaven permits.

Enter EDWARD *and* BOHUN.

Edw. To ſerve me, ſay you? no, my faithful Bohun,
He comes to ſee the wreck that he has made.
Kent. I do deſerve it all.—I am a wretch
Who dare not lift my ſhamed eyes to thee;
I am no brother—but an enemy,
And come to ſupplicate my injur'd king,
And kneeling thus to beg my death from him.
Edw. I am no king, and cannot puniſh thee.—
Kent. But thou'rt my brother, and may pardon me;
Treat me not thus with cold indifference,
I could better bear thy bitt'reſt curſes.
I was the dupe of damned artifice,
And in my heart I never did thee wrong;
I aſk but for thy leave to die for thee,
And, by my death, to prove my penitence.
Edw. Why will you add new pangs to thoſe I ſuffer,
Think I forgive, and leave me to myſelf.
Kent. I cannot leave you.—I am chained here,
Untill I get my pardon, or my death;
I only aſk to be the humble ſteps,

To raiſe you to the height from whence you've fallen,
And, on your head, again to place the crown.

Edw. The crown.—Misfortune.—I have reſign'd it;
I gave it from me once, and cannot take it,
'Tis gone for ever, and I cannot claim it.

Lan. 'Twas wreſted from your head, you gave it not,
And force gives back the right which force withdrew.

Edw. It is a thankleſs, and a dangerous taſk;
I am ſo low, that he who 'tempts to raiſe me,
Sets life and fortune on a hopeleſs caſt;——
And yet he takes the riſk.—While I, *ungrateful*
Meet theſe great ſervices with peeviſh chidings;—
If you have been deceived, the blame was leſs,
And merits kind forgiveneſs from a brother.

Kent. I will deſerve this pardon by my deeds.
[*they embrace.*

Edw. And I'll believe thee, for I'm now too fall'n,
To fear deceit which loves proſperity.

Lan. This day that ſees you two in amity
Will bind all friends the firmer to your cauſe;
Some plan muſt quickly be arrang'd, or ſoon
Some other ſtroke may dog the heels of this,
Which ſtill may ſet our hopes at greater diſtance.

Edw. What other crime is left them to commit?—
They have already kill'd me in my friends;
I could as lief have born the ſtroke myſelf,
As ſeen it fall upon my Arundel.

Kent. His life made glorious a death of ſhame,
His virtues followed him to the ſcaffold;
Nor fled affrighted from th' uplifted ax,
And drew to him thoſe eyes of admiration,
Which others could not challenge with their power.

Edw. I ſee the value of his friendſhip now;
He courted favour, yet was true to honor
And loyalty, which others wore a maſk
To ſerve their ends; in him was virtue.—

Bob. Let us forget theſe vain regrets in vengeance,
And try by vig'rous meaſures to retrieve
The ground we thus have loſt thro' negligence.

Kent. Your counſels by experience ſanctioned,
Shall be the conſtant index to our courſe;
I will haſten to this new-form'd court,
And ſtill ſeem one of thoſe who are content
To be its blind ſupporters, and its tools:
So ſhall I learn its purpoſes,—and when
This holy treaſon is prepar'd, to ſuit
The means to the action, and the time to both:
To you my Lancaſter we confide the king,
Who ſoon again ſhall mount his rightful throne.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*A Room of State—London.*

Enter ISABELLA, *followed by* DE WATTEVILLE.

Iſab. YOUR preſence ever hath been welcome to us,
Being the bearer ſtill of joyful news;
And is there no commotion in the weſt?

De Wat. No breath of faction ſtirs the peaceful tide
Of gen'ral loyalty.—The people all
Shout forth your praiſe;—And this the only wiſh
That 'ſcapes th' unguarded ſoldier in his cups;
Long live Young Edward, we will die for him —

Iſab I wiſh that all at home were ſo inclin'd,
And this we owe to thy firm love De Watteville;
The beſt rewards we have in ſtore for thee,
Are poor in value to thy ſervices.

De Wat. I did but as in duty bound to do.

Iſab. Your ſervices have outſtep'd your duty,
As we ſhall ſhow you by our recompence;
Treachery is now ſo common in our court,
That we would ſtill entreat to be your debtor,
If we could count upon your farther love.

De Wat. As I have ever done, ſo reckon on me.

Iſab. There is a thing which you may ſerve us in;
I have received moſt certain information,
That ſcarce had the deputies left Kenelworth,

When Kent arrived, and had ſome ſecret talk
With Lancaſter and Edward.—This coupled
With his late warmth, and ſhow of loyalty,
Attaches ſome ſuſpicions to his views.—

De Wat. Kent may be falſe, but as for Lancaſter,
His injuries will keep him faithful to us.

Iſab. I will believe ſo.—Tho' to make more ſure—
I have curtailed his power.—For, by this time,
Edward is ſafe within Lord Berkley's charge,
And other two of truſtieſt account.
This Kent, I ſay, is the object of my fears;
I would have him watch'd.—

De Wat. He ſhall not move a ſtep to either ſide,
But I will know of it.—

Iſab. We muſt not wait his movements; but endeavour
By other means to gain his confidence,
Which ſtill is mark'd by ſtrange credulity,
And thus prevent his means of hurting us.

De Wat. I will not fail to do as you would have me.

Iſab. I will put my truſt in your diſcretion;
Kent now comes this way.—I would not ſee him,
Retire with me one moment from this place,
I have a thing to ſay before you meet him.

Exeunt ISABELLA *and* DE WATTEVILLE.

Enter KENT.

Theſe are the ſplendid ſeats where guilt reclines,
How much unlike thy humble hall my Edward;
A thouſand hands the captives of her whim,
Prepare for her the banquet's ſplendid fare,
And all the vanities of fringed ſtate.
Thus proſpers vice.—Why, but to think on it,
Might make a man forſwear all courſe of duty,

And turn informer, liar, paraſite;
But, ſince I cannot ſuit me to theſe means,
I'll ſuit the means to me.—I'll raiſe the fallen king,
And keep my honor, and my loyalty;
But, I muſt maſk the hero for a time.

Enter De Watteville, *penſive.*

What is the ſecret cauſe, my good De Watteville,
That ſeems to weigh your footſteps to the ground,
And fixes thus your eyes upon the earth?
When, that the cheerful look, and dancing ſtep,
Should be the joyous index to the times.

De Wat. 'Tis not the noiſy courſe of gen'ral joy,
Can give the mind to revel in itſelf;
My body is a true interpreter,
It mingles in the wretchedneſs I feel.

Kent. But, where am I to ſeek the cauſe of this,
When that your fortune ſtill is true to you.

De Wat. Think'ſt thou a man can feel within himſelf
A mind content, and ready to enjoy
The banquet fortune hath prepar'd for him;
When he has got it, by betraying friends,
By ſcorning honor, duty, loyalty?—
Joy reſts upon the edge of expectation,
The warder conſcience ſleeps amid the buſtle;
But takes the ſilent hour to ſound th' alarm.

Kent. Is De Watteville then the ſlave of conſcience,
A thing that knaves invent, to frighten fools?

De Wat. 'Twas given by heaven, and the wiſe obey it;
But, why ſhould I betray my griefs to you,
You, who have ſin'd againſt all theſe—nay, more,
Blaſted the deareſt ties of nature's forming;

And yet can ſmile, as if that all within,
Spoke joy and comfort.——
Kent. My heart is clear of blame;
I pay allegiance to the parliament,
Who, in their wiſdom have depoſed the king;
And he who would oppoſe a power ſo firm,
May ſoon repent the bold experiment.
De Wat. It ſounds moſt ſtrange to hear you plead allegiance,
And with the brow of cool deliberation,
To reckon up the dangers that may happen;
When you ſhould looſe all bad thought, and count of theſe,
In the eager tranſports of revenge.
Kent. You do not know how little I deſerve,
Theſe keen reproaches which you heap upon me;—
If I could truſt your language and your looks,
I would unto your view expoſe my heart.—
De Wat. Believe the deep remorſe that weighs me down;
I have been wretched ſince I lent my aid
To cruſh the lawful king, and in his ſtead
To raiſe a nameleſs upſtart—one who apes
The ſtate of king—nay, revels with a queen;
While ſhe, O! ſhame, hath made the ſon a tool
To cruſh the father with.—Expell'd him from her heart—
Depos'd him from his throne—Condemn'd his friends———
Kent. Is it not plain that ſhe hath done all this,
That ſhe might revel without fear of ſhame,
In the foul pleaſures of an adult'rous bed?
But if we had the ſouls of men, ſome arm
Would graſp the ſleeping ſword of juſtice,
In puniſhment of ſuch foul aggreſſions.
De Wat. If ſuch a one would whiſper but the word,——
But we are traitors all, and cowards too.——

Kent. What wouldſt thou do? if that which we
have wiſh'd,
Was no light dream, but was already fram'd,
Matur'd in time and place.—Matur'd I ſay.—
De Wat. Why then I'd lend my ſword in execu-
tion,
And looſe the pangs of guilt in great revenge.
Kent. This is the fluſh of honeſty.—We, who
Both have ſin'd alike, ſhould join in penance;
Know, that a well arrang'd conſpiracy
To raiſe this king, and puniſh uſurpation,
Is even now matur'd to execution,
And waits but for the hour of opportunity.
De Wat. Then here I put my life at your diſpoſal,
If you will accept the ſtained off'ring.
Kent. Your ſervices will be moſt uſeful then,
When we have ta'en the field, by gaining over
The troops which you command unto our ſide;
The dukes of Lancaſter and Norfolk,
With others of as great account and power,
Have all embark'd their fortunes in this venture;
And now I have outſtep'd the time of meeting,
Which ſinks deliberation in reſolve.
De Wat. I would not fling an hour's delay in this;
When your council's clos'd, we will ſpeak further.
Kent. Farewell till then.—And in your de-
meanour
Let me adviſe you to put off this gloom,
And ever dreſs your face in coz'ning ſmiles,
To thoſe you damn in ſecret for their crimes;
Thus I make hypocriſy a virtue,
Having oppos'd too long an honeſt courſe
To the vile arts of crooked policy. [*Exit* KENT.
De Wat. And by my ſoul, your counſel ſeems ſo
good,
That as an honeſt man, I'll follow it;
Why there goes one that you may dupe as oft

As you can change the ſemblance of the trick;
And yet he gives advice, and is puff'd up
With a conceit of wiſdom.—That's the ſhield,
Beneath which I will play a counter-game
That will confound his ſhallow artifice.

Enter ISABELLA.

Iſab. Well, my De Watteville, are my fears well founded?

De Wat. I ſtill have thought that ev'ry means were ſanctioned
That held the ſtate's ſalvation as their end;
I therefore did not bluſh to uſe the fraud,
Of ſeeming what I was not.——

Iſab. 'Twas wiſely done—but ſay, in your account
Does Kent's profeſſions tally with his ſoul;
Are we to fear him as an enemy,
Or truſt him as an honeſt convert to us.

De Wat. I will relate each circumſtance.—At firſt
I did lament my breach of faith to Edward,
Rating him for the like delinquency,
And more to win upon his eaſy nature,
I blam'd your highneſs with a forward tongue,
Calling your virtues by their contraries;
On which he graſp'd my arm, and whiſper'd loud,
Is it not plain that ſhe hath done all this
That ſhe might revel without fear of ſhame
In——

Iſab. I want not all the lying tales of ſcandal
Thus bellow'd in my ear.—If this be all
Which you have learn'd, I can excuſe the telling.

De Wat. My zeal which may have outſtep'd diſcretion,
Deſerves not this rebuke—for by this means

I won ſo much on Kent, that he diſclos'd
A plot, in concert with the Earl of Lancaſter;
To place by dint of arms on Edward's head,
The crown he has reſigned unto his ſon.

Iſab. I did ſuſpect as much, and I rejoice
That in my heart I've done the traitor juſtice.
A kingdom would not pay the mighty debt
We owe to thee.——Lancaſter guilty too,
Whom I had thought a dear brother's murder
Would have made ours.—Hatred may change to love,
When juſt revenge can thus forgive its victim.
There's nothing certain in this changing world,
Or elſe theſe cowards want the heart to fix it.
They ſleep the while, and life becomes a dream,
Till wak'd to gaping ruin.—E'vn now the ſleep;—
But ſhall I ſlumber now? fly De Watteville,
Send Mortimer hither on the inſtant,
I will for once change doubt to certainty;
Let no breath of this eſcape your lips,
Send hither Mortimer, begone, away.

[*Exit* De Watteville.

Isabella, *ſola.*

What tho' I'm wedded in the face of heaven,
And that the cenſuring eyes of men are on us,
That I can't ſee thee without fear of ſhame,
Which more is felt by ſecret whiſperings,
Than if the trump of fame did blazon it;
Yet I do feel that all theſe obſtacles
Do but inflame my love.—Is this my power?
Shall I ſtop here, and let theſe prying ſlaves
Threaten my ſtate's deſtruction by their plots,
And place of loves oblivion and its tranſports;
To make my fears the centinels of my couch.—
Madneſs and diſtraction—bear it—no—

I will go far in this, but I will ſeat thee
So firmly on the rock of power my Mortimer,
That we ſhall court the hundred mouths of ſlander,
To give us pleaſure by their impotence.

Enter MORTIMER.

So you're come at laſt.—Here are new treaſons
That ſeek again to ſtir the flames of war;
'Tis not enough that we have toil'd and fought,
And given our nights and days to watchfulneſs.
We muſt do more—but for the means—

Mort. The means are eaſy if the traitor's known.

Iſab. There is one way—tho' but to whiſper it,
The air unuſed to bearing of ſuch ſounds,
Would ſeem unto the trembling coward's ear
As if the grating thunder bellow'd it,
Tho' juſtice did demand it of him.

Mort. I am no coward to pale fancy's fears,
And if the means you hint be common means—

Iſab. Common means! why thou doſt falter man,
As if the tongues of men would call it treaſon
When plotting traitors fall to ſave the ſtate.

Mort. If treaſon threats the ſtate let juſtice wake.

Iſab. Juſtice is but a creeping benefit
That oft arrives too late.—O! doubly blind,
Do you not ſee this faction's gath'ring ſtrength,
Pluck the dear chaplet from your ſenſeleſs brow,
And place the deſpis'd monarch on the throne?—
What then?——

Mort. What then—I—

Iſab. I may as well addreſs me to the winds;
To this poor caſement, or that lifeleſs chair,
And bid them gueſs my meaning as to you.

Mort. Forgive this ſeeming backwardneſs, but—

Iſab. No, no, this ignorance is pretended;
When firſt my love placed on your head the crown,
Which now in royal farce young Edward wears,

You then could gueſs the meaning of each look;
When ſome officious care intruded here
You've taxed the elements if they did ſmile,
And wiſh'd yourſelf the Phaeton of the day,
That the bright ſun might dip when I but frown'd,
And ſhine when I did ſmile upon the univerſe.
But now you ſeem reſolv'd I ſhould ſpeak out,
And give each ſecret thought a ſhape in words.

Mort. My true regard deſerves not this rebuke,
Which would e'er this have met your highneſs' wiſhes,
Were they not hid in ſtarts and hints obſcure;
You aſk me for to gueſs the means of ſafety,
When yet you have not told me of the danger.

Iſab. Did I not name it to you?—And yet methinks
Your eyes that are no ſtrangers to this heart,
Might have found it in my looks.—A plot is form'd
By Kent, and other traitors leagu'd with him,
Which now but hangs upon the wheel of time
That haſtens in its courſe.—A plot, I ſay.
That thro' the avenues of ſlaughter'd friends,
Would place the crown again on Edward's head.

Mort. Then Kent ſhall die.——

Iſab. Why lop the hands off and let live the head,
Which ſoon may get new hands to ſerve its ends?
Or ſpare one victim for a paltry month,
That juſtice might perchance be ſatisfied.

Mort. The ſtate's ſafety truſted to your highneſs,
Requires ſevereſt meaſures.—Your reaſons
Are moſt ſound.—I muſt have dreamt
Not to diſcern them firſt, as now I do.—
We muſt outſtep the others in diſpatch,
For in waiting for the forms of juſtice,
Juſtice might be cheated of her victim.—

Iſab. De Watteville never yet hath ſtopp'd at aught
To do us ſervice.—We may truſt him.

Mort. With him I will adviſe anon.

Iſab. Let us within, he waits our leiſure now,
We'll put this buſineſs into his diſpatch;
He ſhall ſet out anon for Berkley Caſtle,
And ſee it put in inſtant execution.—
There is no time for any thought or deed
Till this is done.—We muſt demean ourſelves
To Kent meantime as being nought ſuſpicious;
Let us remember here the ſtake we play for,
Nor fear to ſtep beyond a common hazard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*Changes to an Outer Court.*

Enter KENT, *followed by* BOHUN.

Kent. And what of the Meſſenger ſay you?

Boh. I took from him this letter, in charge for you, rather than he ſhould ſeek you here himſelf, fearing (as he ſeem'd drunk with his news, and told the many things unaſked) that he might mar with his tongue the purpoſe of his coming.

(KENT *opens the Letter.*)

Kent. From Lancaſter!—(*Reads.*)

"I have delayed ſending this in the expectation of being my own meſſenger, having been diſcharged from all duty here. The King has been delivered over to Lord Berkley, Gournay, and Mountravers; who, as it is ordered, are to guard him a month by turns. Of their intentions in this you will judge as well by the complexion of his keeping, as from the characters of his keepers. The firſt, I know, to be one who hates the minion that we have ſworn to puniſh. He is not one of thoſe ſoft-hearted fools who let benefits cool their revenge. As for the other two I ſuſpect them to be ſuch choice ſlaves as have no notion, will, or principle beyond obedience; no ſcruples which a prieſt or a bribe cannot remove. This ſudden removal of him, and the putting him in charge of ſuch as I have deſcribed, ſuppoſes in them ſome knowledge of our deſigns; but this I truſt will be only a ſpur to our enterprize, for when ſuſpicion's a-foot, treaſon will bear no parley."

Kent. We're come unto a fearful precipice!—
Methinks I feel the ground on which I ſtand
Undermin'd by treachery, giving way;—
Is it not ſo?—He but ſuppoſes here,
That they have got ſome clue to our deſigns;—
'Tis plainly ſo;—Then why not ſpeak it out;
It drives me mad to hear a man ſuppoſe
That this and this may be—when'tis as plain
As if the cryer ſung it i' the ſtreets;
Who could have been the blabber of this ſecret?
Some one that you have confided Bohun
Hath falter'd—for thoſe whom I intruſted,
Were ſuch as circumſtance and inclination
Enforced by oaths, kept faithful to my cauſe.

Boh. I could ſwear as much if that would help us,
It matters little who has whiſpered this;
The plot is known, and we muſt bear it out.

Kent. It matters not—all further ſchemes are uſeleſs,
Then let us prove our loyalty by deeds,
And on the word riſk honor, fortune, life.—

Boh. And our affairs are juſt come to that paſs,
When boldeſt raſhneſs is true policy,
Nor is deliberation wanted here;
The road we muſt purſue is now ſo plain
That even our enemies muſt reckon on it.
This letter ſhows that our conſpiracy
Has been betrayed.—What tho' friends are hollow
One truſty one is left: I mean the ſword;
Then let us ceaſe to gain new partizans,
But with our truſtieſt friends and ſole retainers
Reſcue Edward from his priſon walls,
And in the face of day proclaim him king.
If there be hearts in men to give them motion,
Underſtanding to perceive the right,
Reſentment to propel them to revenge,
This feint will be enough to ſet them on.

Kent. They are already ripe in their opinions
For this moſt juſt revolt—Lord Berkley too,
If what is here be true, will not oppoſe us.
Bob. We will ſound him; while we back our meſſage
So quickly with our preſence—That his coldneſs,
Nay, even his treachery ſhall not injure us.
This meſſenger ſhall bear to Lancaſter
Our whole intent in this:—The time and place
Where we ſhall meet him for to perfect it.
Kent. It ſhall be ſo.—Now, now, I breathe ſucceſs,
Farewell to artifice, diſguiſe, and plots,
In which the ſoldier's but a ſimpleton;
The ſword of Kent is now the friend he truſts.

Exeunt.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE—*A Hall in Berkley Caſtle.*

Enter EDWARD *and* LORD BERKLEY, *meeting.*

Edw. IT gives me joy my Lord to ſee you thus,
Sickneſs I thought had tied you to your couch.
Berk. A very trifle, I will be well anon.
Edw. So heaven confirm, what would become of me
If ſickneſs ſtole my dear Lord Berkley from me.
Berk. I am unworthy of this friendly care.
Edw. You are a gentle goaler and a friend,
My life is mark'd with woes in quick ſucceſſion,
Yet this a happy month, when in your turn
You guard the body of the wretched Edward.
Berk. This humbleneſs is unbecoming here,
Act now as would not ſhame your former greatneſs.
Edw. I once indeed was great; but even then
I ſeldom felt unmixed happineſs;
How doubly wretched now muſt be my lot.
Berk. If power did bring no joy, why mourn its loſs?
Edw. It gave me joy to live with faithful friends,
To pay their ardent love with wealth and honors,
And meet them ſtill with gladneſs in their looks;
But I have long outlived my deareſt friends,
For blackeſt murder hath been rife among them.
Berk. We ſtill ſhould be reſigned to *nature's* courſe?
Theſe are the never failing crimes that follow,
And mark with blood the ſteps of uſurpation.

Edw. I mourn not for myſelf the loſs of power,
Of coſtly ſplendour and of kingly ſtate;
But when for liberty they give a dungeon,
For courteous deference, unmanly inſults,
For deareſt friends, inhuman perſecutors,
I have ſome cauſe to curſe, ſome cauſe to weep.
Had they but granted me a peaceful cell,
I would have ſet me with ſome friendly monk
To tell my beads, nor thought of greatneſs more.

Berk. Heaven will reward a wiſh ſo pious in you.

Edw. For humble peace I gave a kingly crown,
And now they will not pay the trifling boon.

Berk. Curſe on the boon that ſuch uſurper's give,
Your ſuff'rings have deprived your mind of hope;
You are not deſtitute of ardent friends,
Who aim to ſhed their blood in your behalf.

Edw. I once thought ſo, but they've deſerted me,
Friendſhip to me is now accounted treaſon.

Berk. Is Kent deceived, or is my love diſtruſted?
I am acquainted with the ſecret meeting
Which bound your intereſt to your brother Kent's;
He labours ſtill to do you ſignal ſervice,
And in his love to ſink all former crimes.

Edw. That hope is dead; ſince I have been
removv'd
From Kenelworth.—Pray heav'n no harm from it
May come to Kent; for, he is not to blame—

Berk. He has not given up the righteous cauſe;
I have this night receiv'd a letter from him,
In which he unfolds a well-concerted plot,
In concert with the Earl of Lancaſter,
To free you from this unbecoming durance.

Edw. And does he ſtill remember one ſo fall'n,
O! gen'rous brother, did I doubt thy love?
A thouſand treaſons could not blot this page
So fair with kindneſs to thy wretched brother.

Berk. To give you liberty, is but half their ſcheme,

For, when they've gone thus far, they muſt go farther;
They therefore have arrang'd the matter thus,
That their retainers now in arms arrayed,
As ſoon as by your preſence they are ſanctioned,
Are ready for to puſh againſt the throne,
And on the rightful head to place the crown.

Edw. I had not hop'd for this.—I ſhall be free,
Nor walls nor bolts ſhall ever more confine me;
I had given all for loſt—not having heard
From Kent ſo long —O! moſt unjuſt
To think, that time or circumſtance
Could change the love you cheriſhed amid dangers,
Or make you liar to your pledged word.

Berk. He ſays, that he is urged to inſtant action
By fears of treachery—and that to-night
We may expect him here——

Edw. The time ſo near, while I am unprepared;
I have no words to ſhape my thanks to you,
But you will be a party in our flight.—

Berk. Not now.—I will do your cauſe ſome more ſervice,
By ſeeming for a time, your enemy;
This muſt appear an act of violence,
Done without aſſiſtance or connivance,
For which this ſickneſs will be my excuſe;—
I will inſtruct the Officer on watch
How to demean himſelf —Without divulging
The ſoul of our deſign, which muſt be ſecret,
For fear that aught ſhould yet delay their coming;
The time draws on —May heaven permit ſucceſs;
I muſt to my couch, nor ſeem to ſtir to-night.

[*Exit* BERKLEY.

EDWARD *ſolus.*

How do the movements of quick-footed time
Bring joy and ſorrow. But yeſterday
I was the ſport of fiends.—To-day is fair,—

But this,—to-morrow will be yeſterday,
And yeſterday will then be called happy—
But I'm not happy now—hope and deſpair
Have trod ſo quickly on each other's heels,
That I am dizzy grown, and heed them not,
Or, if I do, it is by contraries.
O! haſte thy pace thou tardy-footed time,
And bring the hour of my deliverance,
For I am all deſtraction till it comes.

Enter GOURNAY, MONTRAVERS, *and* DE WATTEVILLE, *who keeps back.*

Edw. Hah! Gournay and Montravers—how is this?
I did not reckon on this viſit now.
Mon. And yet you ſeem as if you did expect us;
Sure heaven will liſten to the earneſt prayers
Which at this midnight hour you offer up.
Edw. If I'm th' occaſion that hath brought you here
I'm glad you have found me waking.
Gou. You are the cauſe,——
We are directed by the Queen, who fears,
Lord Berkley's ſickneſs may prevent his care,
To take your ſacred perſon in our charge.
Edw. I'm much beholden for this care of me.
Mon. Lord Berkeley is to blame, to leave you thus,
This is but poor attendance for a king!
Edw. I am no king, and want not ſuch attendance.
Mon. Wond'rous patient, when you've cauſe to curſe
Thoſe who thus have beggar'd you of your friends;
Where is now the rich and num'rous train
That wont to be th' attendants on your ſtate.

Edw. Juſtice has been belied to murder them
And I am doom'd to mourn, while vengeance ſleeps.
Mon. The man that ſpeaketh thus, ſhould be a king,
Or elſe a traitor's death might pay his treaſons.
Gou. Enough, enough, a word with you Montravers.

[GOURNAY *and* MONTRAVERS *talk apart.*

Edw. Treaſon! 'tis falſe—the treaſon lays with them;
They murder my friends, puſh me from my throne,
And when I but complain to heaven of this,
O ſhameleſs impudence, they call it treaſon.——
When will this ſick'ning taſk of life be o'er?
No ill of life but what that I have ſuffer'd,
No blaſt from hell doth blow, but blows on me.
But tho' I now ſeem ſunk beneath their pity,
The time may come, when that theſe murd'ring fiends
From hell diſpatch'd, to drive me to diſtraction,
Will be ſo rack'd by fancy's haggar'd ſhapes,
That they will bleſs me if I quarter them,
And kiſs my foot to be impal'd alive.
Gou. We will not now detain your highneſs further
Montravers, ſee our pris'ner to his chamber.

[*Exeunt* EDWARD *and* MONTRAVERS.

DE WATTEVILLE *diſguiſed, comes forward.*

Gou. The queen is now obeyed. We have in charge
Old Edward's perſon.—But there's ſomething left;
This paper tells me that a ſecret meſſage
Not fit to be inſcribed remains with you.
De Wat. One yet remains; and I was ſtrictly charged
Not to divulge its import even to you

Untill I ſaw you lodged within theſe walls,
Where it muſt be put in execution.
The queen lamented ſhe was forced to it:
The times were now ſo rank, that even thoſe,
The captives of the ſtate ſtill plot againſt it,
Meaning your priſoner;—that no one is ſafe:
She ſaid, that ſince he muſt be brought t' account
For this new treaſon which he has engender'd,
And that our ſafeties all requir'd diſpatch,
She ſaid 'twere better then 'twere done at once:—
Better that Edward ſlept———

Gou. He ſleeps e'en now!—

De Wat. Aye! but not ſoundly—he will wake betimes.—

Gou. What doſt thou mean?

De Wat. Let juſtice ſafety duty arm your hand,
And make that ſleep eternal.—

Gou. Why was this mandate truſted to thy voice,
To obſcure ſounds, articulated air;
Why write it not in characters diſtinct,
Signed with her hand, and ſealed with her ſeal,
Then would I've hugg'd the mandate to my heart,
'Twas this I'd cry that ſtruck the fatal blow,
This wipes from me the guilt and puniſhment
The ſacred bond betwixt my God and me.

De Wat. How would you have this urgent buſineſs truſted
To ſeals and mandates, the ſlow ſteps of office?

Gou. Why not? It might thus have run—on this receiv'd—
On this receiv'd, you'll—Ah! murder——
Now, now, I feel how that a woman's heart
Did truſt this wicked deed to ſhapeleſs words,
No trembling hand could trace the letters out;
No ink ſo black 'twas fit to write it with.

De Wat. It is a deed by juſtice ſanctioned,
And you are but the executioner.

For, know a deep laid plot is come to light,
That ſome of Edward's friends, urg'd on by him,
Are now in league to place him on the throne,
By murdering all who would oppoſe their courſe.

Gou. Ah, how is that? A new cabal on foot,
To place the crown again on this man's head;
To make this low and forlorn man a king,
Whom I ſo oft have jeer'd and perſecuted
With wanton jeſts and thoughtleſs cruelty;
What racks, what torments then will equal mine?—
I will be an outcaſt from all mercy.——

De Wat. Why man, why thus ſtand reas'ning with thyſelf?
Do the thing quickly, when 'tis done 'tis paſt;
The coward only counts upon the blows
That may betide him when the battle joins.

Gou. I might want heart methinks to do this deed,
And yet no coward:—Yet my life's at ſtake—
But that I am in duty bound to Mortimer,
I know not that I would do it.——

De Wat. Thy ſafety urges thee, then why not do it?
Th' occaſion ſuits the deed, then why not ſeize it?
Sickneſs confines Lord Berkley to his chamber,
While nature's ſelf, as if in league with you,
Hath bound the ſleeping traitor to your hands;
And night hath drawn her thickeſt curtain round
To hide the knife of juſtice from thy ſight,
If thou'rt afraid to look on't.——

Gou. I'll have no knife!—It looks like rankeſt murder,
To ſteal upon his ſleep—and the lone hour
Of night—I like not that—why this ſecreſy?
If I'm to be the executioner,
I would that all the gaping world were here,
To ſee me do't.——Muſt it be done to night?—

De Wat. To night, to night, you muſt decide anon,
E'er the firſt light arrives, which even now
Hath turn'd the goal of night, and haſtens hither;
I muſt begone, and hie me to the Queen—

Gou. Begone, and tell her then I will not do it—

De Wat. Not do it! This ſeems moſt ſtrange from one
Who has already gone ſo far in this;
Why what avails it thus to do by years
That which one little moment would complete:
And will you heed the ſcandalous world's reproach,
When in their lying and moſt ſland'rous hearts,
You have already murder'd Edward man;
Your name is now ſo rife in people's mouths,
That when this Edward dies in nature's courſe,
Why every one would ſwear you murder'd him.
You have already all the infamy,
And when the reward is ready for your graſp,
Why you're afraid to ſeize it.——

Gou. What! have I got the credit of the deed
Even before commiſſion.—Slander is
A bribe to guilt.—Fools may be honeſt then,
And toil in virtue's path to infamy.——

De Wat. Think on the quick perdition that will follow
If you ſtop ſhort when you've advanced ſo far,
Upon the dangerous level of their truſt,

Enter MONTRAVERS.

But I will try if others are indifferent
To hopes of grace and fears of puniſhment.

[*He goes to* MONTRAVERS, *and they converſe apart.*

Gou. I then am left without the power to chuſe;
Thy fate's decided Edward:—Thou muſt die—
This hand muſt do the deed.—O! curs'd neceſsity—

Thou haſt but an hour—one little hour—
And all is quiet with thee.—But how with me?—
Can ſtrict commands excuſe a deed like this?
The ſtroke that murders Edward—murders peace—
Which of us two hath now the harder lot?
Thou that muſt feel e'er long the pangs of death,
Or I, that thus am forc'd to murder thee.—

[DE WATTEVILLE *and* MONTRAVERS *come forward.*

De Wat. I like your thought, and will commend you for it
Unto the Queen:—When it is executed.—
I wiſh her ſervants all had ſo much zeal.

Mon. It is our duty—do you ſhrink at trifles?
We'll have no ſtain of blood—come to the place—
I will unfold ſuch means to do it man,
As will leave the world no clue or mark
To fix a ſlander on us.—Do you wake?—

Gou. Aye, I do:—True, I'm not ſo eager in't
As if it were an act of charity,
But I will do it.——

De Wat. It is enough—the time invites us—
All's ſtill, and not a breath alarms the ſleepers:
Montravers! Come Gournay—come.—

[*Exeunt as to* EDWARD'S *Chamber.*

Enter Officer, followed by a Centinel.

Off. Have any men been here to aſk admittance?—

Cen. None have been here except thoſe who are joined with Lord Berkley in charge of our priſoner, and who have free acceſs here.

Off. They are come to eaſe Lord Berkley of his charge, for he is ſick:—It is an hour ſince midnight?—

Cen. The watch is newly ſet—it is but twelve.

Off. Look to your watch, and if any men to-night ſhould come and give the word, ſee you admit them ſtraight; I will be here to anſwer it. [*Exit Centinel.*
Something's intended here I know not of,
Elſe why this lame and moſt ſuſpicious tale,
That certain men to-night ſhould ſeek admittance,
And I muſt give them way in every thing;
He for himſelf was ſick, and muſt not be diſturbed.

Enter another Centinel, (diſmayed.)

Off. How does the trembling paleneſs in thy cheeks
Diſgrace the noble harneſs of a ſoldier?
Speak quickly to the cauſe?—doſt thou come here
To ſpread the damn'd contagion of thy fear,
And make more cowards?——

Cent. I near was thus before. But now as I kept my watch upon the terrace, a ſudden tumult roſe, as in our priſoner's chamber. One voice was loud in threats; another, which I could ſwear was Edward's was loſt in ſtifled prayers, but they did curſe his prayers, and never ſaid amen to them.

Off. Well, well, what elſe?——

Cent The ſame voice entreated mercy, and I cried, may Heaven have mercy on thee! At firſt, I could not ſtir one foot to give the alarm. Let us haſten to him; ſome ruffian hand attempts his life.

Off. It is impoſſible; his attendant is moſt honeſt, and would have given the alarm. But, do you haſten to him. [*Exit Centinel.*

This fellow's imagination hath added words and meaning to what lacked both, and his fears have confirmed his belief. Yet, if I were given to put much faith in ſigns, ſeeing I am not, I might fear too. The night was ominous. The uſual ſigns

that tell when morn will come and fright away the phantoms of the dark, forgot their office. I had outſtep'd the time an hour, and more. May heaven preſerve us!

Enter KENT, LANCASTER, *and* BOHUN.

Kent. Berkley hath been kinder than we hop'd for; Another hour and we have paſſed the gulph; You are friendly to us, and aware, On what we are come upon.—How's Edward?

Off. I know not that he is not well.——

Kent. Where is Lord Berkley.—Our buſineſs wants diſpatch?

You ſeem amazed.—We are Lord Berkley's friends! You know the errand that hath brought us here?

Off. Lord Berkley's ſick, but I was charg'd to give you way in every thing.

Kent. Where's Edward then?

Off. This paſſage leads unto his chamber

[*As they are going out,*

Enter Attendant and Centinel.

Atten. Treachery, Ho!—The villains will eſcape! The king, the king lays murder'd in his bed.

All. What! murder'd?

Kent. Infernal meſſenger of diſmal news, Hell ope's its ſulphurous throat to call thee liar!

Lan. Treaſon and murder! Guard each outlet ſtraight, [*Exit Off. and Cent.*

Pernicious villainy hath mar'd our ſchemes! Berkley, ariſe, nor dream of ſickneſs now.

Kent. Where was thy voice, thy arm.—Oh, ſlave!

Atten E'er I could give the alarm I was confin'd, From which this ſoldier has but now releaſed me. They then forc'd their way into his chamber;

I heard his piercing groans, but found no blood.
Kent. No blood, d'ye ſay. Would that thy fal-
t'ring tongue
Did publiſh falſities.——Oh! Lancaſter,
Speed to his chamber ſtraight, and learn the truth.
[*Exit* LANCASTER.

Enter Lord BERKLEY.

Berk. What tumult's this that ſtorms the couch
of ſickneſs,
And chaſes from theſe eyes the ſtranger ſleep?
Kent. Oh! my good Lord, the gentle Edward's
murder'd;
My brother, the brother that I perſecuted,
Gone, gone for ever; no brotherly embrace,
No kind remembrance mine!——Treaſon ſtalks
here,
While we ſtand dumb ſpectators of its ſteps.
Berk. By heavens thy words might turn us into
ſtatues
And make us mute for ever!——
Bob. Who hath done this, Lord Berkley?——
Berk. I know not that 'tis done; within this hour
I ſaw him——

Enter LANCASTER.

O! ſight of woe, that I ſhould witneſs it;
Too true it is, that he we came to ſave,
Lays ſtretch'd in death. As I approached his bed,
He ſeem'd as if in ſleep. Seeing no blood,
Thought I, if murder hath been here,
Murder, that ſtains the midnight couch with blood,
Hath done its office kindly by my king.
But as I nearer drew—-O, murderous ſlaves,

His countenance ſeemed ſo much in horror,
As challeng'd diſtance.—No feature human ſeem'd;
His ſcarly locks and beard were drench'd in ſweat,
The vacant ſtare of death was in his eye,
But not as if the hand of nature did it:
Too plain it ſhewed that impious violence——

Kent. Ceaſe, ceaſe thy tale, nor murder me too ſoon!
Revenge e'er that muſt glut this ſword——
O! fool!
Why did I ſit or ſleep, or walk, or pray
While this was left undone.——Oh! wretch indeed,
Why, guilt like mine, might ſhame ſweet nature's face,
And cauſe each innocent flower to blight and wither.

Boh. Revenge is ſick; and we may ſit us down
And make our wrongs the burden of our tale:

Enter Officer and Centinel, bringing in DE WATTEVILLE.

Atten. This is one of them——
Kent. Where found you him?
Off. Near the ſame gate thro' which the others fled;
He too was following, but miſtook his way;
But Gournay and Montravers have eſcaped.
Berk. Gournay and Montravers! when came they here?
Off. Within this hour; they had the queen's command
To take our priſoner's perſon in their charge.
Berk. I did not count on this! we've been betrayed——

Set this villain naked to our fight

[*They unmask* DE WATTEVILLE.

Kent. Hah! De Watteville, th' accurs'd proof at once
Of thy damn'd guilt, and my credulity.
Speak thy own perdition with thy lips,
Who set thee on to this?——

De Wat. I am but a poor servant here—and yet,
If pardon were assured me, I would tell
Who were the planners of this deed.

Kent. Dost thou presume to bargain with my wrongs?——
Speak quickly, villain, or I will not stay
My sword to hear thy foul confession.

[*He threatens to kill* DE WATTEVILLE.

De Wat. The queen, my Lord, the queen and Mortimer;
'Twas they that order'd me to——

Kent. Thou double traitor, stay thy impious tongue
Nor seek perdition, having thy lips defil'd
With words forbidding mercy;
Take this, and this, and to the hell thou merits.

——[*Stabs* DE WATTEVILLE.

De Wat. I will confess—O! curs'd queen—[*Dies.*

Kent. Thou art but one actor in this bloody deed;
The rest, when it is meet shall follow thee.

Lan. There, there my Lord you spoke as most becomes you;
Let us forswear all tears and show of sorrow,
Until this perjur'd queen, detested Mortimer
Have paid the forfeit of their bloody deeds;
To this we will assist you with our swords,
And then with you, we will lament our Edward.

Kent. Full time it is when we've aveng'd his death
To mourn for him. Then let us swear to do it.

Berk. No need, my Lord, to take an oath to this,
When each hath wrongs to quicken his revenge;
We have been dupes too long to promiſes,
From one, the dupe of power and impious luſt.
The Prince, impatient too of longer durance,
Already feels ambition's ſhooting fires,
And longs to graſp his fancy's miracle;
I hail the day, when England's wrongs ſhall ceaſe,
When the proud laurels, won on Gallia's plains,
Shall grace our brows in the Third Edward's reign.

END OF THE PLAY.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

ODE

WRITTEN AT ———.

REAR high thy rough, majeſtick rocks,
And wind thy craggy vallies gray,
Woo to thy heights the virgin beams,
That o'er the trembling waters play,
For now thou hold'ſt the faireſt maid,
That ever trod thy rugged glade.

Deepen thy ſhades thy bloſſoms dight,
To pleaſe her ſoft and downcaſt eye,
Smile on her ſteps, when ſorrow wakes
And charm to peace her ſecret ſigh;
For now thou hold'ſt the faireſt maid,
That ever trod thy rugged glade.

Still high thy cannon'd rocks may riſe
Thy ſhades ſtill deepen in the vale,
Still proudly ſound the bugle horn,
Still ſoftly blow the evening gale;
But ſoon new ſcenes will charm the maid,
Soon on her view thy cliffs ſhall fade.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON*.

THE din had ceaſed, the tumult o'er,
Its courſe the fatal ball had ſped;
The Gall's pale enſigns wave no more,
In victory's arms, the Hero died:

He died, and thro' th' exulting iſle,
The burſt of grief its turn did crave,
Each Britiſh boſom's ſecret ſigh,
Their grateful hearts, their Nelſon's grave.

From thee, each woe-wrapt fancy turn'd,
While ſtrange emotions fir'd the ſoul,
Wept o'er the ſcene where ceaſeleſs ſtill,
The cold waves o'er thy Heroes roll.

* The above Ode was written, about three years ago, though not exactly in its preſent form: I hope it will not be objected here, that I have delayed the publication till its intereſt has vaniſhed, or that I have written on an occaſional ſubject that has gone by. However extenſive the fame which is already attached to the name of Nelſon, in the aſſurance that this will be increaſed in the devotion of poſterity, we may apply to him what the Roman Poet ſaid of Marcellus

Creſcit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli.——

Thy fame ſhall laſt while Britain's fleets
  Vict'ry in iron chains inthral,
While Danes ſhall live on Denmark's coaſts,
  While Nile's proud waters riſe and fall;

While 'bove the waves Trafalgar's rocks
  Shall rear their roughen'd fronts ſublime,
So long, brave man, as yonder ſun,
  Shall calendar the lapſe of time.

A BALLAD.

" Oh! Memory, diſtracting gueſt!
Here let thy torments ceaſe.
" Why wilt thou haunt my woe-got reſt
And break my dreams of peace?

" In vain theſe ſcenes their ſweets impart
Still, ſtill thy pangs purſue—
" My Henry falſe!—And muſt this heart
Forget to think on you?

" That you would keep your proffer'd vow,
By that ſweet ſtream you ſwore;
" The ſtream ſtill flows, but faithleſs thou
I hear your ſighs no more.

" Nor ſummer breeze, nor ſunny ſky,
This faded form can ſave,
" The perjur'd vows were heard on high,
Which lay it in the grave.

" How oft I've ſtrayed at morn's firſt riſe,
Beſide this ſtreamlet dear?
" Remembrance o'er the proſpect ſighs
And draws the guſhing tear!"

Poor mourner, e'er thy memory fades,
Let me this verſe beſtow,
Too late, alas! o'er thee her ſhades
Oblivion 'gins to throw.

Neglected now, a-down her neck
Her hair in ringlets fell,
Whoſe auburn beauties ſeem'd to deck
And yet its charms conceal.

Ne'er had the flowerets leaves been preſs'd
Such boſom ſweets to ſhade,
Soft as the lonely wild dove's breaſt,
That haunts the ſilent glade.

As in the cloud when day is gone,
The crimſon loves to dwell,
So in her cheek, tho' hope was flown,
The roſe it linger'd ſtill.

Why does yon moon with patient ray
O'er thee her mantle wave?
She lights no lover's ſtep that way,
No mourner to thy grave.

A SONG.

SWEET is the breeze at cloudy morn,
That bends the graſs in deep'ning ſhades,
Like me, ſome friend it ſeems to mourn
Murm'ring along theſe chaſm'd glades,
O! haſte my Henry, haſte away,
Can adverſe winds my hero ſtay?

Still, ſtill I think upon that day*,
That laid the deathleſs hero low,
That bound the wreath to bloom for aye,
Around my Henry's dauntleſs brow;
That day is paſt, then come away,
Can adverſe winds my hero ſtay?

Do theſe rough waves that chafe the ſhore,
Than this poor boſom ſofter prove,
Do the loud winds and cannon's roar,
Sound ſweeter than my words of love?
O! no, you cry, then come away,
Can war's alarms my hero ſtay.

* Battle of Trafalgar.

TO A FLOWER ON A LADY'S BOSOM.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Thou little flower, bleſs'd exile here,
Why droops thy head on Julia's breaſt?
Say could the bloom on nature's lap
Compare with where thou now doſt reſt?

Say what to this the break of morn,
When ſun-beams draw the night's dun ſhroud,
The pearly ſhower at ſilent eve
Pour'd from a gold embroider'd cloud.

And yet tho' placed mid heavenly ſweets,
Down drops thy head thy verdure flies,
So my poor love, a little flower,
In Julia's breaſt neglected dies.

FINIS.

J. Barker, Printer, Great Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-Garden.

KING HENRY V.

OR THE

CONQUEST OF FRANCE,

A TRAGEDY,

WRITTEN BY

SHAKSPEARE.

Printed exactly conformable to the

REPRESENTATION,

ON ITS REVIVAL

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

OCTOBER 1, 1789.

LONDON:
Printed for J. DEBRETT, opposite Burlington-House, Piccadilly.
M.DCC.LXXXIX.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Fifth		Mr. KEMBLE.
Duke of Glouceſter	Brothers to the King	Mr. BENSON.
Duke of Bedford		Mr. DIGNUM.
Duke of Exeter, Uncle to the King		Mr. AICKIN.
Earl of Weſtmoreland		Mr. R. PALMER.
Archbiſhop of Canterbury		Mr. MADDOCKS.
Biſhop of Ely		Mr. JONES.
Earl of Cambridge	Conſpirators againſt the King	Mr. WEBB.
Lord Scroop		Mr. WILSON.
Sir Thomas Grey		Mr. LAMASH.
Sir Thomas Erpingham		Mr. WALDRON.
Gower	Officers in King Henry's Army	Mr. WILLIAMS.
Fluellen		Mr. BADDELEY.
Nym	Formerly Servants to Falſtaff, now Soldiers in King Henry's Army	Mr. BURTON.
Bardolph		Mr. ALFRED.
Piſtol		Mr. SUETT.
Boy		Maſter GRIGSON.
Williams	Soldiers	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Bates		Mr. BANKS.
Charles the Sixth, King of France		Mr. PACKER.
The Dauphin		Mr. BARRYMORE.
Duke of Burgundy		Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Conſtable		Mr. FAWCETT.
Governor of Harfleur		Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.
Montjoy, a Herald		
Iſabel, Queen of France		Mrs. WARD.
Katharine, Daughter to the King of France		Miſs COLLINS.
Quickly, Piſtol's Wife, an Hoſteſs		Mrs. BOOTH.

Lords, Heralds, Meſſengers, French and Engliſh Soldiers, with other Attendants.

The Scene, at the Beginning of the Play, lies in England; but, afterwards, wholly in France.

KING HENRY V.

OR,

THE CONQUEST OF FRANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Anti-chamber in the Engliſh Court.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Canterbury.

MY Lord, I'll tell you—That ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which, in the eleventh year o' th' laſt king's reign,
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Ely. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better part of our poſſeſſion;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the church,
Would they ſtrip from us.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

But, my good lord,
How now, for mitigation of this bill,
Urg'd by the commons; doth his majeſty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He's rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cheriſhing th' exhibiters againſt us.
For I have made an offer to his majeſty,
Upon our ſpiritual convocation,
And in regard of cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater ſum,
Than ever at one time the clergy yet,
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majeſty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
(As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done)
The ſeveral and unhidden paſſages,
Of his true titles to ſome certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambaſſador, upon that inſtant,
Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embaſſy.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Audience Chamber.*

King Henry *diſcovered on his throne.* Glouceſter, Bedford, Weſtmorland, Exeter, *&c. attending.*—[*Flouriſh.*]

K. *Henry.* Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here, in preſence.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* Send for him, good brother.

[*Exit a* Herald.

Weſt. Shall we call in the ambaſſador, my liege?

K. *Henry.* Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That taſk our thoughts, concerning us and France?

Enter Herald, *the Archbiſhop of* Canterbury, *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. Heav'n and its angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it.

K. *Henry.* We thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And juſtly, and religiouſly unfold,
Why, the law Salic, that they have in France,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And, Heav'n forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul,
With opening titles, miſcreate, whoſe right
Suits not in native colours with the truth.
For Heav'n doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our perſon,
How you awake our ſleeping ſword of war;
We charge you, in the name of Heav'n, take heed.
Under which conjuration, ſpeak, my lord.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious ſovereign,
There's no bar
To make againſt your highneſs' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond;
No woman ſhall ſucceed in Salic *land:*
Which Salic land the French unjuſtly gloze
To be the realm of France; and Pharamond,
The founder of this law, and female bar.

Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salic, lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elve;
Nor did the French poſſeſs the Salic land,
Until four hundred one and twenty years,
After defunction of king Pharamond,
(Idly ſuppos'd the founder of this law.)
Beſides, their writers ſay,
King Pepin, who depoſed Childerick,
Did hold in right and title of the female.
So do the kings of France, unto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold up this Salic law,
To bar your highneſs claiming from the female.

K. *Henry.* May I, with right and conſcience, make this claim?

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread ſovereign:
For in the book of Numbers, it is writ,
When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter.

Exe. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
Look back into your mighty anceſtors.
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle, Edward, the Black Prince,
Who, on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France:
Whilſt his moſt mighty father, on a hill,
Stood ſmiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.

Glo. O, noble Engliſh, that could entertain
With half their forces, the full power of France,
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Weſt. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats!
You are their heir; you ſit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them,

Run

Run in your veins; and my thrice puiſſant Liege
Is in the very *May*-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterpriſes.
Glo. Your brother Kings, and monarchs of the earth,
Do all expect that you ſhould rouſe yourſelf,
As did the former lions of your blood.
Exe. They know your Grace hath cauſe; and means and might
So hath your highneſs; never King of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal ſubjects,
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the field of *France*.
O, let their bodies follow my dear Liege,
With blood and ſword and fire to win your right.
Cant. In aid whereof, we of the ſpirituality,
Will raiſe your highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.
K. *Henry.* We muſt not only arm t'invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Againſt the Scot.
For you ſhall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the *Scot* on his unfurniſh'd kingdom
Came pouring like the tide into a breach;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.
Exe. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege;
For hear her but exampled by herſelf.
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And ſhe a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herſelf, not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a ſtray,
The King of Scots; whom ſhe did ſend to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with priſoner Kings;
And make his chronicle as rich with praiſe,
As is the ouzy bottom of the ſea
With ſunken wreck, and ſumleſs treaſuries.

Cant.

Cant. Therefore, to France, my Liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you with that ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
If we, with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation loſe
The name of hardineſs, and policy.

K. *Henry.* Call in the meſſengers ſent from the Dauphin. [*Exit* Herald.
Now are we well reſolv'd; and by Heaven's help
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces.

Enter Herald, *with* Conſtable *and* Mountjoy *the Ambaſſadors of* France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Conſt. May't pleaſe your Majeſty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or, ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off,
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embaſſy?

K. *Henry.* We are no tyrant, but a Chriſtian King;
Therefore, with frank, and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Conſt. Thus, then in few.
Your Highneſs lately ſending into France,
Did claim ſome certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, Edward the Third.
In anſwer of which claim, the Prince our maſter,
Says, that you ſavour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd. There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He

He therefore ſends you (meeter for your ſpirit)
A tun of treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin ſpeaks.

K. *Henry*. What treaſure, uncle;

Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.

K. *Henry*. We're glad the Dauphin is ſo pleaſant with us.

His preſent, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to theſe balls,
We will, in France, by Heaven's grace, play a ſet
Shall ſtrike his father's crown into the hazard.
And tell him that we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not meaſuring what uſe we made of them.
I never valued this poor ſeat of England.
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my ſtate,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſail of greatneſs,
When I do rouze me in my throne of France:
For I will riſe there, with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, ſtrike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
But this lies all within the will of Heav'n,
To whom I do appeal; and in whoſe name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand, in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace, and tell the Dauphin
His jeſt will ſavour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weep more than did laugh at it,
Convey them with ſafe conduct, fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambaſſadors.*

Exe. This was a merry meſſage.

K. *Henry*. We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it.
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thoughts in us but France,

Save

Save thoſe to Heav'n, that run before our buſineſs.
Therefore let our proportions for theſe wars
Be ſoon collected, and all thought upon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſs add
More feathers to our wings: for Heav'n before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

[*Flouriſh.—Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Before* Quickly's *Houſe in Eaſtcheap.*]

Enter Corp. Nim, *and Lieut.* Bardolph, *Meeting.*

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nim.

Nim. Good-morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Piſtol and you friends, yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not. I ſay little; but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles. But that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine iron; it is a ſimple one, but what though? it will toaſt cheeſe, and it will endure cold, as another man's ſword will, and there's an end.

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friends, and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to France. Let it be ſo, good corporal Nim.

Nim. Faith I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my reſt, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things muſt be as they may; men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and ſome ſay, knives have edges. It muſt be as it may; though patience be a tir'd mare,

yet

yet ſhe will plod. There muſt be concluſions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtol *and* Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Piſtol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine hoſt Piſtol?

Piſt. Baſe tyke, call'ſt thou me hoſt? Now by this hand, I ſwear I ſcorn the term; nor ſhall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. O, welladay lady, if he be not drawn! Now, we ſhall ſee wilful adultery, and murder committed.

Bard. Good ancient, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Piſh.

Piſt. Piſh for thee, Iceland dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland.

Quick. Good corporal Nim, ſhew thy valour, and put up thy ſword.

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would have you *ſolus.*

Piſt. *Solus*, egregious dog! O viper vile!
The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face,
The *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
I do retort the *ſolus* in thy bowels;

Nim. I am not Barbaſon, you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, Piſtol, I will ſcour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms, and that's the humour of it.

Piſt. O, braggart vile, and damned furious wight,
Think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
I have, and I will hold, the Quondam Quickly,
For th'only ſhe; and *pauca*, there's enough; go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt, Piſtol, you muſt come to my maſter, and your hoſteſs; he is very ſick, and would to

bed. Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home, presently.

[*Exeunt* Quick. *and* Boy.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nim. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound, push home.

[*Draws.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nim, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me, too; pr'ythee put up.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay,
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
For I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nim. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart, he is so shak'd of a burn-

burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him. [*Exit.*

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. Nim, thou haſt ſpoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as may; he paſſes ſome humours and careers.

Piſt. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins! we will live. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Southampton.*

Enter Exeter, Bedford, *and* Weſtmorland.

BEDFORD.

'FORE heaven, his grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſate,
Crowned with faith and conſtant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay but the man that was his bed-fellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he ſhould, for a foreign purſe, ſo ſell
His ſovereign's life to death and treachery!

[*Trumpets ſound.*

Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, *and Attendants.*

K. *Henry.* Now ſits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my Lord of Maſham,
And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the pow'rs we bear with us,
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France?

Scroop. No doubt, my Liege; if each man do his beſt.

K. *Henry.* I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,

That

That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
And leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Camb. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your Majesty; there's not a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness,
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True; those that were your father's enemies,
Have steept their galls in honey, and observe you,
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. *Henry.* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.
Uncle of Exeter,
Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, Sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his suff'rance, more of such a kind.

K. *Henry.* O let us yet be merciful.

Camb. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. You shew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. *Henry.* We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. Now to our French causes?
Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my Lord.
Your Highness bade me ask for it, to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.

Grey. And I, my sovereign.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. Then Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Maſham; and Sir Knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this ſame is yours;
Read them, and know, I know your worthineſs.
My Lord of Weſtmorland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper! Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded and chas'd your blood,
Out of appearance?

Cam. I confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. *Henry*. The mercy which was quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare for ſhame to talk of mercy.
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
Theſe Engliſh monſters! my Lord Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord,
To furniſh him with all appertinents,
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us, here in Hampton. To the which,
This knight, no leſs for bounty bound to us,
Than Cambridge is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt might'ſt have coin'd me into gold,
Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe?
May it be poſſible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,

That

That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs,
As black and white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
If that ſame dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion-gate walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that Engliſhman's.
Their faults are open.
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law,
And Heav'n acquit them of their practices.

Exe. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Thomas Lord Scroop of Maſham.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purpoſes Heav'n juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beſeech your Highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The ſooner to effect what I intended;
But Heaven be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſuff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beſeeching Heaven and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterpriſe:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.

K. *Henry.* You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon,
Join'd with an enemy, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your king to ſlaughter,
His princes and his peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,

And

And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof Heav'n of its mercy give
You patience to endure; and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt* Scroop, Grey, *and* Cambridge *guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
Then forth, dear countrymen,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea, the signs of war advance,
No King of England, if not King of France. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Quickly's *House in* Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Nim, Bardolph, *Boy, and* Quickly.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No, for my manly heart doth yern.
Bardolph, be blith: Nim, rouze thy vaunting vein:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yern, therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. He made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' th' tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his

his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man? be of good cheer: so a cried out, Heav'n, Heav'n, Heav'n, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not think of Heaven: I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts, yet: so a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a stone: then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes, that he did, and said they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He said once the deule would have him about women.

Quick. He did, in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember he saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and said it was a black soul burning in hell.

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire; that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nim. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips:
Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.
Bard. Farewel, hoſteſs.
Nim. I cannot kiſs; that's the humour of it; but adieu.
Piſt. Let houſewifry appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.
Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The* French *King's Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter the French *King, the* Dauphin, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *the Conſtable,* Bourbon, *and Attendants.*

Fr. King. Thus come the Engliſh with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britain,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, ſhall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all ſwift diſpatch;
To line and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the ſucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident,
As fear may teach us out of late examples,
Left by the fatal and neglected Engliſh,
Upon our fields.
Dauph. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace itſelf ſhould not ſo dull a kingdom,
(Tho' war, nor no known quarrel were in queſtion)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.

There-

Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of France:
But let us do it with no ſhew of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were buſied with a Whitſun morrice-dance.
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne,
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin,
You are too much miſtaken in this king.
For you ſhall find his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the outſide of the Roman Brutus,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly.

Daup. Well, 'tis not ſo, my lord high conſtable;
But tho' we think it ſo, it is no matter.
In cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry ſtrong;
And, princes, look you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,
That hunted us, in our familiar paths.
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When Creſſy battle fatally was ſtruck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, the prince of Wales:
While that his mountain ſire, on mountain ſtanding,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,
Saw his heroic ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns, that by Heav'n and by French fathers,
Had twenty years been made. This is a ſtem
Of that victorious ſtock: and let us fear
The native mightineſs and fate of him.

Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Ambaſſadors from Harry, king of England,
Do crave admittance to your majeſty.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring them. [*Exit* Mountjoy.

You ſee this chace is hotly follow'd, friends.

Daup. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit; for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good, my ſovereign,
Take up the Engliſh ſhort, and let them know,
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

Enter Mountjoy, Exeter, *and Engliſh Lords.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majeſty:
He wills you, in the awful name of Heav'n,
That you diveſt yourſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all the wide-ſtretch'd honours that pertain,
By cuſtom, and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion raked,
[*Gives a pedigree.*
He ſends you this moſt memorable line,
Willing you overlook his pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then reſign

Your

Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native, and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or elſe, what follows?
Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the crown,
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And, therefore, in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Jove:*
That if requiring fail, he may compel.
This is his claim, his threatning, and my meſſage;
Unleſs the Dauphin be in preſence here,
To whom, expreſsly, I bring greeting, too.
Fr. King. For us, we will conſider of this, further.
To-morrow, ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.
Daup. For the Dauphin,
I ſtand here for him. What to him, from England?
Exe. Scorn and defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing, that may not miſbecome
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus, ſays my king; and if your father's highneſs
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you ſent his majeſty;
He'll call you to ſo hot an anſwer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France,
Shall chide your treſpaſs, and return your mock,
In ſecond accent to his ordinance.
Daup. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will; for I deſire
Nothing but odds with England. To that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe Paris balls.
Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre ſhake for it,
And be aſſur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his ſubjects have in wonder found,
Between the promiſe of his greener days,
And theſe he maſters, now. Now he weighs time

Even to the utmoſt grain, which you ſhall read
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow, you ſhall know our mind at full.

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our king
Come here himſelf, to queſtion our delay,
For he is footed in this land, already.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence.

[*Flouriſh—Exeunt.*

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

[*Alarm, and cannon go off.*

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Glouceſter, *and* Weſtmorland.

KING HENRY.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or, cloſe the wall up with our Engliſh dead.
Beat in the rondure of their rampar'd walls,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and Boy.*

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. Pray thee, corporal, ſtay, the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives. The humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain ſong of it.

Piſt. The plain ſong is moſt juſt; for humours do abound.
Knocks go and come: Heav'ns vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword and ſhield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an ale-houſe, in London, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and ſafety.

Piſt. And I; if wiſhes would prevail,
I would not ſtay, but thither would I hie.

Enter

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions. [*Exeunt all but* Fluellen.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the Duke of Glouceſter would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the mines? Tell you the Duke it is not ſo good to come to the mines; for look you, the mines are not according to the diſciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not ſufficient; for look you, th' adverſary (you may diſcuſs unto the Duke, look you) is digt himſelf four yards under the countermines. I think, a will plow up all, if there is not better directions. [*A parley ſounded.*

Gower. The town ſounds a parley!

[*Flouriſh.*

Enter King Henry *and his Train,* Governor *on the Ramparts.*

K. *Henry.* How yet reſolves the governor of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit:
Therefore to our beſt mercy give yourſelves,
Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defy us to our worſt: as I am a ſoldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt)
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchiev'd Harfleur,
Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
What ſay you? Will you yield, and this avoid?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, of whom ſuccours we entreated,
Returns us, that his pow'rs are yet not ready,
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, great king,

We

We yield our town and lives to thy ſoft mercy.
Enter our gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. *Henry*. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur, there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the French:
Uſe mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers, we'll retire to Calais.
To-night, in Harfleur we will be your gueſt,
To-morrow, for the march.

[*Flouriſh, and enter into the town.*

SCENE II. *The* French *Camp.*

Enter the King of France, *the* Dauphin, Bourbon, *the Conſtable of* France, *and Attendants.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath paſs'd the river Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

Daup. Shall a few ſprays of us,
(The emptying of our father's luxury)
Our ſcions, put in wild and ſavage ſtock,
Sprout up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Conſt. Why, whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpite, the ſun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns?
Oh! for the honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen icicles,
Upon our houſe-tops, while more froſty people,
Sweat drops of gallant blood, in our rich fields.

Daup. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us;

They bid us to the Engliſh dancing-ſchools,
And teach La Volta's high, and ſwift Coranto's;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are moſt lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is Mountjoy, the herald? Speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our ſharp defiance.
Up, princes, and with ſpirit of honour edg'd,
Yet ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field;
Bar Harry England, that ſweeps through our land,
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur.
Go down upon him, you have pow'r enough,
And in a captive chariot into Roan,
Bring him, our priſoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are ſo few;
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſh'd in their march.
For I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And for atchievement offer us his ranſom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord conſtable, haſte on Mountjoy,
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend
To know, what willing ranſom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you ſhall ſtay with us in Roan.

Daup. Not ſo, I do beſeech your majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.
Now forth, lord conſtable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The* Engliſh *Camp.*

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gower. How now, Captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent ſervices committed at the pridge.

Gower.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermoſt power. He is not, Heav'n be praiſed and pleſſed, any hurt in the world. He is maintain the pridge, moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an ancient lieutenant there, I think in my very conſcience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no eſtimation in the orld; but I did ſee him do gallant ſervices.

Gower. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd ancient Piſtol.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſtol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praiſe Heav'n, and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſt. Bardolph, a ſoldier firm, and ſound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddeſs blind, that ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs ſtone——

Flu. By your patience, ancient Piſtol. Fortune is painted with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignify to you, that fortune is plind; and ſhe is painted alſo with a wheel, to ſignify to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilities and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſpherical ſtone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes moſt excellent deſcription of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

Piſt. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath ſtoln a Pix, and hanged muſt be, o damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut,
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Piſtol, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then, rejoice, therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would deſire the duke to uſe his good pleaſure, and put him to executions; for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

Piſt. Die and be damn'd, and *figo* for thy friendſhip.

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The fig of Spain——— [*Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal, I remember him, now, a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, he utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day. But, it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gower. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf at hi sreturn to London, under the form of a ſoldier. But you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvelloufly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind.—[*Flouriſh.*] Hear you, the King is coming, and I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge.

A March.

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, Glouceſter, Weſtmorland, *Attendants, and his poor Soldiers.*

Flu. Cot bleſs your Majeſty.

K. *Henry*. How now, Fluellen; cam'ſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages; marry, th' athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge, but he is inforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is maſter of the pridge. I can tell your majeſty, the duke is a prave man.

K. *Henry*. What men have you loſt, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great. Marry, for my part, I think the duke hath loſt never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your Majeſty know the man; his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire, and his lips blows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire, ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

Trumpet ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

K. *Henry*. Now, what ſhall I know of thee?

Mount. My maſter's mind.

K. *Henry*. Unfold it.

Mount. Thus ſays my king; Say thou to Harry England,
Although we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep:
Tell him, we could at Harfleur have rebuk'd him;
But that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury,
Till it were ripe. Now, ſpeak we on our cue,
With voice imperial: England ſhall repent
His folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire
Our ſuff'rance. Bid him therefore to conſider,
What muſt the ranſom be, which muſt proportion
The loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we
Have loſt, and the diſgrace we have digeſted.

Firſt,

First, for our loss, too poor is his exchequer;
For the effusion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our disgrace,
Ev'n his own person, kneeling at our feet,
A weak and worthless satisfaction.
To this, defiance add; and for conclusion,
Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
Whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My king and master; and so much my office.

K. *Henry*. Thou do'st thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king, I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais,
Without impeachment. For to say the sooth,
(Tho' tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs,
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, Heav'n,
That I do brag thus; this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, Heav'n before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour Mountjoy,
Go, bid thy master well advise himself;
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour.——
The sum of all our answer is but this;
We would not seek a battle, as we are,

Yet,

Yet, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it:
So tell your maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo: thanks to your Highneſs.
[*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us, now.

K. *Henry.* We are in Heav'n's hand, brother, not in theirs:
March to the bridge, it now draws toward night;
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourſelves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *King* Henry's *Tent, at* Agincourt.

King Henry, *and* Glouceſter *diſcovered.*

K. HENRY.

GLOUCESTER, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater, therefore, ſhould our courage be.

Enter Bedford.

Good-morrow, brother Bedford.
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthful and good huſbandry.

Enter Erpingham.

Good-morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham;
A good ſoft pillow, for that good white head,
Were better than a churliſh turf of France.
Erp. Not ſo, my Liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay, now I like a king.
K. *Henry.* Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas, brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp:
Do my good-morrow to them, and anon,
Deſire them all to my pavilion.
Glou. We ſhall, my Liege.

[*Exeunt* Bedf. *and* Glou.
Erp.

Erp. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. *Henry.* No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my boſom muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble Harry.
[*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* God-a-mercy, old heart, thou ſpeak'ſt cheerfully. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Grove.*

Enter K. Henry *and* Piſtol.

Piſt. Qui va là?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou baſe, common and popular?

K. *Henry.* I am a gentleman of a company.

Piſt. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?

K. *Henry.* Ev'n ſo; what are you?

Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. *Henry.* Then you are better than the King.

Piſt. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtring,
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. *Henry. Harry le Roy.*

Piſt. Le Roy! a Corniſh name: art thou of Corniſh crew?

K. *Henry.* No, I am a Welſhman.

Piſt. Know'ſt thou Fluellen?

K. *Henry.* Yes.

Piſt. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. David's day.

K. *Henry.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours?

Piſt. Art thou his friend?

K. *Henry.* And his kinſman, too.

Piſt. The *figo* for thee then.

My name is Piſtol call'd. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.

[*Manet King* Henry.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen.

Flu. So; ſpeak fewer: it is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble babble in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobrieties of it, and the modeſty of it to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in your conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beſeech you, that you will. [*Exeunt.*

K. *Henry.* Though it appear a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this Welſhman.

Enter John Bates *and* Michael Williams.

Will. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning, which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Will. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but I think

I think we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

K. *Henry.* A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. *Henry.* Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. *Henry.* Ev'n as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off, the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King!

K. *Henry.* No; nor is it meet he ſhould: for though I ſpeak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am: the violet ſmells to him as it doth to me; the element ſhews to him as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but human conditions: therefore, when he ſees reaſon of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are; yet in reaſon no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould diſhearten his army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will: but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the Thames, up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

K. *Henry.* By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King; I think he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and many poor men's lives ſaved.

K. *Henry.* I dare ſay you love him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where ſo contented, as in the King's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhould ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's ſub-

jects; if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cauſe be not good, the King himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs and arms and heads chopp'd off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all, We dy'd at ſuch a place; ſome ſwearing; ſome crying for a ſurgeon; ſome upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome upon the debts they owe; ſome upon their children rawly left. I am afear'd there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it, whom to diſobey were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. *Henry.* So, if a ſon, that is ſent by his father about merchandize, do fall into ſome lewd action and miſcarry, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him; but this is not ſo: the King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, nor the father of his ſon; for they purpoſe not their death when they purpoſe their ſervices. Every ſubject's duty is the King's, but every ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould every ſoldier, in the wars, do as every ſick man in his bed, waſh every moth out of his conſcience: and dying ſo, death is to him advantage: or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin to think, that making Heaven ſo free an offer, he let him outlive that day to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head; the King is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

K. *Henry.* I myſelf heard the King ſay he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight cheerfully; but

but when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. *Henry*. If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will. That's a perilous ſhot out of an elder-gun! You'll never truſt his word, after! Come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

K. *Henry*. Your reproof is ſomething too round; I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if we live.

K. *Henry*. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee, again?

K. *Henry*. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; and if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. *Henry*. There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and ſay, after to-morrow, This is my glove; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. *Henry*. If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

K. *Henry*. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word, and fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you Engliſh fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could but tell how to reckon. [*Exeunt* Bates *and* Williams.

K. *Henry*. Upon the King! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our ſins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs!
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have Kings
That privates have not too, ſave ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
Art thou ought elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear, in other men?

Wherein

Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing. O be ſick, great greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe,
I am a King that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the ſceptre, and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial;
No, not all theſe thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly as the wretched ſlave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;
And (but for ceremony) ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Hath the fore-hand, and vantage of a King.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your nobles, jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. *Henry.* Good old Knight,
Collect them all together at my tent;
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I ſhall do't, my Lord. [*Exit.*
K. *Henry.* O God of battles! ſteel my ſoldiers' hearts;
Poſſeſs them not with fear; take from them now,
The ſenſe of reckoning left th' oppoſed numbers,
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compaſſing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears
Than from it iſſued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd Heav'n to pardon blood.

More

More will I do. [*Trumpet ſounds*] But, hark! the trumpet calls!
The day, my friends, and all things wait for me.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The* French *Camp.*

Enter Dauphin *and* Conſtable.

Daup. My Lord High Conſtable, the Engliſh lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Conſt. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Daup. My Lord Grandpree.

Conſt. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman. Alas! poor Harry England, he longs not for the battle as we do!

Daup. What a wretched and peeviſh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge!

Conſt. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Daup. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Conſt. That iſland of England breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Daup. Fooliſh curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian bear, and have their heads cruſh'd like rotten apples. You may as well ſay, that's a valiant flea that dares eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a lion.

Conſt. Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſympathize with the maſtiffs in robuſtious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives. And then, give them great meals of beef, and iron and ſteel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils. Now is it time to arm, ſhall we about it?

Daup. I ſtay but for my guard: on to the field;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,

And

And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come away,
The ſun is high, and we out-wear the day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The* Engliſh *Camp.*

Enter Gloſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, Weſtmorland, *and all the* Engliſh *Hoſt.*

Glou. Where is the King?
Bed. The King himſelf is rode to view their battle.
Weſt. Of fighting men, they have full threeſcore thouſand.
Exe. That's five to one; beſides, they are all freſh.
Bed. Heav'n's arm ſtrike with us, 'tis a fearful odds.
Weſt. O, that we now had here,
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England,
That do no work, to-day.

Enter King Henry *and Attendants.*

K. *Henry.* What's he that wiſhes ſo?
My couſin Weſtmorland? No, my fair couſin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow,
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
Don't wiſh one more;
Rather proclaim it, Weſtmorland, through my hoſt,
That he who hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns, for convoy, put into his purſe.
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of Criſpian:
He that outlives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouze him at the name of Criſpian:
He that outlives this day, and ſees old age,

Will

Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay to-morrow is Saint Criſpian.
Then will he ſtrip his arm, and ſhew his ſcars:
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget;
But they'll remember with advantages
What feats they did, that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as houſehold words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick, and Talbot, Saliſbury, and Glo'ſter,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon:
And Criſpine Criſpian ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themſelves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks
That fought with us upon St. Criſpian's day.

Enter Gower.

Gow. My ſov'reign lord, beſtow yourſelf with ſpeed:
The French are bravely in their battles ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. *Henry*, All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man whoſe mind is backward now.

Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured overthrow.

K. *Henry.* Who hath ſent thee now?

Mount. The Conſtable of France.

K. *Henry.* I pray thee bear my former anſwer back.
Bid them atchieve me and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did ſell the lion's ſkin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
Let me ſpeak proudly; tell the Conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working day;
Our gayneſs and our gilt are all beſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field,
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry.
But by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes, for they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French ſoldiers heads,
And turn them out of ſervice.
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle herald;
They ſhall have none I ſwear but theſe my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mount. I ſhall, King Harry: and ſo fare thee well.
Thou never ſhalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* I fear thou'lt once more come again for ranſom.
Now on, you nobleſt Engliſh,
Whoſe blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that like ſo many Alexanders,
Have in theſe parts from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument:
Diſhonour not your mothers: now atteſt,
That thoſe whom you call fathers did beget you:
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in England, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture: let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes;
I ſee you ſtand like greyhounds in the ſlips
Straining upon the ſtart. The game's a-foot,

Follow

Follow your ſpirit; and upon this charge
Cry, God for Harry, England, and St. George.
[*Alarm, ſhouts, &c. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Field of Battle.*

Enter Conſtable, Dauphin, *and* Bourbon.

Dauph. *Mort de ma vie,* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our plumes.
Conſt. Why all our ranks are broke.
Daup. O, perdurable ſhame, let's ſtab ourſelves:
Be theſe the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Is this the King we ſent to for his ranſom?
Conſt. Diſorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now;
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Daup. We are enow yet living in the field
To ſmother up the Engliſh in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Conſt. I'll to the throng.
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Field of Battle. Alarm.*

Enter King Henry *and his Train.*

K. *Henry.* Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen;
But all's not done, the French yet keep the field.

Enter Exeter.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majeſty.
K. *Henry.* Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour

I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the ſpur all bleeding o'er.
Exe. In which array, brave ſoldier, doth he lie
Larding the plain; and by his bloody ſide,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of Suffolk alſo lies.
Suffolk firſt dy'd, and York all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay inſteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kiſſes the gaſhes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, Tarry, my couſin Suffolk,
My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to Heav'n:
Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt;
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.
Upon theſe words I came and cheer'd him up;
He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe ſays, Dear my lord,
Commend my ſervice to my ſovereign;
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſt his lips,
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtopp'd,
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.
K. *Henry.* I blame you not;
For hearing this I muſt perforce compound
With mixtful eyes, or they will iſſue too.
But, hark! what new alarum is this ſame?
The French have reinforc'd their ſcatter'd men:
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners.
Give the word through. [*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field. Alarm continued.*

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys, and the luggage! 'Tis expreſſly againſt the law of arms. 'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be deſired in your conſcience now; is it not?

Gower. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly raſcals that ran away from the battle ha' done this ſlaughter: beſides they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent, wherefore the King moſt worthily hath caus'd ev'ry ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. I, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower; what call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn: I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the orld, I warrant that you ſal find in the compariſons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, there is alſo a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is ſalmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God

God knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations; and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his beſt friend Clytus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in figures and compariſons of it; as Alexander kill'd his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet; he was full of jeſts and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falſtaff.

Flu. That is he: I tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth. [*Trumpets ſound.*

Gow. Here comes his Majeſty.

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, *Lords, and Attendants.*

K. *Henry.* I was not angry ſince I came to France,
Until this inſtant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field: they do offend our ſight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them ſker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings:
Go and tell them ſo. [*Exit Herald.*

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my Liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry*. How now, what means their herald? know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?

Mount. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To ſort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lie drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbs
In blood of Princes, while their wounded ſteeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters.
O give us leave, great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.

K. *Henry*. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horſemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. *Henry*. Praiſed be God and not our ſtrength for it:
What is this caſtle call'd that ſtands hard by?

Mount. They call it Agincourt.

K. *Henry*. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Criſpin Criſpianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, and your great uncle Edward the plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in France.

K. *Henry*. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your Majeſty ſays very true: if your Majeſties is remember'd of it, the Welſhmen did good ſervice in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your Majeſty knows

knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice; and I do believe your Majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the leek upon St. Tavie's day.

K. *Henry.* I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welſh you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in the Wye cannot waſh you Majeſty's Welſh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Heav'n pleſs and preſerve it as long as it pleaſes his grace and Majeſty too.

K. *Henry.* Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. I am your Majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it: I confeſs it to all the orld, I need not to be aſham'd of your Majeſty, praiſed be Heav'n, ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. *Henry.* Heav'n keep me ſo.
Our herald go with him;
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead,
On both our parts. [*Exeunt* Mountjoy, *with Herald.*
Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the King.

Enter Williams.

K. *Henry.* Soldier, why wear'ſt thou thy glove in thy cap?

Will. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. *Henry.* An Engliſhman?

Will. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, a raſcal that ſwagger'd with me, laſt night, who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'th' ear; or if I can ſee my glove in his cap, which he ſwore, as he was a ſoldier, he would wear, if alive, I would ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. *Henry.* What think you, Captain Fluellen, is it fit the ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, a'nt pleaſe your Majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. *Henry.*

K. *Henry.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil, or Lucifer and Belzebub himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath.

K. *Henry.* Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. *Henry.* Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. *Henry.* Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Will. I will, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* Here Fluellen, wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap; when Alençon and myſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm, if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our perſons; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him if thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be deſir'd in the heart of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the man that has but two legs that ſhall find himſelf aggriev'd at this glove; that is all: but I would fain ſee it once, and pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

K. *Henry.* Know'ſt thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and pleaſe you.

K. *Henry.* Pray thee go ſeek him and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. *Henry.* Brother Glo'ſter,
Follow Fluellen cloſely at the heels,
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchaſe him a box o'th' ear.
[*Exit* Glo'ſter
It is the ſoldier's; I by bargain ſhould

Wear it myſelf. Follow, good couſin Weſtmorland,
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And touch'd with choler hot as gunpowder,
And quickly he'll return an injury.
Follow and ſee there be not harm between them.
[*Exit* Weſtmorland.
Come you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the Field.*

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Wil. I warrant it is to knight you, Captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleaſure, Captain, I beſeech you now come apace to the King: there is more good toward your peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Wil. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Wil. I know this, and thus I challenge it.
[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant traitor as any's in the univerſal world, in France or England.

Gower. How now, Sir? you villain!

Wil. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower, I will give treaſon his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Wil. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majeſty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of Alençon's.

Enter

Enter Glouceſter *and* Weſtmorland.

Glou. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My lord Glouceſter, here is, praiſed be God for it, a moſt contagious treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a ſummer's day. Here is his Majeſty.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, Exeter, *and Attendants.*

K. *Henry.* How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has ſtruck the glove which your Majeſty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Wil. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to ſtrike him if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſty's manhood, what an arrant, raſcally, beggarly, lowſy knave it is; I hope your Majeſty is pear me teſtimonies, and witneſſes, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon that your Majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. *Henry.* Give me thy glove, ſoldier; look, here is the fellow of it; 'twas me indeed thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike, and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An pleaſe your Majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. *Henry.* How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Wil. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine that might offend your Majeſty.

K. *Henry.* It was ourſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Wil. Your Majeſty came not like yourſelf; you appear'd to me but as a common man; witneſs the night,

your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your highneſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beſeech your highneſs pardon me.

K. *Henry.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep, ſoldier,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
'Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And captain you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his body; hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to ſerve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Wil. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you it will ſerve you to mend your ſhooes; come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful; your ſhooes is not ſo good; 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Engliſh *Herald.*

K. *Henry.* Are the dead number'd?

[*Herald gives a paper.*

What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouchiquald:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and 'Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

K. *Henry.* This note doth tell me of ten thouſand French
Slain in the field; of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing banners, there lye dead
One hundred twenty-ſix; added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight

Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights;
So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, Eſquire;
None elſe of name: and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. *Henry.* O Heav'n, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone
Aſcribe we all.
Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaim'd through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. *Henry.* Yes, Captain; but with this acknowledgement, That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

K. *Henry.* Do we all holy rites;
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We will to Calais and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The* Engliſh *Camp in* France.

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

GOWER.

NAY, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? St. David's day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, Captain Gower; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſie, pragging knave Piſtol, which you and yourſelf and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and ſalt, yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek; it was in a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap 'till I ſee him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtol.

Gow. Why here he comes, ſwelling like a turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwelling, nor his turky-cocks. God pleſſe you aunchient Piſtol: you ſcurvy lowſie knave, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha! art thou bedlam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe Trojan,
To have me fold up Parcas' fatal web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſie knave, at my deſires and my requeſts and my petitions, to eat, look

look you, this leek, becauſe, look you, you do not love it, and your affections and your appetites and your digeſtions does not agree with it; I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt. Not for Cadwallader and his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you, [*Strikes him.* Will you be ſo good, ſcald knave, as eat it?

Piſt. Baſe Trojan thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcald knave, when God's will is: I will deſire you to live the mean time and eat your victuals; come, there is ſawce for it—[*Strikes him*] You call'd me yeſterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to-day a Squire of low degree. I pray you fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, Captain, you have aſtoniſh'd him.

Flu. I ſay I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you, it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes out of doubt and out of queſtions too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this leek I will moſt horribly revenge; I eat and ſwear——

Flu. Eat I pray you; will you have ſome more ſawce to your leek? there is not enough leek to ſwear by.

Piſt. Quiet thy cudgel, thou doſt ſee I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, ſcald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the ſkin is good for your proken coxcomb; when you take occaſion to ſee leeks hereafter I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat?

Flu.

Flu. Yes verily and in truth you ſhall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket which you ſhall eat.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing I will pay you in cudgels, you ſhall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God pe wi' you and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave: will you mock at an ancient tradition, began upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceaſed valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice on thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak Engliſh in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh cudgel; you find it otherwiſe, and henceforth let a Welſh correction teach you a good Engliſh condition: fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The* French *Court at* Trois, *in* Champaigne.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, *and other Lords; meeting the* French *King*, *Queen* Iſabel, *Princeſs* Catharine, *the Duke of* Burgundy, *and other* French *Lords and Ladies.*

K. *Henry.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother France, and to our ſiſter,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wiſhes
To our moſt fair and princely couſin Catharine;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,

We

We do ſalute you Duke of Burgundy.
And Princes French and Peers, health to you all.
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother England, fairly met,
So are you Princes Engliſh, every one.
Q. *Iſa.* So happy be the iſſue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes:
Your eyes, which hitherto have born in them
Againſt the French that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murthering baſiliſks:
The venom of ſuch looks we fairly hope
Have loſt their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. *Henry.* To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.
Q. *Iſa.* You Engliſh Princes all, I do ſalute you.
Burg. My duty to you both on equal love;
Great Kings of France and England. That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours
To bring your moſt imperial Majeſties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightineſſes on both parts can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted: let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this beſt garden of the world
Our fertile France put up her lovely viſage?
K. *Henry.* If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Which you have cited; you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands:
Whoſe tenures and particular effects
You have enſchedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no anſwer made.

K. *Henry.* Well then; the peace
Which you before ſo urg'd, lies in his anſwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaſeth your grace
T'appoint ſome of your council preſently
To ſit with us, once more with better heed
To re-ſurvey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſs our accept and peremptoty anſwer.

K. *Henry.* Brother, we ſhall. Go, uncle Exeter,
Couſin of Weſtmorland, Bedford, and Glouceſter,
And take with you free pow'r to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
And we'll conſign thereto. Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. *Iſa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be ſtood on.

K. *Henry.* Yet leave our couſin Catharine here with us,
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. *Iſa.* She hath good leave. [*Exeunt.*

Manent King Henry *and* Catharine.

K. *Henry.* Fair Catharine, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your England.

K. *Henry.* O fair Catharine, if you love me ſoundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you con-

confeſs it brokenly with your Engliſh tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Cath. I cannot tell vat is *like me.*

K. *Henry.* An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Lady. De tongues of de mans is be full of deceits.

K. *Henry.* No faith, Kate, I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay I love you; then if you urge me further than to ſay, do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer, i' faith do, and ſo clap hands and a bargain; how ſay you, lady?

Cath. Me underſtand well.

K. *Henry.* Marry if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, Kate, why you undid me; If I could win a lady by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back; under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife. But before Heav'n, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor have I cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe 'till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning; that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak plain ſoldier; if thou canſt love me for this, take me; if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall die is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy, for a good leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black beard will turn white, but a good heart, Kate, is the ſun and the moon; or rather the ſun, and not the moon; for it burns bright and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would'ſt have ſuch a one, take me; take me, take a ſoldier; take a ſoldier, take a King: and what ſay'ſt thou then to my love?

Cath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould love de enemy of France?

K. *Henry.* No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me you ſhall love the friend of France; for I love France ſo well that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine: and Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine. But Kate, doſt thou underſtand thus much Engliſh? canſt thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. *Henry.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? Come, I know thou loveſt me; and at night when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſtion your gentlewomen about me: and I know, Kate, you will to them diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart. If ever thou beeſt mine, Kate, (as I have ſaving faith within me tells me thou ſhalt) I get thee with ſcambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: ſhall not thou and I between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a boy half French, half Engliſh, that ſhall go to Conſtantinople and take the Turk by the beard? ſhall we not, my fair Flower de Luce? How anſwer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deeſſe.*

Cath. Your Majeſtee ave fauſe Frenche enough to deceive the moſt ſage damoiſel dat is *en* France.

K. *Henry.* Now fie upon my falſe French; by mine honour in true Engliſh I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not ſwear thou loveſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempting effect of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them; but in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more ſpoil upon my face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt, and thou ſhalt wear me,

if

if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, moſt fair Catharine, will you have me? Put off you maiden bluſhes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empreſs, take me by the hand and ſay, Harry of England I am thine; which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who tho' I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſic; for thy voice is muſic and thy Engliſh broken: therefore Queen of all, Catharine, break thy mind to me in broken Engliſh, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *le roy mon pere.*

K. *Henry.* Nay, it will pleaſe him well, Kate; it ſhall pleaſe him, Kate.

Cath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. *Henry.* Upon that I kiſs you, and I call you my Queen. [*Kiſſing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they ſhould ſooner perſuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French *King and Queen, with* French *and* Engliſh *Lords.*

Burg. My royal couſin, teach you our Princeſs Engliſh?

K. *Henry.* I would have her learn, my fair couſin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good Engliſh.

Burg. Is ſhe apt?

K. *Henry.* Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not ſmooth; ſo that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeneſs. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

Weſt.

Weſt. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter firſt; and then in ſequel all,
According to their firm propoſed nature.

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon, and from her blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me, that theſe contending kingdoms
England and France, whoſe very ſhoars look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet breaſts, that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt England and fair France.

K. *Henry.* Now welcome, Kate; and bear me witneſs all,
That here I take her as my Sovereign Queen.
Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to Kate, and you to me,
And may our oaths well kept and proſp'rous be.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE END.

Shakspeare's

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH,

A HISTORICAL PLAY,

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE;

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED AS IT IS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL

IN

Covent Garden.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND SOLD IN THE THEATRE.

1804.

[*Price Two Shillings.*]

S. Gosnell, Printer, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY *the Eighth*,	Mr. COOKE.
Cardinal WOLSEY,	Mr. KEMBLE.
Cardinal CAMPEIUS,	Mr. HULL.
CAPUCIUS,	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Archbishop CRANMER,	Mr. MURRAY.
Duke of BUCKINGHAM,	Mr. BRUNTON.
Duke of NORFOLK,	Mr. CRESWELL.
Duke of SUFFOLK,	Mr. WADDY.
Earl of SURREY,	Mr. H. SIDDONS.
Lord Chamberlain,	Mr. FARLEY.
Lord SANDS,	Mr. SIMMONS.
Sir THOMAS LOVEL,	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD,	Mr. CLAREMONT.
GARDINER,	Mr. MUNDEN.
CROMWELL,	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
BRANDON,	Mr. FIELD.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham,	Mr. KLANERT.
Clerk of the Court,	Mr. CURTIES.
Keeper of the Council-chamber,	Mr. ATKINS.

Queen KATHARINE,	Mrs. SIDDONS.
Lady DENNY,	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
ANNE BULLEN,	Miss BRUNTON.
PATIENCE,	Mrs. ATKINS.
AGATHA,	Miss FREDERICK.
CICELY,	Mrs. WATTS.

Lords, Ladies, Bishops, Judges,—Officers, Guards,—and Attendants.

SCENE, *chiefly in* London *and* Westminster; *once, at* Kimbolton.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

London.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *and the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine.
The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them. When these suns

(For so they phrase 'em,) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is free'd
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities?
Why took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon.

Nor. The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal.
You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You 'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Footmen,—Guards,—Gentlemen,—one Gentleman bearing the broad seal,—another the Cardinal's hat, —two Gentlemen with silver pillars,—two Priests with silver crosses,—Sergeant at Arms with mace, —two Gentlemen-ushers bareheaded with wands,— Cardinal WOLSEY,*—two Pages bearing his train,—* CROMWELL *with despatches,—two Secretaries with bags of papers,—Chaplains,—Gentlemen,—Footmen, —Guards.*

WOLSEY *in his passage fixes his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where 's his examination?
Crom. Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
Crom. Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more:—and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.
[*Exeunt* WOLSEY, *and his train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him.—
I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: He 's gone to the king;
I 'll follow, and out-stare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord.
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about.
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself:—Nay, be advis'd.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I 'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not, treasonous.
Buck. To the king I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform 't;)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master

To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. 'Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let it be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 't was, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Pay'd ere he promis'd: whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Sergeant at Arms, BRANDON, *and Guards.*

Bran. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl

Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty;
'T is his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's chaplain, nam'd John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK. BUCKINGHAM, BRANDON, *Sergeant, and Guards.*

SCENE II.

The Council-chamber.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, King HENRY, *leaning on* WOLSEY*'s shoulder*; NORFOLK, *the Duke of* SUFFOLK, *Sir* THOMAS LOVEL, *and* CROMWELL.—*The Cardinal places himself at the King's feet, on his right side.*

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy; and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—
[*The King and* WOLSEY *sit.*]
Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.
[*Sir* HENRY GUILDFORD *without.*]
Guil. Room for the queen.

Enter the Queen, ushered by GUILDFORD, *who places a cushion on which she kneels.—The King rises, takes her up, and places her by him.*

King. Rise.
Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take your place by us:—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
King. Lady mine, proceed.
Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,

And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: There have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing,
Compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compell from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did.
I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,—which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.
If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,

Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: 'Pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [*To* CROMWELL.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon.—The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

[*Exit* CROMWELL.

Queen. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound: but he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell.—

Enter Surveyor.

Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That, if the king
Should without issue die, he 'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. *There is,* says he, *a Chartreux friar, that oft*
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke,) shall prosper: bid him strive
To the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.—

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul; I say, take heed.

King. Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 't was dang'rous for him
To ruminate on this:—He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,

That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank! Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man :—Canſt thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time :—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on: What hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Queen. Heaven mend all!

King. There's something more would out of thee;
What say'st?

Surv. After—*the duke his father,*—with—*the knife,*—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. (Rises.) There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,

Let him not seek 't of us; By day and night,
He 's traitor to the height.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Chamberlain, and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
They 've all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt, reign'd among 'em.

Enter LOVEL.

Cham. What news, sir Thomas Lovel?

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travel'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 't is there; now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Sands. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I 'm glad they 're going:
Now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r-lady,
Held current musick too.
Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you a going?
Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 't is true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else: which I would not be;
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.—
Your lordship shall along.
Sands. Ay, ay; if the beauties are there,
I must make one among them, to be sure.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

York-Place.

Musick.

A State for the Cardinal, and a Table for thē Guests.

ANNE BULLEN, *Lady* DENNY, *and other Ladies and Gentlemen, as guests,* WOLSEY*'s Servants attending them, discovered.*

Enter GUILDFORD.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Chamberlain, SANDS, *and* LOVEL.

O my lord, you 're tardy;
The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em:—By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? *(All sit.)*
Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this.—
[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;

Two women plac'd together make cold weather :—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;
'Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies :

[*Sits between* ANNE BULLEN *and Lady* DENNY.

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated :—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter two Gentlemen, WOLSEY, *two Pages, and* CROMWELL.—*All rise.*—WOLSEY *takes his state.*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests ; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend : This, to confirm my welcome ;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.—All sit.*

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble ;
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

[*Servant gives him wine.*

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you : cheer your neighhours.—
Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam ;
For 't is to such a thing,— [*Drinks.*
Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drums and Trumpets,—Cannon discharged,—All rise.*
Wol. What 's that ?—
Look out there, some of you.
[*Exit* CROMWELL.
What warlike voice ?
And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd. [*All sit.*

Enter CROMWELL.

How now ? what is 't ?
Crom. A noble troop of strangers ;
For so they seem : they 've left their barge, and landed ;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome ;
And, ' pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them :—Some attend him.—
[*Exeunt Chamberlain,* CROMWELL, *and two Gentlemen.*
You 've now a broken banquet ; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you ;—Welcome all.—

Musick.

Enter CROMWELL, *and Chamberlain, introducing the King,* NORFOLK, *and* SUFFOLK, *in masks, and eight Attendants, habited as Shepherds, followed by two Gentlemen.*

A noble company ! What are their pleasures ?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They 've done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*The King converses with* ANNE BULLEN.]

[*A Dance.*]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. 'Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Chamberlain goes to the company.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—
By all your good leaves, gentlemen:—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You 've found him, cardinal:—

[*The King unmasks—all rise, and bow.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,—
What fair lady 's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.
King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,—
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
[*To* ANNE BULLEN.
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, is a little heated.
King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Nay, come;
I must not yet forsake you:—Let 's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I 've half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again;
Which being ended, they shall all go sleep:
Then this, which doth a happy vision seem,
May be again repeated in a dream.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*]

[*Exeunt* WOLSEY, *with lights, the King and* ANNE BULLEN, *Chamberlain,* NORFOLK, *and* SUFFOLK, *Lord* SANDS, *and Lady* DENNY, CROMWELL, *two Pages,* LOVEL *and* GUILDFORD, *and the rest of the Guests.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Street.

A Bell tolls, and muffled Drums beat.

Enter Guards, Tipstaves, LOVEL, *Executioner,* BUCKINGHAM, GUILDFORD, *Gentlemen, and Guards.*

Buck. You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die; Yet heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians;
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—[*Bell tolls.*]—Lead on.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven.
Commend me to his grace;
And if he speak of Buckingham, 'pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Guil. Prepare there;
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Henry,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant:
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell: I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:—
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:—
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink you. [*The Bell tolls.*]
All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake you; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
Remember Buckingham.

[*The Bell tolls—Muffled Drums beat.*]

[*Exeunt Guards, Tipstaves, Executioner,* BUCKINGHAM, LOVEL, GUILDFORD, *Gentlemen, and Guards.*

SCENE II.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter NORFOLK, *and* SUFFOLK, *meeting the Chamberlain.*

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What 's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'T is so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one day.

Suf. 'Pray heaven he do! he 'll never know himself else.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. Let us in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My lord, you 'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

[*Exit Chamberlain.*

Suf. See, the king.

Enter the King, reading pensively.

How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who 's there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray heaven, he be not angry.

King. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business;
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter WOLSEY, *and Cardinal* CAMPEIUS, *with a commission.*

Who 's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You 're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue. *Aside.*

Nor. If it do,
I 'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

King. Go.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK, *and* NORFOLK.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgement,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King. In mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They 've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,—
(The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come.—Where 's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; heaven forbid else. Cardinal,
' Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

WOLSEY *goes out, and returns with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*Walks and whispers with him.*]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That 's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.—

[*Exit* GARDINER.

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 't is a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt* WOLSEY, *the King, and* CAMPEIUS.

SCENE III.

An Antechamber of the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, *and Lady* DENNY.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here 's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she

So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her:—
I swear 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow:—
Who would on such conditions be a queen?

L. Den. Beshrew me, I would; so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

L. Den. Yes, troth and troth,—You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

L. Den. A three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

L. Den. I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

L. Den. In faith, for little England
You 'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that.—Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth, to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray heaven, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,

Perceive I speak sincerely,
The king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing.
'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: And who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?—I 'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Chamberlain.*

L. Den. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands:—By this time,
I know your limbs will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.—
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: 'Pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard, to her.

L. Den. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt* ANNE BULLEN, *and Lady* DENNY.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Friars.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

The Court sitting for the trial of Queen KATHARINE.—*The King*, WOLSEY, CAMPEIUS. NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, *Chamberlain*, LOVEL, CROMWELL, *Bishops, Judges,—Gentlemen and Ladies,—Clerk of the Court,—Officers, and Guards,—discovered.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What 's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be 't so:—Proceed.

Crom. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Clerk. Henry king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Crom. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Clerk. Katharine queen of England, &c.

Enter the Queen preceded by GUILDFORD *with a cushion, which he places; then the Queen kneels.*

Queen. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding.—(*She rises.*) Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,

At all times to your will conformable.
Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been bless'd
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgement: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: If not; i' the name of heaven,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord cardinal,— [CAMPEIUS *rises.*
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, madam? [WOLSEY *advances.*
Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire,—
Wol. Be patient yet.
Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or heaven will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which heaven's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: If it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth.
In him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak

To oppose your cunning. You 're meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride;
That again
I do refuse you for my judge;—and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She 's going away.

King. Call her again.

Clerk. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Guil. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? 'Pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return:—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—'Pray you, pass on.—
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt* GUILDFORD, *and the Queen.*

King. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
The queen of earthly queens:—She 's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carry'd herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I 'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or

Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't.

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You 're excus'd;—
But will you be more justify'd?—you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business;
And oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,—
Thus it came;—give heed to 't:—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French embassador;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of our good queen:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. Break up the court.— [*The King rises.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.—
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
'Prythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*]

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.

An Antechamber to the King's Apartments.

Enter NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Chamberlain.*

Nor. IF you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?
Cham. My lords, if you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.
Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language:
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how, how?
Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarry'd,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgement o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath marry'd the fair lady.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

Suf. No, no.—
Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce:
Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Anne's coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.—
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY, *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he 's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while.—
[*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!—
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
Our cause,—that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king! Again, there is sprung up
A heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Sur. I would, 't were something that would fret the string,
The master cord of his heart
Suf. The king, the king.

Enter the King, with a letter in his hand, and reading a schedule.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain:
In most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind.—If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon.

[*The King signs to the Chamberlain, who goes to* WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
And ever bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,
You're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'T is well said again;
And 't is a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I 've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean? [*Aside.*

Sur. Now heaven increase this business! [*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My study'd purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities:—I profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'T is nobly spoken:—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit the King, frowning upon* WOLSEY; *the Nobles following him, whispering and smiling.*

Wol. What should this mean?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear the story of his anger.—'T is so;
This paper has undone me:—'T is the account
Of all that world of wealth I 've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 't will stir him strongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I 've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Enter NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, *and Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Esher house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,—
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it.—Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You 've christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards.—That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who 'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself then.
Sur. Thou 'rt a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:—
Within these forty hours, Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, i' the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. Your long coat, priest, protects you.
My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I 'm bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall my innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you 've sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities.—
Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my lord,
Press not a falling man too far;
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him.—My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you:—
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, *and Chamberlain.*

Wol. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;

And,—when he thinks, good easy man! full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I 'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;
Never so truely happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

Crom. I 'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I 'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!—
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Go, Cromwell.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, no noble, and so true a master?—
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.—
Let 's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.—Lead me in:—
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own.—O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE.

An Apartment at Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick, attended by* CROMWELL, PATIENCE, AGATHA, *and* CICELY, *who lead her to her chair.*

Crom. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Cromwell, sick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden.—
Didst thou not tell me, Cromwell, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Crom. Yes, madam; but I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. 'Pry'thee, good Cromwell, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Crom. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Crom. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness

Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Cromwell, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes;
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Crom. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.—May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Cromwell;
I were malicious else.

Crom. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle:
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer:
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good he did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:

And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing heaven.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Cromwell:
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still.—Good Cromwell,
Cause the musicians play me that said note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[PATIENCE *sings.*—KATHARINE *falls asleep.*]

Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O, take me to your care;
Speed to your bless'd courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white!

Kath. (Wakes.) Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Crom. Madam, we 're here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:—
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Crom. None, madam.

Kath. No? saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Cromwell, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Crom. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Enter GUILDFORD.

Guil. An 't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a sawcy fellow;
Deserve we no more reverence?

Crom. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Guil. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Cromwell:—But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt* GUILDFORD, *and* CROMWELL.

Enter CROMWELL, *and* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord embassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I 'm past all comforts here, but prayers.—
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam. [*Presents the letter.*

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter ;—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding ;
And a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me :—
And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord.—Remember me
In all humility unto his highness :
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.

[CAPUCIUS *kneels, and kisses her hand.*

When I am dead,
Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave :—
Although unqueen'd, inter me like a queen,
And pay respect to that which I have been.

[*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter the King, and SUFFOLK.

King. CHARLES, I will play no more to-night;
My mind 's not on 't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.—

Enter LOVEL.

Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman.
King. Alas, good lady!
Suf. Heaven safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
King. 'T is midnight, Charles;
Pr'ythee to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
King. Charles, good night.

[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Lov. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Lov. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'T is true: Where is he, Lovel?

Lov. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us.

[*Exit* LOVEL.

Enter LOVEL, *and Archbishop* CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery.—

[LOVEL *seeming to stay.*

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!—

[*Exit* LOVEL.

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'T is his aspect of terror. All 's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty, [*Kneels.*
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must have some talk together:
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness; [*Kneels.*
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up.—
Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant.

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use;
If entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—

[*Exit* CRANMER.

He has strangled
His language in his tears.—

LOVEL, *and Lady* DENNY, *without.*

Lov. Come back; What mean you?

L. Den. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—

Enter Lady DENNY.

Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head,—

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

L. Den. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: Angels of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'t is a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel,—

Enter LOVEL.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her a hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit the King.*

L. Den. A hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more:
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Council-chamber.

Enter CRANMER.

Cran. I hope, I'm not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste.—All fast? what means this?—
Hoa!
Who waits there?—

Enter the Keeper of the Council-chamber.

Sure, you know me?

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Enter GUILDFORD, *behind.*

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Cran. So.—

Guil. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently.

[*Exit* GUILDFORD.

Cran. It is
Sir Henry Guildford: As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
'Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid, by some that hate me,
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

[*Exit* CRANMER.

SCENE III.

The Council-chamber.

The King's chair, raised, in the centre,—the Lord Chancellor at the upper end of the table on the left hand,—a seat left void on the right, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.—NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, *Chamberlain*, GARDINER, LOVEL, *in order on each side,—and* CROMWELL *at the table, as Secretary,—discovered.*

Gard. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Enter the Keeper.

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Nor. Let him come in.
Keep. Your grace may enter now.

Enter CRANMER.—*Exit Keeper.*

Nor. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty.
You 've misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm
With new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage.
Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well.
' Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in 't!
' Beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.
Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.
Gard. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,

From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know, many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'T is my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That 's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do:
Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Gard. Then thus for you, my lord,—it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gard. What other
Would you expect? You 're strangely troublesome:
Let some o' the guard be ready there. [*Rises.*

Enter the Keeper of the Council-chamber.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lord.
I have a little yet to say.—

[*Exit the Keeper.*

Look there, my lords:—

[*They all rise, and look at the ring.*]

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Gard. Is it the king's ring?

Suf. 'T is no counterfeit.

Sur. 'T is the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'T is now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
' Would I were fairly out on 't!

Enter the King, frowning on them; when he takes his seat, they all sit.

Gard. (Rises.) Dread sovereign, how much are we
bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgement comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender. [*Sits.*

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now.—Good man, sit down:—
Sit down, I say.—Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Gard. (Rises.) May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.—
[GARDINER *sits.*
I 'd thought, I 'd had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lowsy foot-boy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
Not as a groom: There 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Nor. My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well; he 's worthy of it.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—
[*They embrace* CRANMER.]
My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me:
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons: you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please you?—
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it. [*Embraces* CRANMER.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury A shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.*—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt the King*, CRANMER, GARDINER, *Chancellor*, NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, *Chamberlain*, LOVEL, *and* CROMWELL.

SCENE IV.

The Palace Yard.

The Procession to the Christening.

SCENE V.

The Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

The King, and all the Court, discovered.

Cran. (Kneeling.) Now to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.—

[*The King takes the Child, and kisses her.*

With this kiss take my blessing: Heaven protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

[*Returns the Child to the Duchess of* NORFOLK.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir;
For heaven now bids me: And the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed.
Truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does.—I thank you all.—
Lead the way, lords;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank you,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END.

Printed by S. Gosnell, Little Queen Street, Holborn.

THE

HOLE IN THE WALL:

A

Farce, in Two Acts.

BY

JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF HAMLET TRAVESTIE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. M. RICHARDSON,

23, CORNHILL.

1813.

Price Two Shillings.

Printed by Marchant and Galabin, Ingram-Court, Fenchurch-Street.

TO

JOHN LITCHFIELD, Esq.

THIS FARCE

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In all ages, and in every civilized state, the DRAMA, with regard to its influence over the happiness and the morals of society, has been considered as an object so worthy of attention; that the greatest statesmen, the most profound philosophers, nay, even the most rigid divines, have occasionally applied their talents to——

—Psha! that won't do;—to be serious about a farce!—'tis absolutely impossible.—

—Yet one must write something to *look* like a preface,—Well, then:—

No one ever sat down to write a farce with a thought in his head about a discriminating and a just posterity;—about Fame and her trumpet;—or about a Monument, or Mr. FLAXMAN, or Westminster-Abbey. To glide down to Immortality upon the stream of Reputation, and catch its breezes with a steady sail, requires a weightier ballast than a few farces:—The most your poor devil of a farce-writer hopes, is to be allowed to paddle about a little time on its bosom, keeping clear of its muddy banks, yet never losing sight of shore. Now let me tell you, Mr. JENKINS, that 'tis no easy matter to do even that.

To drop the metaphor, else (to be candid) 'twill drop me—Considering, therefore, the little reputation that is to be gained even by the most successful farce, isn't it hard that any one should endeavour to abridge it?—

——————Thank'ee Mr. JENKINS; you are complimentary. But then the plot—how they abuse my plot!—One critic says, 'tis like the plots of the last thousand and fifteen farces—— all about love and courtship, and that it ends in marriage.

Now, I say that, old or new, this is the best subject in the world for a farce: besides, a *farce ought* to *end* in marriage—— for *beyond* it there's no joke, by Jupiter!

I believe it has escaped general observation, that, in the greater number of *farces,* the principal personages are *lovers*:—*husbands* and *wives* are reserved to "point the morals" of SERIOUS *Comedies,* or TRAGEDIES!—Now that's very odd!—but I think I can account for the distinction—for, in my opinion, —but, as it may chance to spoil my fortune with you, Miss*** ——I'll keep my opinion to myself.

Another critic says, that my plot is like the plot of the *Pannel.*—

—From Hyde-Park-Corner to my friend MATHEWS'S cottage on the King's Road, is a distance of about three miles.——

—— Very true, MR. JENKINS, this may not look like an illustration yet, but I'll make a very good one of it before I've done with it.

The toll-taker at Hyde-Park-Corner will tell you, that you are not obliged to go along the King's Road,—you may go to it through Brompton. Now, MR. JENKINS, we'll mount our horses,—start from Hyde-Park-Corner,—I'll take the King's Road,—you go through Brompton,—in half an hour we shall meet at our friend's cottage—there we are.—Now, Sir, though the object of our journey has been the same,—though we set out from the same point, and both travelled on horseback, yet you will not affirm that we both passed over the *same intermediate ground.*

No; I came through Brompton—you along the King's Road.

Then I have established my position: for though the *Pannel* and the *Hole in the Wall* both begin with the discovery of a moveable wainscot and end with a marriage; yet as the *intermediate* business of the one, differs totally from that of the other, (they being as dissimilar as Brompton and the King's Road,) and the moveable pannel being used as a means of concealment in the

first-named piece, and as a means of communication in the second, it cannot be said that the plots of the two pieces are alike.

But, after all, though I contend that the plot of the *Hole in the Wall* is unlike the plot of the *Pannel*, yet I do not mean to assert that it can boast of much novelty; much less would I presume to suppose that the piece altogether possesses a degree of merit proportioned to the success it has met with; for I am convinced that a worse piece——

If a worse could be found.

I'll adopt your amendment Mr. JENKINS—I am convinced that a worse piece, *if a worse could be found*, supported, as this has been, by so much professional talent, could hardly have failed.

ADVERTISEMENT.

To Mr. LOVEGROVE and Mr. KNIGHT, for their unwearied and friendly exertions in the study of their parts, and their admirably finished performance of them; to

Mr. OXBERRY, for his excellent performance; to

Mrs. SPARKS for undertaking, in a very handsome manner, a part very inadequate to her talents; to

MRS. ORGER, for the importance which, by her spirited acting, she has given to the part assigned her; to

MISS KELLY,—(whom no commendation of mine can raise in the estimation of the public, and who, as she is always more anxious to deserve approbation than willing to receive it, would be better pleased with my silence than my praise)—for her animated performance; and, lastly, to my good friend

MR. THOMAS DIBDIN, for his very particular attention to the interest of the piece during its rehearsals, and his solicitude for the success of it on its representation: I return my warmest acknowledgments.

LONDON, J. P.
5th July, 1813.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Old Stubborn	Mr. LOVEGROVE.
Capt. Courtney	Mr. J. WALLACK.
Martin	Mr. KNIGHT.
Jeremy	Mr. OXBERRY.
Snapall	Mr. MADDOCKS.
Mrs. Latchet	Mrs. SPARKS.
Emily	Mrs. ORGER.
Fanny	Miss KELLY.

THE

HOLE IN THE WALL.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Two adjoining Houses.—The House on the Right of the Stage, Mrs.* LATCHET'S; *that on the Left, Old* STUBBORN'S.

Enter (from Old STUBBORN'S*)* MARTIN.

BLESS my soul! I've been in this cursed village three days, and if I remain in it three days longer I shall certainly die of the vapours. My master, Mr. Stubborn, is at perfect liberty to indulge himself in his odd whims, but he must not expect me to submit to them. A pretty freak indeed! to leave London in June, when no person of the least fashion or consideration even thinks of the country till November! Had it pleased nature to have made me a cabbage or cauliflower, I might, perhaps, have vegetated in this insipid place with tolerable composure. Eh! here comes Fanny. Except eating, the

society of that girl is the only rational enjoyment I have.

Enter (from Mrs. LATCHET'S*)* FANNY.

Fan. Well, Martin, here I am.

Mar. Yes, I see you are. But, pray, what have you been doing at Mrs. Latchet's, after our master's positive injunction, that not one of our family should have the least intercourse with her?

Fan. That must remain a secret, till I know whether you are rogue enough to be trusted. Would you put fifty pounds into your pocket?

Mar. Aye; or a hundred, upon compulsion.

Fan. Then be wise and they are yours.

Mar. Then fortune and merit, after having been at variance for centuries, are, at last, going to shake hands. But I say, Fanny; are the means of obtaining them honourable?

Fan. Purely:—you must assist me to cheat our master.

Mar. It wou'dn't be fair to take a bribe for that.

Fan. Why not?

Mar. Because we servants are in the habit of cheating our masters every day — gratis.

Fan. You are too scrupulous. But, to balance the account of conscience, by cheating our master, we shall serve our mistress.

Mar. That will leave the account too much in their favour. However, as I dare say we shall be able to make up for our superabundant honesty some other way, I'm your's to com-

Fan. You must know, then, that when the father of our young mistress, Miss Emily, died, he left her, then an infant, under the guardianship of our old master, Mr. Stubborn; and her twin-sister Flirtilla to the care of Mrs. Latchet: but trusting the ultimate disposal, both of them and their fortunes, to the discretion of Mr. Stubborn.

Mar. Undutiful father!

Fan. Mr. Stubborn having frequent occasion to visit Mrs. Latchet, on the subject of their respective charges, he one day lost his old heart, and gave her a written promise of marriage. But on comparing the charms of Mrs. Latchet, at fifty-eight, with those of his ward, Miss Emily, at eighteen——

Mar. The inference pops out by instinct.

Fan. Well, then: to avoid the importunities of the old woman, and prevent Captain Courtney's interviews with Miss Emily, our master determined upon secretly leaving London for this place; but the widow, discovering his intentions, immediately set off in pursuit; and that house adjoining ours being unoccupied, she engaged it. Now we want you to assist us in frustrating our master's scheme of marrying his ward, and in obtaining his consent to her marriage with Captain Courtney.

Mar. Nothing more easy: any of the fashionable novels, of the last twenty years, will furnish us with a scheme how a daughter may cheat her parents or a ward her guardian.

Fan. For shame! don't let us disgrace ourselves by stealing precedents; let our roguery be original. Besides, I have told you but one half

of our design: we must not only prevent old Stubborn's marrying our young mistress, but must procure his marriage with Mrs. Latchet. You know the reward — can you assist us?

Mar. Stare me full in the face, and you will see the lines of address and industry standing bump out on my forehead. Our master is as stingy as a lord; my service with him is not likely to afford either honour or profit: so I'll serve the opposite party to the last — scheme in my brains. But where is that nonpareil, the Captain?

Fan. At Mrs. Latchet's; and our master's absence affording me the opportunity, I have just been holding a council with them, upon the present perilous state of our affairs, and the measures best to be adopted for their amelioration. There's a parliamentary touch for you.

Mar. Mrs. Latchet's business is settled: she has the old man's promise of marriage, and must compel him to ratify it by law.

Fan. She'll never do that. She knows that the charms of that woman are but poorly estimated by the world, who, flying from Cupid to the Lord Chancellor, seeks to obtain by law what love could not accomplish. Now run and bring Miss Emily here; I have promised the lovers an interview: after that we'll to council again; and, if fortune favour merit——

Mar. Fortune, like most great people in office, is apt to let merit shift for itself; but impudence, Fanny, impudence is the never-failing passport to her presence, and on that we must rely.

[*Exit into* STUBBORN'S.

Fan. Here comes my hero.

Enter cautiously (from Mrs. LATCHET'S) *Capt.* COURTNEY.

Capt. C. Well, my dear Fanny; any agreeable piece of intelligence for me?

Fan. Two in a breath, captain: the all-accomplished and all-accomplishing Martin is on our side; and Miss Emily will bless you with her presence in an instant.

Capt. C. I can never sufficiently reward you.—

Enter EMILY, *from* STUBBORN'S.

My beloved Emily; after an age of absence—

Emily. One moment is all I can grant you; my guardian is expected to return every instant, and—

Capt. C. Cruel Emily! Suffer me but to declare—

Fan. Don't, madam; this is no time for declarations, or protestations, or any other sort of *ations*. We must instantly devise some plan to obtain your guardian's consent to your marriage.

Capt. C. My part is decided: let us fly and—

Emily. Imprudent! Consider that by marrying without the consent of my guardian I risk the loss of my fortune.

Capt. C. Blest with you, my Emily, what greater possession can I desire?

Fan. Psha! Nonsense! that may be all very

fine; but I am determined that my mistress shall not wantonly relinquish her fortune; at least, we will make an effort to preserve that, while we endeavour to accomplish your wishes.—Be prudent, captain, or I fly your colours.

Enter MARTIN.

Mar. Huzza!—huzza! The day is ours!

Emily. What has happened?

Mar. Such a discovery! Talk of Columbus!—

Capt. C. Martin, I'm all impatience!

Mar. Talk of the source of the Nile!

Capt. C. Martin, I say—

Mar. Talk of the longitude!

Fan. Why Martin, Martin,—

Mar. Talk of the Philosopher's Stone!

Capt. C. My dear Martin, tell me instantly,—take this,—(*gives money.*)

Mar. I am one of the true discoverer-breed. *(looking at the money.)* I'll now publish for the benefit of society:—As I was moving the large press in your apartment, (*to* EMILY) I discovered a movable pannel,—a hole in the wall,—which opens directly into Mrs. Latchet's.—There's a discovery!

Capt. C. Well; what then?

Mar. What then! I wish you good day, sir. *(Going.)*

Capt. C. I don't understand you.

Mar. Now don't you perceive with what facility you may now contrive your interviews with your dear Emily, and carry on your consultations with her, and her aunt, and Fanny, and—O! you're a pretty fellow for a lover!

Capt. C. My dear Martin, I'm overjoyed. Your zeal shall not go unrewarded: be but faithful to us, and help us to cheat your master, —and the fifty pounds shall be a hundred.

Mar. Where is the servant that wou'dn't cheat a hundred masters for one pound? but a hundred pounds for cheating one master! Sir, your generosity binds me to you for ever.

Fan. Come, come; we must not stand chattering here: Let us go and acquaint Mrs. Latchet with our discovery.—You, Martin, remain here and give us notice of the enemy's approach, that we may return undiscovered.

[*Exeunt (all but* MARTIN*) into Mrs.* LATCHET'S.

Mar. Now Martin, my boy,—courage, and a little brains, and your fortune is made.—The Captain's hundred pounds, clearly prove that my master is behaving very ill in this business, and therefore there can be no harm in cheating him.—That's well reasoned.—There's nothing like the logic of Threadneedle-Street; 'tis proposition, argument, and conviction, in a breath. —But I have undertaken a difficult task; for, though my master has no more sense than an oyster, he fancies himself a very Socrates.— However, 'tis a strong point gained when one knows the weak side of one's adversary.—Egad, here he is: I must give notice of his arrival. *(Going)*

Enter STUBBORN.

Stub. Very well, Mrs. Latchet, very well; you may play me these pranks if you please,

but you will gain nothing by it: You will find I am not to be moved; for, though I am by no means obstinate, yet, when I have once formed a resolution, the more I am opposed, the more positive I become.

Mar. What the devil is he grumbling about?

Stub. I left London in the hope of getting rid of my plagues, and here they come bump upon my heels.—But it won't do: they shall find that I harpoon myself into my resolutions, and that trying to disengage me from them, only makes me stick the faster.

Mar. I must be off.—*(Going.)*

Stub. What, Martin, are you there?

Mar. No, sir, *(going)* but I shall be instantly.

Stub. Come hither, Martin, I want you.

Mar. Your commands, sir.

Stub. Martin, you are a good servant—a faithful servant.

Mar. Oh, sir! *(aside)* how confoundedly ironical the old fellow is.

Stub. Martin, I like you, for you are always of my opinion.

Mar. Thereby I am always sure of being right.—*(Going.)*

Stub. As a reward for your good conduct, I intend to bestow upon you ———

Mar. Thank'ee, sir; how much?

Stub. How much? Psha! you are not one of those mercenary servants who think of nothing but getting money.—I have a nobler gift for you;—my confidence, you rogue, my entire confidence.

Mar. Sir, your confidence is as good as

money to me.—*(aside)* If it be of the right sort, it will fetch me a hundred pounds.

Stub. Then attend. The arrival of a certain person in this village has very much alarmed me.

Mar. Ah! sir,—That plaguy Mrs. Latchet.

Stub. Martin, a word in your ears—she be-damn'd: but she has brought that gunpowder captain with her.

Mar. That's terrible, indeed, sir.

Stub. Pooh! Pooh! not at all; I think I like it, Martin; I'll shew them what metal I'm made of.—Now, though I've something to say to the old woman, I'll not see her myself,—for, after playing the faithless swain, it would be cruel to wound her tender old heart by the sight of me.

Mar. Very true, sir.

Stub. So I'll send you with a message to her.

Mar. *(aside.)*—That's lucky.

Stub. "I that am cruel, am yet merciful," as what's-his-name says in the play,—so tell her, as tenderly as possible, that she and her captain may both be da——

Mar. Stop one moment, sir; you forget the captain's a fighter.

Stub. True, Martin; then tell her that Emily would have been my wife at this moment, did I not wait the arrival of my brother, who wishes to be present at our marriage.

Mar. Delightfully edifying! You defer your own happiness to gratify the wishes of a brother.

Stub. Ah! he's my elder brother; and as he has no children to contribute towards his happiness, you know I must—

Mar. Very true, sir.

Stub. Come in for every shilling he's worth.

Mar. Ah! sir; nothing so effectually brings out the charities of life as the prospect of a good legacy.

Stub. But legacy-hunting does not always succeed. There was Mrs. Snuffle, an old widow of ninety-six, with a fortune of fifty thousand pounds: in hopes of a good slice of it—I used to trot five miles, night after night, through all weathers, to play at cribbage with the old devil; and, when she died, what do you think she left me?

Mar. Why, ten—twenty thousand pounds, perhaps?

Stub. She left me the cribbage-board;—dam'me if she did not cut me off with the cribbage-board; and I was laughed at by all the town into the bargain. Let's see what Jeremy wants.

Enter JEREMY.

Jer. Oh, your honour! your honour! If your honour knowed what I know, with submission, you'd die with rage.

Stub. Speak;—you alarm me.

Mar. And me, by the Lord!

Jer. As I was at work in your honour's garden, humming a tune;—I forget what I was humming.

Stub. If you are humming me, rascal——

Jer. With submission, sir, don't be in a passion just yet.

Stub. Will you get to the end of your story, rascal?

Jer. I have not got to the beginning yet—but if you are not in a passion presently, with submission, you don't deserve as how any body should take the trouble to put you in a passion again as long as you lives.

Mar. I'm in an agony!

Stub. Tell me in a word, or, by the Lord, I'll ———

Jer. Well, then;—but if your honour likes to hear a story without the graces, with submission, I pities your taste.

Stub. Fetch me the blunderbuss, Martin; I'll blow the rascal's brains out.

Jer. If you do, your honour, you'll drive every thing out of my head at once; but you shall have your honour's own way.—As I was at work in your honour's garden, I looked up at Mrs. Latchet's window, and there I saw Mrs. Latchet, and Captain Courtney, and Miss Emily, all hugging each other for dear life.

Mar. The blockhead has ruined us!

Stub. Confusion!

Jer. Master, I don't bear malice, especially as you're my master; and though you've spoil'd as good a story as ever was made to tell, I'll advise you in this affair: let the young people amuse themselves by all means.

Stub. How dare you talk of advising me, you scoundrel?—Come, Martin; we'll go and take them by surprise.

Mar. Hold, sir. You know I never presume to advise you; but I can tell what you mean to do.

Stub. Well, let's hear.

Mar. You mean to send Jeremy to keep watch outside the door of Miss Emily's apartment; me to surprise her at Mrs. Latchet's; while you remain here with your eyes fixed, like a Cerberus, upon that front door, so that she may not escape us any way.

Stub. Exactly what I meant to do! 'Tis an excellent scheme, isn't it?

Mar. Wonderfully ingenious! You have a most surprising invention—*(aside)* when I take the trouble of thinking for you.

Stub. Now for it: fly, Martin,—fly, Jeremy.

Jer. Going to fly directly, your honour.

Mar. *(Aside,)* Now, then, for our first use of the Hole in the Wall.

[*Exeunt* JEREMY *at* STUBBORN'S; MARTIN *at Mrs.* LATCHET'S.

Stub. *(Looking stedfastly at the doors.)*—Now what will the traitress say for herself? O Lord! O Lord! She's with my rival;—I am choaking with rage,—love,—jealousy,—madness!—I'm dying,—I'm dead;—Eh! what do I see? I revive.—Here she comes, and out of my own house!—Jeremy, then, has been deceived.

Enter (from STUBBORN'S) JEREMY, *followed by* EMILY *and* FANNY.

Jer. If Miss Emily isn't a witch, I'm no conjuror, that's all.

Emily. How is this, sir? Is it by your orders that Jeremy has been watching me at my very chamber-door?

Stub. O pardon, my dear Emily, the fault of doubting love.

Fanny. O, madam! this treatment cries aloud for vengeance. They have interrupted us at that interesting point of a romance, where two faithful lovers were exchanging mutual vows of constancy, (in spite of the wiles of a crusty old guardian,) and planning how they might escape his tyranny.

Stub. You have been reading a damn'd bad book, you little rascal.

Fanny. And to be disturbed by that ugly Jeremy.

Jer. Ugly Jeremy!—Now that's false; if it were *true*, I'd file a criminal information against you, and punish you for a libel.

Stub. Once more, pardon, my little angel;—one word from that pretty mouth, and I shall die of joy.

Fanny. Speak, Miss; perhaps he'll keep his word.

Emily. Then, once for all, sir, hear my determination: I will no longer either listen to your addresses, or submit to your tyranny, and, from this moment, I will use every effort to free myself from both.

[*Exit.*

Fanny. I hope you're satisfied, sir; and, as for you, Mr. Jeremy, take that — *(Slaps his face.)*

[*Exit* FANNY.

Jer. O Lord! this is the reward of honesty.

Stub. That will teach you to see clearer another time, blockhead.

Jer. I'm positive I saw them together.—Art has done much for me, to be sure; but, then, nature has been very bountiful; and for an eyesight, or an appetite, I'll back myself against any man in England.

Stub. Well; I'm not afraid of her: She can't marry without my consent;—and, as for her arts, even with that little firebrand, Fanny, to back them—Egad, I've a head; haven't I, Jeremy?

Jer. A head,—who the devil doubts it? 'tis as plain as the nose in your face.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*A Room at Old* STUBBORN'S.

Enter MARTIN *cautiously, and taps at the Door on the opposite Side.*

Mar. Fanny, Fanny!

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Well, Martin; we have succeeded to admiration.

Mar. And now I've a scheme in my head; but 'tis not in a state for exhibition yet;—'tis a scheme in the rough;—the statue lies in the block, *(touching his head,)* and we have only to chip away the knobs and corners.

Fanny. Then chip away as fast as possible.

Mar. Is the resemblance you told me of

which Emily bears to her sister, Flirtilla, now in London, very striking?

Fanny. So striking, indeed, that it would be difficult to distinguish one from the other, were it not for the remarkable dissimilarity of their manners: for, while Emily is all ease and simplicity, Flirtilla is all vanity and affectation.

Mar. Excellent! But are their voices alike?

Fanny. In tone, precisely; but Flirtilla, having lived a great deal in the fashionable world, has acquired that low-life, high-life, mode of speaking; *(mimicking)* that drowsy, drawling, drivelling, yaw-yaw, manner, with mouth half-open, and eyes half-closed, which stamps the person of fashion, and which seems to have been invented by a club of fools, who, as the only way of concealing their folly, were compelled to render their conversation unintelligible. That's it,—'pon my honour.

Mar. Then Emily shall personate her;—but fly;—here comes old Stubborn;—I'll explain all presently.

Fanny. I'll go and prepare Emily for the part.

[*Exit* FANNY.

Mar. And now, my old boy, we'll shew you some play.

Enter STUBBORN.

Well, sir, no wonder poor Jeremy was deceived. Mrs. Latchet has brought her niece Flirtilla with her from London,—it was she whom Jeremy saw at the window. Egad, she is so like her sister Emily, that, had it not been for

the difference of her dress and manners, I could have sworn Emily had been before me.

Stub. Flirtilla with her! why then its all as clear as the sun; I knew all along Jeremy had made a blunder; I was sure Emily wouldn't play me such a trick: there's the effect of education, Martin; Emily, who has been brought up under my care, is a nice, steady, pretty, bewitching,—O bless her! but Flirtilla, who has passed all her life with Mrs. Latchet, is a vain, affected, fanciful,—O! curse her!

Mar. Ah! poor Mrs. Latchet! we had a long talk about you, sir.

Stub. And what did the old animal say?

Mar. She means to break your heart: she has cut you, sir;—she says that she followed you here, not for the mere pleasure of beholding your beautiful face, but to obtain your consent to the union of her niece Flirtilla and Captain Courtney, who has suddenly fallen in love with her: and, as for you and Emily, she has done with you both for ever.

Stub. Why didn't you tell me this before, my dear Martin? I shall go wild with joy,—I shall—O! then, Emily will marry me to revenge herself upon her faithless captain.

Mar. Yes, she'll cut off her nose to be revenged of her face.

Stub. And do you call marrying me, cutting off her nose, and be damn'd to you!—And the old woman, in despair of obtaining me, will give me back my written promise.—Well, Martin; I think we may now cry "victory," for fortune seems to have taken up the cudgels for us.

[*Exit.*

Mar. And if fortune will but trust her cudgels into my hands for a short time, I'll give you a dressing with them to your heart's content. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*A Room at Mrs.* LATCHET'S.

Enter Mrs. LATCHET, *Captain* COURTNEY, *and* MARTIN.

Mrs. Lat. I approve of your scheme in part, Martin; but I don't know what to say about surrendering the written promise.

Mar. It will be the means of throwing him more off his guard, Madam; and I'll undertake that he shall marry you without it.

Capt. C. Whatever you do be expeditious.

Mar. Make yourself easy, Sir,—you have nothing to do but disclaim all regard for Emily; feign a sudden affection for Flirtilla; sigh, look sad, and swear yourself black; that's easy enough, you know, Sir.

Mrs. Lat. But should Mr. Stubborn desire to see both sisters at the same time.

Mar. Leave that to me.

Mrs. Lat. The deceiver! but he shall marry me though he doesn't deserve me. Look at me, captain; many women not possessed of half my charms, and old enough to be my grandmothers, have married *young* husbands; but Mr. Stubborn who is as old—I mean as middle-aged—as myself;—well, no matter.

Capt. C. Now, Martin, our hopes rest upon you.

Mrs. Lat. And remember, you have undertaken to reclaim my renegade.

Mar. If I fail may I be stript of my livery, and follow the plough for the remainder of my life. I'll now creep back through the wall, and prepare my master to meet the high lady of fashion, Flirtilla. Miss Emily is to make her appearance when I cough.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE.—*The Front of the Houses as in the First Scene.*

Enter MARTIN *and* STUBBORN *(from* STUBBORN'S.)

Stub. Give me joy, Martin, give me joy. In three days my brother will be here, and on the fourth the captain shall marry Flirtilla, and I'll marry Emily at the same time.

Mar. The devil you will. *(aside.)* If you wait four days, I tremble for your success. In that time Emily may effect, what we must, by all means, endeavour to prevent. She may obtain an interview with the captain, and reclaim his affections.

Stub. So you think Flirtilla does not like him.

Mar. I'm certain she does'nt: and, a word in your ear,—the young devil is over head and ears in love with you.

Stub. Impossible!

Mar. So one would think, Sir. *(Looking at him significantly.)*

Stub. Not at all; nothing more likely; I'm not to be sneezed at neither.

Mar. (Aside.) Apropos! talking of sneezing reminds me that its time to cough. (*Coughs.*)

Stub. See, Martin, here comes that cargo of fashion and folly from London, Flirtilla.

Enter EMILY (*as* FLIRTILLA) *dressed in the very extreme of Fashion, and assuming a Tone of Voice and a Manner excessively affected.*

Emily. Ah! my dear Mr. Stubborn, I am overwhelmed with joy at seeing you.—'Pon my honour you look monstrous well; I suspect you *rouge;* rouge, you know, is getting in with the gentlemen.

Stub. Miss Flirtilla, I rejoice—

Emily. Apropos! talking of rouge,—how is my sister Emily? doesn't use it I know,—trusts to nature,—forlorn hope;—nature does pretty well sometimes, but nothing equal to this—real Parisian;—nature knows nothing about fashionable complexions;—tints mawkish and insipid,—or a vulgarity in her colouring quite disgusting;—her milkmaid-complexions, indeed, are *assez bien*, as you say.

Stub. I say! I haven't even thought of a milkmaid these twenty years.

Emily. Apropos! I think——Eh! what was I going to *think?* Oh! Ah! very true,—I wish Emily had a little of my spirit and animation.

Stub. I wish the devil had it all!

Emily. 'Tis every thing to a girl with a tolerable face; it sets her off to the best advan-

tage; she strikes,—she enchants,—she overpowers,—she——heigho!

Mar. Mark that, sir.

Stub. Egad! I believe you're right, Martin.

Emily. Now might I but confess! One word,—one look,—one smile,—one sigh,—Cupid! hearts! darts!——

Mar. Ah! dont let her seduce you, sir.

Stub. Never fear me: I'm an old bird; she sha'n't put salt upon my tail.

Emily. Oh, sir, pardon my confusion!

Stub. Stand out of the way, she's going to pop the question.

Emily. You must perceive the conflict which agitates my bosom; resign,—my sister Emily,—and save,—Oh! save, a fond female from distraction. *(Kneels.)*

Stub. Here's a pretty situation for a young Damon of sixty! Madam, it grieves me to decline so distinguished an offer, but our tempers, our habits——

Emily. Oh, sir! you shall find me any thing you desire; I'll change "from gay to grave, from lively to severe."—When in London, if you object to my having card-parties, I'll be content to give masquerades; should my balls and concerts be unpleasant to you, I'll suffer you to go to bed at eight o'clock whenever I give them.

Stub. Vastly accommodating!

Emily. Then in the country we'll be amiably pastoral,—you a Damon, I a Phillis;—purling streams, rural concerts, nightingales, linnets, crows, ravens, cuckoos, jackdaws,—caw-caws.—

Stub. Martin, she's cracked,—gone,—March hare.

Mar. A little touch'd I'm afraid, sir.

Stub. Excuse me, Madam, but I neither like ladies of *ton* nor pastoral Phillises.

Emily. Then excuse me, sir, but I have set my heart upon having you, and I will have you.

Stub. Psha! nonsense! Madam, you compel me to declare that I not only,—damn circumlocution! I hate you.—I think she can't misunderstand that.

Emily. Hear this thou outraged god of love! I, young, amiable, and beautiful, to be rejected by a——but I'll be revenged; I'll marry the Captain, and his happiness shall be so much my care that you shall die of envy and remorse.

Mrs. LATCHET *and Captain* COURTNEY *appear;* EMILY *joins them.*

Stub. Ha! ha! ha! so be it. Now, if I don't make her marry him instantly, she may start some new whim and refuse him. Now, Martin, run to the post-office and see if there be any letters for me.

Mar. I fly, sir. [*Exit* MARTIN.

[*Mrs.* LATCHET, *Captain* COURTNEY, *and* EMILY, *advance.*

Emily. Come, my dear Edward, let us thank Mr. Stubborn for his kind consent.

Capt. C. In giving me the hand of my Flirtilla, sir, you have rendered me happy for life.

Stub. (Aside.) For life! then he intends to hang himself before the honeymoon is over.

Mrs. Lat. The wretch doesn't deign to notice me!

Stub. O, the devil! she's here.—Ecod, I'll take courage; I must spring the mine some time or other, so the sooner done the better. Mrs. Latch —— whoo! ——I have got the match in my hand, but expect so tremendous an explosion that I'm afraid to fire the train.—Mrs. Latchet,—Madam,—to please you I have granted the request of the young people there, and in return I trust you will not refuse mine.

Mrs. Lat. (Aside.) Oh! then I have wronged him. Sir, I can refuse you nothing; spare my blushes!—but,—if you wish to marry me,—Oh, sir!—say it at once.

Stub. (Aside.) An amorous old fool! Madam, I have nothing to request but that you will return me the promise I gave you; I gave it in a moment of youthful indiscretion, and——

Mrs. Lat. Brute! perfidious wretch! and am I to be made the sport of your caprices? but I have done with you;—you need not fear any more of my tender reproaches,—you villain!—take back your broken promise;—there, I discard you for ever! *(Throws a paper at him.)*

Stub. (Tearing it.) Huzza! huzza! now, Captain, having broken my own chains, I'll rivet yours. You and Flirtilla shall be married within an hour; and, on my brother's arrival, you shall witness my marriage with Emily.

Enter MARTIN — *gives a Letter to* STUBBORN.

Capt. C. Martin, all has succeeded, and we shall be united within an hour.

Mar. Bravo! I'll announce the glorious intelligence to Fanny. [*Exit to* STUBBORN'S.

Stub. (*Having read the letter.*) So much the better. Here is a letter from my brother; listen: (*Reads.*) "Important business detains "me in London; so do not wait my arrival, "but marry your ward, Emily, immediately."

Emily. O heavens! then we are lost!

Stub. So, my dear Flirtilla, I'll go to the attorney in the village, order him to prepare the contracts immediately, and delay your marriage till the evening, when we'll make a double wedding. [*Exit.*

Capt. C. Confusion! we're undone!

Emily. Our project is frustrated.

Mrs. Lat. And my marriage more distant than ever. But I see how it is,—that villain Martin has betrayed us.

Capt. C. If I thought that, the scoundrel should pay dearly for it.

Enter MARTIN, *leading on* FANNY *with an air of triumph.*

Mar. Now, Fanny, for a brilliant reception.

Capt. C. O you rascal!

Emily. The traitor has ruined us.

Mrs. Lat. Let us hang the villain on the door-post.

Capt. C. (*Draws.*) Confess, or I'll run you through the body.

Fanny. Why, Martin, is this our brilliant reception?

Mar. Be quiet; can't you take the joke?

Capt. C. You abominable rascal! ruin us and call it a joke! But I'll ——

Mar. Hold, sir, pray; one word,—are you serious?

Capt. C. Serious! this is no time for jesting; the letter you gave Old Subborn was from his brother; he gives him permission to marry Emily instantly, and the old fellow has determined on a double marriage this evening.

Mar. Then we're nailed up! but do not doubt my probity, sir, for I've done all in my power to cheat my master.

Fanny. For my sake spare him, sir,—at least till we have been married a month or two.

Capt. C. No, the rascal shall suffer.

Mar. Mercy, sir, mercy! if you kill me I shall certainly die upon the spot.

Capt. C. Well, for the present you may live.

Mar. And that's no easy matter as times go.

Capt. C. But upon condition that you help us out of this difficulty.

Mar. (Aside.) Would I were at Constantinople! Sir, I have it,—'tis your only hope,—follow my example,—run away.

[*Exit into* STUBBORN'S.

Capt. C. Confusion! but he shall not escape thus. *(following.)*

Mrs. Lat. Kill him, Captain, by all means.

Fanny (Detaining him.) Sir, sir, would you follow him into Mr. Stubborn's house? Should he return and find you there, every thing would inevitably be discovered; as it is, we may yet hope to deceive him. Now, Miss, go to Mrs. Latchet's, change your dress, and return in-

stantly, through the pannel, to your own apartment.

Capt. C. Now, Fanny, our hopes rest upon you; endeavour to prevail with Martin to rejoin us; promise him any thing,—every thing.

Fanny. Never fear, sir; in love, as in politics, when a gentleman is generous, and has a woman in his interest, there is not any thing he may not hope to accomplish.

[*Exit into* STUBBORN'S.

[*Mrs.* LATCHET, EMILY, *and Capt.* C. *into Mrs.* LATCHET'S.

ACT II.

SCENE.—STUBBORN'S *Garden.*

JEREMY *discovered at Work.*

JEREMY.

AYE, Jeremy's a blockhead, and Jeremy's a drunkard, and Jeremy can't see clearly! When I said I see'd them'ere traitors together this morning, they told me as how I was drunk! now I wasn't drunk, though I confess I might have been what they call a little funny! Well, we shall

see who is right by and by. Perhaps, now, I don't see three people together,—who, as the vulgar say, are as thick as three in a bed. Here they comes; but I won't listen;—no,—listening is paltry work, and Jeremy's an honourable man. I'll just rest myself behind that 'ere tree; and, if they should talk so loud that I can't help hearing them,—why it will be no fault of mine. *(Lies down behind a tree.)*

Enter EMILY, FANNY, *and* MARTIN.

Mar. No, madam, I must resign. Acting as prime minister to two young lovers is a dangerous employment.

Fan. But, Martin, for my sake.——

Emily. And, consider, Martin, if *you* abandon us.——

Mar. Indeed, madam, I'd rather you'd form your administration without considering me.

Emily. But, Martin; we can't succeed without you.

Mar. Sorry for it;—must take care of myself.

Emily. And Martin,—wear this ring for my sake.

Mar. O Madam; my duty to you is paramount to every personal consideration. *(Aside.)* In politics nothing succeeds so well as a little coquetry.

Fanny. Now, have you a scheme ready cut and dried?

Mar. A scheme! a thousand!

Emily. What's to be done?

Mar. That first scheme of mine was so ex-

traordinary a hit, that it is the pivot upon which all our future proceedings must turn.

Fan. Then, miss, return to your chamber, be ready to resume the part of Flirtilla at a moment's notice; and, through the means of that disguise, we may yet deceive your guardian.

(JEREMY *comes forward.*)

Jer. I have *accidentally* overheard all your plans;—but don't be afraid.

Mar. (*Confused.*) Afraid!—Oh, no!—you're a man of too much honour to——

Jer. Very true; Jeremy is an honourable man. I scorns a paltry underhanded trick, so I gives you all fair notice, as how I shall instantly tell my master all I knows.

[*Exit.*

(*They look at each other for some time in consternation.*)

Fan. Martin.

Mar. Fanny.

Emily. We are lost.

Mar. We are sewed up!—But, stay,—(*to Emily.*) Does Old Stubborn know your sister's hand-writing?

Emily. No.

Mar. Nor your's?

Fan. Never wrote him a billet in all my life.

Mar. Then we may yet be saved; a letter shall save us.

Emily. But the discovery of my disguise.

Mar. Shall be turned to our advantage.

Emily. What do you intend?

Mar. Briefly this,—but here comes the old scoundrel and the young scoundrel with him.

(STUBBORN *and* JEREMY *appear listening.*)

Emily. We are observed.

Mar. So much the better: beg my assistance;—do you take? be pathetic.

Emily. Save me, Martin! protect, assist me! see me kneeling at your feet.

Fan. Oh, Martin, be not blind,—deaf, I mean, to our entreaties. *(They kneel)*

Mar. Rise: I can resist no longer, go and prepare a disguise: I have promised to assist you, and I will conquer or perish in the attempt. *(Softly.)* Now, Fanny, come and write a letter which I'll dictate to you. [*Exeunt.*

*(*Stubborn *and* Jeremy *come forward.)*

Jer. Now, sir, I hope you're convinced that Martin, the man who does all your odd jobs,—your *tetotum*, as you call him, is a rascal.

Stub. Oh, this world! this world!

Jer. (*Aside.*) Now, if I could but wriggle myself into Martin's place! Well, sir,—I say nothing; but you may thank Jeremy that you are not made the dupe of one of the most complicated pieces of villainy that was ever conceived by the heart of man. (*Aside.*) There; when preferment is to be gained by eloquence, I believe men become orators by instinct.

Stub. I always thought him honest. How could he impose upon me, who am an acknowledged physiognomist?

Jer. Now I, who am no physmy—hem! I always knew him for a rogue.

Stub. But I'll overthrow their rebellious schemes; I'll confound their politics.

Jer. Ah! you'll find them too much for you. Now let me advise you, sir.

Stub. How dare you talk of advising me? I

defy them and all their works.—O! here comes the knave;—I'll work him for this.

Jer. You know what an artful tongue he has; now, take my advice—

Stub. Damn the fellow, he'll smother me with his advice. Will you close those damn'd jaws of yours? Do you think I'm to be deceived.

Enter MARTIN.

Mar. (*Aside.*) We'll try.—O, sir; I've been looking for you high and low.

Stub. Here's a shameless rascal.

Mar. I have been just in time to save you from a plot that——

Stub. Aye; you're a faithful, trusty fellow.

Mar. Now you know I hate to be praised. But listen, sir.

Stub. You ten-fold traitor! You constellation of roguery!—leave my house; quit my service.

Mar. Amazement! at the moment when I come to render you a signal service.

Stub. O thou,—but I'll hear him out for the joke of the thing.

Mar. First take this ring, sir; I received it of Miss Emily as a bribe to deceive you. But 'tis your's, sir;—you are to marry Miss Emily; her property ought then to come unimpaired into your hands, and heaven forbid that I should touch one sixpence of it.

Stub. Why this looks like honesty: oh! I knew all along he was honest.

Jer. He's as great a rogue as Alexander the Great.

Stub. But come, Martin; what of the plot?

Mar. First tell me one thing, sir. Is it true you intend to bring the sisters together, and make a double wedding?

Stub. This very hour.

Mar. Fire, water, and the other elements! what a knack these women have of turning every thing to their own advantage! Read this letter, sir, which Flirtilla has contrived to get delivered to Emily.

Stub. You don't say so! how could she manage to do that?

Mar. That's the mystery, sir;—well, 'tis a hard thing to suspect any body, but—(*Looking significantly at* JEREMY) How d'ye do Jeremy?

Jer. What does he mean by that?

Mar. Read the letter, sir; read the letter.

Stub. (*Reads.*) "My dear Emily,—your "guardian is desirous that I should marry your "lover, Captain Courtney; I have feigned con- "sent; but I am determined to marry your "guardian, and none but him."——O the little rogue! "and none but him; for I think he will "very soon be knocked off the hooks, and boxed "up!" Knocked off the hooks and boxed up! Ah—there's the secret of her affection for me this morning;—come, I like that.

Mar. You see, sir, she's the finished lady of fashion.

Jer. Master, you always said as how you'd be buried under the large mulberry-tree, and that I should have the pleasure of burying you.

Stub. What! in compliance with the rage

for amateurs, you want to be an amateur undertaker, I suppose.

Mar. Read on, sir; the cream of the joke is to come.

Stub. (*Reads.*) "As we are to be married "at the same time, we'll exchange dresses and "counterfeit each other's manners, so that, old "Stubborn, being deceived, he'll give you to "your old lover Captain Courtney, and marry "me himself; your's, Flirtilla."—O the sorceress! So, this is the disguise that blockhead Jeremy told me of.

Jer. My old master is in a bad way I see.

Mar. Now you see it all, sir; Emily gave me this letter which she got the lord knows how; bye the bye, we must pump Jeremy upon that subject.

Stub. True, she might have bribed him.

Jer. So, after all, I'm to be the rogue, and he the honest man.

Stub. How a thick-headed fellow may confuse a plain story! Jeremy overheard your conversation with Emily, and came to me with a blundering hodge-podge tale about treason and plot—

Mar. No, sure! you surprise me.

Stub. Why, according to Jeremy's account, one would have thought you the greatest knave in existence.

Mar. What, I, sir? well; Jeremy may be a very clever cabbage-cutter, but he certainly is a bad judge of character.

Jer. Lord have mercy! what a hypocritical canting fellow! he's a perfect Judas.

Mar. Well, Jeremy, I forgive you; though

you have wronged me, you've shewn your zeal for our master. Now, don't be angry with him, sir: what can one expect of a poor foolish gardener; a poor dolt, who passes one half of his life in sowing turnips, and the other in digging them up again?

Stub. Well, I forgive him.

Mar. And I forgive him.

Jer. O, I shall go mad! Now take my advice, sir.—

Stub. Advice, again! Martin, knock him down.

Mar. Now Jeremy, you know I'm a dutiful servant,—take the hint and go away.

Jer. That fellow has some reason for wanting me to go, so here I'll stick.

Mar. I believe that cursed gardener means to take root here.

Stub. Now, Martin, let's consider how we may defeat those conspirators.

Mar. You have only to prevent their seeing each other, and to put into execution your first immortal project of getting that giddy, wavering, Flirtilla married out of hand, to that detestable foot-soldier.

Stub. Aye; the first thoughts of a great genius are always the best; it shall be so: I'm as immovable as St. Paul's.

Mar. *(Aside)* Then we're safe at last.

Stub. Stop;—I've a better scheme in my head.

Mar. (*Aside.*) I wish that prolific head of his were under Jeremy's mulberry-tree.—Well, sir?

Stub. My first step shall be to marry Emily myself.

Mar. Dead and buried!

Stub. You admire my scheme, eh?

Mar. Prodigiously. But why — ?

Stub. It shall be so:—I'm safe then at all events: and I expect the attorney here instantly with the papers, ready for signature.—

Mar. A thunderbolt!

Jer. I can tell by Martin's physmy — hang the word, — that my master's doing right. I say, Martin, we two honest servants will make a holiday on the occasion.

Stub. Martin, you rogue, keep my secret, and you shall see the biter's bit. You'll relish that:—Won't it be monstrous fine? Ha! ha! ha!—but why don't you laugh? See how Jeremy laughs.—

Mar. He, he, he!—I can't laugh any more; I'm quite exhausted. — Oh! curse their hard-hearted mirth!

Stub. Now, come, Martin; come, Jeremy; we'll go in and prepare. I'm so pleased, that I could laugh till this time twelve-months. [*Exit.*

Jer. Come, honest Martin. [*Exit.*

Mar. I'll break your bones, you potatoe-digging rascal. — Ruined, beyond hope! the lovers are lost, and I—The most amusing thing I can do is to hang myself. But, hold! I'm not at my wit's-end yet; and I'll be hanged if I hang myself till I am. I'll make another trial; so tremble, master of mine, for the widow shall yet be your's;—the captain shall yet marry Emily.—I'll marry Fanny, by way of parenthesis, —and, as for Jeremy,—Oh! it's quite shocking to think of the revenge I'll take upon that rascal. [*Exit.*

SCENE.—*The two Houses as before. Enter* FANNY *and* MARTIN, *from* STUBBORN'S.

Mar. Now, Fanny, you see through it at once.

Fan. Yes, clearly; but why—?

Mar. We have no time for why's, for here he comes; Jeremy is in our way, and we must destroy Stubborn's confidence in him.—Now, slap my face, but not very hard,—and run into the house; and, when I cough, return with Emily.

Fan. There, Mr. Honesty, take that,—and tell tales again. *(She slaps his face, and runs into* STUBBORN'S *house as he is coming out.)*

Mar. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

Enter STUBBORN.

Stub. Why—why—what's the matter here?

Mar. The matter!—feel my cheek, sir!

Stub. I don't understand you.

Mar. I don't know how you should. Fanny has just given me such a slap o'the face, that nothing less than a practical illustration could give you an idea of it.

Stub. How dared she do that?

Mar. Because I was honest, and gave you the letter Flirtilla sent to Emily.

Stub. And who told her you did?

Mar. Don't ask me, sir.

Stub. I insist upon knowing.

Mar. When a man has established a repu-

tation for honesty, 'tis hard to be obliged to overthrow it. No, sir, friendship prevails over duty, and I would not expose Jeremy for the world.

Stub. Jeremy!

Mar. O no, sir; did I say Jeremy?

Stub. *O tempora! O mores!*

Mar. O Jeremy! However, sir, as you know so much, you may as well know all. Jeremy is over head and ears in love with Fanny; and, with a view to gain her favour, has betrayed us, and exposed our plans.

Stub. A treacherous hypocritical rascal!

Mar. Really, sir, when I reflect upon the deceit and villainy that is practised in this world, I am almost tempted to fly to a desart, and end my days among honest lions and unsophisticated tigers: animals that don't profess one thing and mean another, but ingenuously roar, and candidly swallow one alive.

Stub. How unfortunate that they should discover our plans!

Mar. But we're even with them, sir, for I have discovered their's. Jeremy has undertaken to procure Emily an interview with the captain:—upon this spot, and at about this time, they are to meet for the purpose.

Stub. We must prevent that, Martin.

Mar. 'Tis done, sir; I've locked the garden-gate upon Jeremy, and here's the key of it.

Stub. You're a treasure, Martin.

Mar. (*Aside.*) Now for it. (*Coughs.*) Here they come, expecting to find Jeremy.

Stub. A thought strikes me: instead of Jeremy, they shall find me.

Mar. What an immense head you have got, sir.—An old jack-ass!

Enter EMILY *and* FANNY.

Fan. Now for our faithful Jeremy, madam.

Emily. I hope we shall not be discovered together by my guardian.

Fan. Or his faithful servant, the lynx-eyed Martin.

Stub. Ladies, your most obedient very humble servant.—

Emily. (*Affecting surprise.*) O heavens! my guardian!

Fan. Lord ha' mercy! my master!

Stub. Don't accuse Jeremy of want of gallantry, ladies; this little instrument (*shews the key*) prevents his waiting upon you.

Jer. (*Without.*) Miss Emily, Fanny, Master, Martin, I can't get out.

Mar. D'ye hear him, sir? 'tis well I locked the gate.

Fan. Monster! I'll match you for this.

Mar. For shame, Fanny; to seduce Jeremy from his duty.

Emily. Alas! I must submit to my fate.

Fan. I'd submit, indeed, with a plague to it. However, it will be your own fault if you are not a widow before the honey moon is over.

Stub. O you young spirit of rebellion; but come, my wife that is to be, I'll secure you in your chamber till the contract is ready for your signature; and your accomplished second shall accompany you.

Fanny. One word, sir—I—I—I—Oh!—I only wish you were my husband.

Stub. Ha! ha! ha! they're at their wit's end;—but come my pretty innocents.

[*Exeunt into* STUBBORN's.

Mar. Now to prepare the Captain and Mrs. Latchet.

[*Exit into Mrs.* LATCHET's.

Enter JEREMY; STUBBORN *following with a Horse-whip.*

Jer. Oh, sir, spare me, spare me!—

Stub. There, you rascal; now plot against me another time.

Jer. Indeed, sir, I'm as innocent of it all as a sucking pig.—I know that cursed Martin—

Stub. Yes, honest Martin has exposed you.

Jer. You'll suffer for this in the end.

Stub. But I know your tricks now. Egad, you're a pretty fellow for a lover, though! Fanny has won your pumpkin of a heart, eh!

Jer. Fanny!—Oh! I see how it is.

Enter MARTIN, *from Mrs.* LATCHET's, *cautiously.*

Mar. (*Aside.*)—Oh, oh! he has caught it, I see.—Well, sir, we're safe now.

Stub. Yes, yes; we shall do now, Martin.

Jer. Once more, sir; let me advise you.

Stub. Advice again;—I'll horse-whip you again, sirrah.

Fanny. (*At* STUBBORN's *window.*)—Sir, if

you think Jeremy deserves another flogging, I'm sure he'll take it with pleasure, for my sake.

Stub. An excuse to look for the Captain.—Shut that window, hussy.

Jer. (Going.)—Well, if he likes to be cheated, he may.

Stub. Stay you here, sir; that fellow wants to be at his plots again.

Jer. It's all over with him. Now take my—hem!

Emily. (At STUBBORN'S *widow.)*—In pity listen to me, sir.

Fanny. Pray, sir, consider my poor mistress's situation.

Stub. Pray ladies shut that window, or I'll shoot you.—*(They retire.)*

Mrs. Lat. (From her own window.)—Mr. Stubborn, once more I give you warning, that if you don't keep your word with me, I'll post you all over London.

Emily. (As FLIRTILLA, *from* Mrs. LATCHET'S *window.)*—I must see my sister—'pon my honour.

Capt. C. O, let me once more see my poor Emily.

Fanny. (From STUBBORN'S, *as if calling to* EMILY.)—Madam, quick,—here's the Captain.

Stub. Down with that window.—*(She retires.)*

Mar. Here comes Mr. Snapall, the attorney, sir.

Stub. Then all is safe.—Now, good people, prepare,—for here comes the executioner.—*(They retire.)*

Enter SNAPALL.

Stub. Welcome, my dear sir:—now, now, now for the papers.

Snap. Here they are:—but, in your haste this morning, you forgot to give me the names of the ladies.

Mar. (*Whisper's him.*)—Mum; the ladies themselves will give 'em.

Snap. Shall we go in and execute the contracts, sir?

Stub. For certain reasons, sir, I must remain fixed to this spot, so I'll do my part of the business here.—(*Aside.*) That will effectually prevent Emily's seeing the Captain.

Snap. Then here is pen and ink, sir.—This is the contract of your marriage with your Ward;—this for the marriage of the other lady and the Captain.

Stub. I'll first secure my own happiness;—Timothy Stubborn *(signs)*; there.—Now, sir, take this key,—go to that room, and there you'll find my dear intended, with her attendant.—There, that's the jade.

Fanny. (*At the window—as if speaking to* EMILY.) — O, madam,—it is all over with us.

Stub. She may refuse to sign at first,—but you must make her do it.

Snap. She's to marry you;—if I can't make her sign to a bad bargain, then I'm no lawyer.

[*Exit into* STUBBORN'S.

Fanny. (*Within.*)—O, madam, I'd rather die than sign.

Mar. O, that terrible woman!

Jer. Before it's too late, now take my advice.

Stub. Get out of my way, or I'll knock you down, rascal.

Snap. (*At* STUBBORN'S *window.*)—The lady refuses to sign, sir.

Stub. If you don't sign that instrument this moment, I'll deprive you of every shilling of your fortune.

Snap. That has had the effect;—'tis done, sir.

Stub. Then I'm the happiest man alive;—embrace me, Martin,—tol de rol.

Enter SNAPALL *from the House.*

Snap. Now, sir, for the Captain and *his* fair one.—You must first sign your consent to their marriage—here.

Stub. (*Signs a paper.*)—With all my soul,—there;—you will find *them* at *that* house.

[*Exit* SNAPALL *into Mrs.* LATCHET'S.

Fanny. May we come down, sir.

Stub. Aye, instantly; for I'm impatient to embrace my bride: and here, Jeremy, as I know you like to be busy, take this key, and conduct the ladies hither.

Jer. Well;—but it's your concern.

[*Exit* JEREMY.

Stub. Egad, Martin, my boy, if you like the widow, now's your time;—she has got the bit.

Mar. (*Aside.*)—You'll find she's got the bridle.—Thank'ee, sir; but Fanny and I are going to make each other happy:—besides, the widow is on the point of marriage.

Stub. The devil she is!—What, then, she has been doing all this to deceive me?

Mar. So you'll find, sir:—But here she comes, to speak for herself.

Enter JEREMY, FANNY, *and Mrs.* LATCHET, (*the Contract in her Hand,*) *from* STUBBORN'S.

Jer. You had better have taken my advice, sir.

Stub. What do I see?

Mrs. Lat. Penelope Arabella Latchet, your loving wife.

Stub. What does this mean?—Am I in my senses?—Where is Emily?—

Enter (from Mrs. LATCHET'S) *Capt.* COURTNEY *and* EMILY.

Emily. Here I am, sir: the same Flirtilla you so ungallantly rejected this morning.

Stub. I'll not believe it:—I'll swear I conversed with you at that window; with Flirtilla at the other.

Fanny. I'll explain it all, sir.—This morning, in Miss Emily's apartment, Martin discovered a Hole in the Wall, opening to Mrs. Latchet's.—We have availed ourselves of it in the way you see; and Miss Emily has alternately appeared as herself, and as Flirtilla.

Stub. So Jeremy is the honest man, after all.

Mar. Yes, sir; and I the rogue, at your service.

Stub. I shall go mad! what am I to do?

Jer. Why, take my advice, sir,——

Stub. O, damn your advice.

Capt. C. It will add to my present happiness, sir, to know that I possess your friendship.

Mrs. Lat. My dear, we shall be very happy together, upon one condition.——

Stub. Any thing for a quiet life.—Name it.

Mrs. Lat. I must have every thing my own way.

Stub. Well,—we must all make ourselves as happy as we can; but that source of all evil, that cursed Hole in the Wall, shall be blocked up.

Fanny. Hold, sir; against that decree I appeal to our friends here; and, I trust, they will allow the *Hole in the Wall* to continue.

THE END.

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SCENE—A Village and Forest adjacent; in the Government of Yaroslaf, in Russia.

TIME—One Day.

PREFACE.

THIS Opera was written nearly five years ago. The Plot is founded on an event which occurred in Russia, during my residence there. While adapting it for the Stage, I was indebted to Gil Blas; but, being then unacquainted with the Opera of the *Castle of Andalusia,* the only one, I believe, at that period, containing a similar incident, I was not aware of their being any Dramatic Piece with a scene of a robber's cave under ground.

To Mr. ARNOLD's knowledge of dramatic effect, I owe much; that gentleman's able suggestions considerably improved many of the scenes.

It is unnecessary for me to compliment the abilities of the musical composers, as the nightly plaudits of the Public bear the amplest testimony of their taste and judgment; but I cannot withhold my acknowledgments to Mr. BRAHAM, for the personal civilities and friendship I have invariably received from him.

To the talents and exertions of all the Performers this Opera is much beholden; but I feel equal, if not greater satisfaction arise, from the remembrance of their kind anxiety during the Rehearsals, and of their hearty congratulations on its success.

Chas. Brown.

16, *Clement's Inn*,
Jan. 13, 1814.

NARENSKY;

OR,

THE ROAD TO YAROSLAF.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Before OBMANSCHIKOF'S *House.*

Enter Villagers.

CHORUS.

NEIGHBOURS all, come haste away,
And celebrate our holyday;
Winter's fled, and Summer's here,
With mirth, good humour, and homely cheer.

Enter from the House OBMANSCHIKOF, *and Sergeant, with a paper.*

Obm. Come, troop, ye little baggage,—be off, ye idle rascals! don't come here to make a noise. [*Exeunt Villagers*

Obm. Now, Mr. Sergeant, that list contains the cream of the village; you'll find some tight

lads among them for your regiment, some rare boys to make soldiers of; there's not a set of finer fellows in all Russia.

Serg. You are to provide me with five men.

Obm. Well, well, they're to come out of that list.

Serg. Yes, sir; and I suppose we can begin the ballot directly; I intend to march away to-night.

Obm. So you can, if you like. We'll have the ballot this morning; then you've only to shave off their beards, cut their hair, and put green jackets on them—and they are ready to march.

Serg. Let's see, this list——

Obm. Contains all the men that are liable to serve. Now, Mr. Sergeant, I'm going to ask you a favor; you see a name there—Alexey Dalinkof.

Serg. Alexey Dalinkof—yes—here. O but sir, he ought not to be in the list: he is the only son of a widow, and it is against the law to—

Obm. Pshaw! pshaw! have you a mind to do what I ask you? I want you to take him in particular; you can manage to draw his name—you can easily do that.

Serg. I would do it for you, Mr. Obmanschikof, but I shall be punished if it comes to be known. I hear likewise that he supports his grandfather.

Obm. Come, say you'll draw him, and I'll give you five and thirty rubles, with a promise to take the blame on myself. Now, what do you say?

Serg. Well then, sir, if you'll give me your promise, and the five-and-thirty rubles *(putting out his hand)*.

Obm. O to be sure! you have my promise for any thing;—but—I don't think *(feeling his pockets)* I—that I've any money about me. But before you go——

Serg. You know its an unlawful transaction, sir; and unless you pay before hand, I shan't like to trust to——

Obm. Well, well, you drive a hard bargain with me, but however—here's the money *(gives money)*. Ay, you may look, it's all right. Now go and prepare for the ballot, and manage it as we've agreed.

Serg. I'll take care, sir. Yes, yes, *(looking at the money)* now the whole business appears fair and honourable. [*Exit.*

Obm. That Alexey is my rival, but I need not be afraid: he's poor, and I'm rich; he won't be allowed to marry her, and I have the father's consent; and to make all sure, the Sergeant will take him out of my way. That's excellent! O here comes my future brother-in-law.

Enter VASSILLY *(singing)*.

Obm. Ah! my fine little fellow, always the same, always merry, eh?

Vass. My father sent me to find you out, and ask you to call on him.

Obm. Very well. I should have been with him before, if these recruiting people had not taken up my time. Now welcome peace and the tender passion!

Vass. Tender passion! what, in love? ha! ha! ha!

Obm. Why, what do you laugh at, you young scrub? is my being in love so very droll?

Vass. O, very droll indeed. You have said

an hundred times, that having escaped the tender passion—ha! ha!—as you call it, until you had grown old, you were determined to die a bachelor.

Obm. No, Vassilly, I never said—until I had grown old. Love has at length——

Vass. Take care, sir; love is a will-o'the-wisp that leads us into many mischiefs.

Obm. What should you know about love, you chicken?

Vass. O I'm learning all about it very fast.

SONG. VASSILLY.

True it is I dearly love,
Nor need my heart despair;
Sure I am the maid will prove
As kind as she is fair:
But hold, they tell me, ill success
Attends the babbling lover,
Then never, never, let my tongue
The fair one's name discover.

Oft her hand I've gently press'd,
Nor did she once resist;
Oft the maid have I caress'd,
And oft her lip have kiss'd:
But hold, no more let me reveal,
And prove a babbling lover;
O never, never, let my tongue
The fair one's name discover!

Obm. You wild little rogue! ha! ha!

Vass. Pray, sir, let me into the secret; what old woman are you going to marry?

Obm. Old woman! I hate old women. O, Vassilly, she is just of that age when the blossoms of beauty bloom in all their loveliness.

Vass. Young? Indeed, Mr. Obmanschikof,

you are a very old man; let me recommend an old woman,—you'll never agree with a young one:—but I can't guess who this favourite of your's can be. Do tell me—who is it?

Obm. What do you think of Eva——

Vass. What! my sister Evania? Ha! ha! ha!

Obm. Don't laugh; I don't like any one to laugh at me.

Vass. O, excellent! what, and you will be my brother? An old man like you! ha! ha! ha!

Obm. Be quiet, you chit. Didn't I tell you I can't bear to be laugh'd at?

Vass. (pulling him) Come along, old boy! ha! ha! ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Village, on one Side a Post-house with the Emperor's Arms over the Door; and on the other a Wooden Cottage.

Enter EVANIA.

RUSSIAN AIR.

Wintry snow-storms hide no more the lovely scene,
Milder breezes clothe the woods in youthful green;
See around us Nature sweetly smiles again,
Flow'rs unfolding bloom upon the verdant plain.

Cheerful labour to the fields impatient flies,
Pleas'd beholding warmer suns and clearer skies;
Welcome Summer! with thy soft and gentle gales,
Ev'ry bosom thy return with rapture hails.

Enter FEDOR, *leaning on* ALEXEY.

Alex. I fear the walk has tir'd you.

Fed. No, not much, my dear boy.

Eva. (*running towards him*) O Fedor, I'm glad to see you. I must wish you joy. This is your birth-day. [*smiling and kissing his hand.*

Fed. Heaven bless you for your kindness!

Alex. My young friends have promised to dance to-day before our cottage.

Fed. Ah! would your mother, boy, could leave her bed to see them. But she's, alas! oppressed with sickness; and I am old, very old and feeble; these hands are no more able to earn a pittance for my livelihood. Yet why should I complain? Providence has bestowed in my offspring one (*regarding Alexey with tenderness*) who comforts and supports my old age. Farewell, (*to Evania*) my child! O my dear grandson! my belov'd Alexey! it is from your labour that we receive subsistence; and in return, 'tis all we can, with unceasing prayers, we call down blessings on your head.

[*Exit into the cottage.*

Eva. It's almost a pity to quarrel with so kind hearted a youth; but if he will be so jealous I must tease him a little.—What makes you so melancholy, Alexey?

Alex. You know the cause, my dear Evania; you know it well, and yet refuse to bid my sorrows cease. How can I be happy while I fear to lose you?

SONG. ALEXEY.

Can wealth or friends thy heart incline
To scorn my humble lot?
And can thy promise to be mine
Be e'er forgot?
If pity in that bosom dwell,
My fears—my jealous fears dispel;
Forget me not!

My life would waste in grief sweet maid,
As wounded flow'rets droop and fade!
Forget me not!
Forget me not, my lovely maid!

How oft to meet thee in the grove
At eve I've left my cot,
When ev'ry word and look was love,
And ev'ry thought!
Thou bad'st me thy fond vows believe,
And can'st thou now my hopes deceive?
Deceive me not!
But think upon thy vows, sweet maid,
When in the grove at eve we stray'd,—
Deceive me not!
Deceive me not, my lovely maid!

Evan. It does not depend upon me, Alexey; if my father is determined to insist——

Alex. But you yourself no more regard me as you us'd. Ah! fear, Evania, fear the effects of riches on the heart; for happiness is often lessened by their influence, as tender flowers, that blossom in the shade, would lose their lustre in the sunny plain.

Evan. It is not because he's rich. You know very well I won't marry for riches.

Alex. So you have often said.

Evan. And I will always keep my word.

Alex. Indeed!—then you have promised to be mine.

Evan. That's quite another thing; and, as you will provoke me, I tell you that I dislike you now more than ever I liked you before.

Alex. O Evania! if you ever lov'd as I do, how is it possible that you can alter? Can you indeed consent to wed my rival?

Evan. What! Mr. Obmanschikof? Yes.

Alex. Is it possible?—can you be happy?

Evan. Without you do you mean? Certainly.

Alex. Since then your heart disowns the mutual love it once confess'd, I will for ever leave you! My lips shall ne'er upbraid you for your broken faith, nor shall they sue again for favour —no! though I thought I should succeed.

Evan. What a husband I should have in you! Why sure, you'll never get any one to marry you—you're too proud; you'll quarrel with all the world.

DUET. ALEXEY *and* EVANIA.

Alex.—Shall I those beauties prize
That I can ne'er obtain?
Or love those sparkling eyes
That glance to give me pain?
No, no, it will not grieve me
To lose so false a heart;
Forget thy love and leave me—
For ever let us part!

Eva.—Say, can a maid confide
In such a haughty youth,
Who owns a husband's pride,
Without a lover's truth?
No, no, it will not grieve me, &c.

Alex.—Go thou to him who'll share
His wealthy store with thee.
Eva.—And thou to some lov'd fair,
An humbler suitor be.
Both.—Yet, think not it will grieve me, &c.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Post House.

Enter MELOF.

Mel. A holiday forsooth! and therefore my horses are to starve and Affonassy to get drunk. In all the village there is not such another lazy, tipsey, grumbling——O here he comes!

Enter AFFONASSY.

Mel. Now what do you want?

Affon. I thought you call'd, that's all.

Mel. Not I. Yes, yes, I did. Don't you know, Affonassy, this is a holyday? and you're as dirty——

Affon. As on any work day, master; and no wonder, for you make all days the same to me; nothing but work! Well, as it is a holyday, I ought to have a dram, sir, he! he! he! let me have one.

Mel. You've had more than one already this morning, for you don't stand very steady I think.

Affon. (*hiccupping*) What's to be done?

Mel. You'd better go back to Finland, your native country, for you don't improve by living here. You're always idle.

Affon. Indeed, master, you make me always work.

Mel. When you should attend to the horses you are drunk, and asleep on the kitchen stove.

Affon. Carry on. But you can't call this being drunk.

Mel. There's a recruiting party in the village; I hope they'll take you.

Affon. No fear if I cou'd but get a good place I shou'd sit down contented.

SONG. AFFONASSY.

Place me in good service with plenty to eat,
Contented and happy you'll find I shall stay;
As long as they give me good drink and good meat,
I'll patiently wait till they turn me away;
The weasel that crept thro' a hole in the wall,
And stuff'd his fur jacket with plenty of grain,
Was a fool to sneak out till he'd eaten up all,
'Twere then time enough to grow slender again.
[*Exit.*

Mel. Zounds! if the recruiting party would take him, he'd be presently alter'd for the better.

Enter EVANIA.

Evan. What, Affonassy a soldier? why, father, he's too great a coward to fight.

Mel. O, I wish instead of wearing a post-master's coat, I had been brought up in the army. How happy your soldiers are! without wives to plague them! to be sure mine's dead, so I must not complain.

Evan. Lord, father, how you talk! then I should not have been your daughter.

Mel. Then I should not have had such a vixen to plague and tease me. Will you or will you not agree to have Obmanschikof? I've sent Vassilly for him, and he'll be here presently. I desire you to be very serious, to pay all attention to what he says, and never exchange another word with Alexey.

Evan. You know, father, Alexey and I love one another dearly, and I must not promise——

Mel. Nonsense! you don't love him at all; he's the only one in the village you quarrel with.

Evan. He says such pretty things to make me forgive him, that he tempts me to quarrel again and again; and so on, 'till I've almost tired him out.

Mel. I hope you've done it completely.

Evan. He don't believe I like him at all.

Mel. I'm glad of that.

Evan Ah, but he's wrong, for I do.

Mel. Why he has not money enough to support a wife.

Evan. Because he supports his mother and grandfather.

Mel. Yes, he's a good boy, but he's very poor.

Evan. I'll willingly share his poverty with his happiness. His labour earns subsistence for his parents, and at night he sinks to rest protected by their prayers and blessed by heaven! O his heart is so good, that I declare I'm ashamed of myself for teazing him so.

Mel. Hear reason, Evania.

Evan. So I always do, father.

Mel. But listen, my girl, consider how wrong you would be to refuse such a match. He is rich, and I'm very poor, though I am a postmaster, for this road has so few travellers, that we can but just afford to live. Now, as for his person—how can you find so much fault with it?

Evan. How can you praise it, father?

Mel. His dress—all in the foreign fashion!

Evan. O no! it can be nobody's fashion but his own.

Mel. His age——

Evan. Is sixty.

Mel. No, no,—almost ten years less. Then he's very clever, he speaks German.

Evan. He was a German's lackey at Moscow, and turn'd away for stealing; but if he were ever so good a man, one can't help laughing at him instead of loving him.

Mel. Fie, fie, Evania!

Enter VASSILLY.

Vass. Ha ha! ha! he's coming. Look, sister, out of the window at my intended brother-in-law. Who would have believed the comical old fellow was in love with you.

Evan. (*looking out of the window.*) Ha! ha! ha!

Mel. (*to Vassilly*) Come here, you provoking little monkey. Here—go about your business.

Enter OBMANSHCIKOF.

Obm. Mr. Melof your most obedient. Miss Evania your most devoted. (*bowing.*)

Mel. Mr. Obmanschicof, your very humble servant.

Evan. Dear sir, do you find this fine weather cold, that you go out with that pretty little muff?

Mel. (*aside to her*) That's right, girl; speak kindly.

Obm. Dear creature! when away from the warm rays of your resplendent beauty, how can any one be——warm and comfortable?

Vass. Ha! ha! (*looks at his father and tries to stifle a laugh*).

Mel. Go out of the room. Come along with me.

Vass. O pray let me stay, it will be so droll. I won't speak indeed, father.

Mel. Come along, come along. (*pulling him.*)

Vass. Welcome peace and the tender passion! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt* MELOF *and* VASSILLY.

Evan. I hope you'll excuse my brother's rudeness, sir.

Obm. (*aside*) How kind! (*to her*) Oh never mind; he's a wag, ha! ha! (*aside*) I'm glad he's gone tho'.

Evan. (*aside*) I'll cure him of making love to me.

Obm. (*aside and smiling*) I begin to think I'm the favor'd swain. (*to her*) Pray sit down. (*they sit*) Now before I begin, Miss Evania, to ask—the question I intend, I wish to tell you that my wife will be the happiest woman in Russia.

Evan. So my father told me, sir.

Obm. Yes, she will have nothing to do but to please me, and that's easily done.

Evan. (*drily*) So I should think, sir.

Obm. Then she may have any thing she likes to set off her beauty; she may paint her cheeks red, her neck white, and her teeth black. She will have man's admiration, woman's envy, and my love! (*leering at her.*)

Evan. Ah, if one could but be sure of the last!

Obm. Darling object of my entranced soul—

Evan. Sir!

Obm. Such charms as your's must bind my constancy! O how I admire your good sense in preferring me to the young rakes of the village. You see the difference——

Evan. Yes, I do see the difference.

Obm. To be sure! They are ridiculous young madcaps—mere boys! they always put one in mind of children.

Evan. (*smiling significantly*) Yes, sir, indeed they do.

Obm. O they are a pack of pretty fellows! There's that Aleexy now.—He's a pretty fellow!

Evan. Yes, he is a very pretty fellow.

Obm. Now, Miss Evania, allow me to put the question to you. Thus let me (*kneeling*) at your feet entreat you to deign to cast an eye of love and pity on my sufferings, and agree to—— be Mrs. Obmanschikof.

Evan. Ha! ha! ha!

Obm. What the deuce! does she make a fool of me?

Evan. You insufferable being! how could you have the vanity to think a young girl would marry you; and are you not ashamed to fall on your knees to me, when you know very well you have not strength to rise without my assistance? But I'll take pity on you—I'll help you up—there! (*assisting him to rise.*)

Obm. Upon my word Miss, I don't understand——

Evan. You pretend to love! there's some reason for believing a young man, but you—O Lord!

SONG. EVANIA.

Young lovers sighing at my feet,
I half persuade myself speak true;
But surely falsehood I must meet,
When vows of love proceed from you,
Old Man?
For what have you with love to do?
Old Man!

Go court some antiquated Maid,
Who man's inconstant passion fears;
Of you she need not be afraid,
You'll never cause the fair one's tears,
Old Man!
A roving heart ill suits your years,
Old Man!

Obm. Very impudent kind of behaviour this! but upon second thoughts I'll not complain to her father—it may put an end to the match. Old! she call'd me old! I am pretty sure she call'd me old—but then it was all owing to that provoking brother of her's. He shan't stay to——Who comes here? O ho! some man of consequence——I'll introduce myself.

Enter SAMOYLOF *and* ELIZA, *conducted by* MELOF *and* EVANIA. ANDREY *following.*

Mel. Do you wish horses, sir, immediately?

Sam. No, my good friend. We have travelled far to-day, and shall be glad if you can provide us dinner.

Mel. Certainly, sir.

Sam. Andrey! take my cloak.

Eliza. You say you have no stranger living in the house?

Mel. No, madam, nor for a long time past.

Eliza. Nor heard of a traveller meeting with any accident on the road, nor of any one lately arrived in ill health near this place? Pray recollect. (*to Evania*) Have not you heard?

Sam. My dear Eliza, do not alarm yourself without cause. Provided we merely hear that he has passed this stage, it is sufficient; we know he passed the last.

Obm. (*advancing.*) Sir, your most obedient, you are in pursuit of some runaway I suppose.

Sam. (*without noticing him, to Melof*) You will be best to give us information on this subject. Six weeks since, a young gentleman—an officer—was here on his road to Yaroslaf. He could not have arrived in the village before late in the evening.

Mel. In what kind of carriage did he travel?

Eliza. He was on horseback. We learnt at the last post-house that he left his carriage there.

Sam. We are now three stages from Yaroslaf, I believe?

Mel. Yes, sir, three.

Sam. Have you any recollection of the circumstance?

Obm. No, he never came here, I'm sure.

Mel. An officer on horseback—six weeks ago—No I——

Evan. Yes, yes, I do remember. It was indeed very late in the evening when he came, and he did not alight from his horse to come in.

Sam. Can you describe his person, and his features?

Eliza. Did he resemble this picture?

Evan. O yes, exactly. And I remember my coming here into the house, and then returning soon after, when I saw him, Madam, with a picture in his hand about the size of this; and he looked at it so stedfastly that he did not perceive I was returned.

Eliza. It was suspended by a black ribbon from his neck?

Evan. Yes.

Eliza. It was Narensky, I am convinc'd.

Sam. Now let your mind remain at rest, Eliza.

Eliza. My anxiety increases the nearer we are to our journey's end. Three stages more only! then surely we shall meet him to-day.

Obm. If any one can discover this gentleman who has run away, I think I can. Is he your husband, Ma'am? If I did but know all about it——

Sam. (to the others) Shew us into the room you mentioned, if you please.

Evan. Yes, sir. This way, sir.

Obm. (aside) It's very odd he takes no notice of me *(to them and following)*. Pray have you come all the way from Petersburg? the roads I dare say are tolerably good—the weather is very fine—perhaps, sir——

[*Exeunt* SAMOYLOF, ELIZA, MELOF, *and* EVANIA.

Obm. He must be some very great man indeed! by his taking no notice of me. Here's his servant—I'll ask him. I'm determined to know what all this is about.

And. (advancing) Ah, Mr. Obmanschikof! how have you been since I saw you last.

Obm. What! Andrey? bless my heart and so it is! so you've come to pay us a visit, eh? Well, you're much alter'd for the better. You've been absent—let me see——

And. Nearly three years. Cursed bad roads these! nearly shook to death!

Obm. Why, Andrey, you've got into a good place.

And. Pretty well—nothing extraordinary.

Obm. Ha! ha! they seem to be on a wild goose chace.

And. Ah! its a strange piece of business.

Obm. How, pray?

And. You heard them mention Narensky.

Obm. Yes.

And. He was Captain in my master's regiment, and was to marry his daughter;—indeed he was betrothed to her in church.

Obm. What—this young lady?

And. Ay. He then set off to Yaroslaf to take possession of an estate there, and was to return directly. But, odd enough! he has never arrived at his journey's end, and has never been heard of since.

Obm. I think he has run away; what do they think?

And. Why they don't know what to think;—some accident;—illness, and not being able to write;—to say the truth, they're afraid that a certain Captain Demetrief, his rival, has waylaid him, and—*(significantly)*—you understand me.

Enter AFFONASSY.

And. O here's the ostler! assist me off with my coat, you fellow!

Affon. (aside) There's for you! he's a servant, like myself.

Obm. This story is very odd indeed. He must have run away, I think.

And. Very possibly, egad! she's a fine girl—don't you think so? Come, ostler! take my coat.

Affon. Uh? *(grumbling while taking it off; Andrey notices his face).*

And. What—Affonassy! is it not Affonassy?

Affon. Yes, that's my name. Who are you?

And. Who am I! don't you recollect your brother Andrey?

Obm. Ay, very true—there he is Mr. Andrey, just as you left him.

Affon. Dear me! it can be!—no—what have you done with your beard?—Andrey?—Yes it is, I declare (*throwing his arms round his neck*).

Obm. Ha! ha! ha!

And. You're a perfect savage, Affonassy; learn more politeness. Shake hands, if you like. You had better go to Petersburg with me. I'll ask my master to take you on the coach-box.—What d'ye say, my boy?

Affon. Eh! what!—go with you? O Andrey! how fine you are!—heigho! I'm not at all like you.

And. But I'll make you so, my lad. You'd make a handsome figure in an elegant livery, and have a very pretty looking face—if it were not for that beard.

Affon. Its twice the size since you left us—he! he! he!

Enter EVANIA.

Evan. (*to Andrey*) Your master is enquiring for you.

And. I'll go immediately (*talks with Affonassy*).

Enter VASSILLY.

Vass. Affonassy, you're wanted in the stable.

Obm. O Miss Evania! don't persist in being so cruel.

Vass. I'll plead for you, old gentleman.

FINALE. EVANIA, VASSILY, ANDREY, *and* AFFONASSY.

Vass.—Pray pity his heart's tender anguish,
Ah! let him no more sigh and languish;
For how oft has he said,
That he loves you, fair maid!
Eva.—A baby, once folly and vanity had,
In your tender bosom they cradled the lad;
You call him young love, but he must be some other,
For Cupid ne'er had such a father and mother.
Vass.—Do not laugh while he sighs,
Or he dies, or he dies!
Samoyloff (without).—Andrey!
Eva.—Hark! your master's calling.
And.—Yes, Sir!—what a bawling!
Melof (without).—Affonassy!
Eva.—Father's calling,
Don't you hear him?
Aff.—What a squalling!
Eva. } Why don't you run?
Vass. } Why don't you go?
And. } Well, well, I go.
Aff. } Don't tease me so.

Vass. } On you, sweet maid, depends his only joy,
But ah! those frowning looks his hopes destroy.
And. } Take my advice and leave this place, my boy,
A lad like you will never want employ.

Eva. } Don't think your courtship, Sir, can give me joy,
For love like your's must ev'ry maid annoy.
Aff. } I'll look about for some less hard employ,
And soon become as smart as you, my boy.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Cave under Ground, with a Ladder to the Outlet at the Top. Dorewky and Robbers sitting at a Table drinking.

GLEE AND CHORUS. *Robbers.*

View the sordid world around,
Honesty in rags is found,
While boundless riches crown the wise,
Who fearless ev'ry law despise.

Fortune's frowns let fools endure,
Sigh for riches, yet be poor;
A noble heart her threat'ning braves,
Nor courts her smiles like coward slaves.

Dor. Drink my comrades. This liquor is our friend; it inspires our souls with schemes of future deeds, and gives us courage to perform them.

1*st Rob.* No better hour for scheming than the present. Our purses want replenishing.

2*d Rob.* Why need we think of how we are to act? we want the opportunity.

Dor. (advancing with the rest) True, and we'll seize the first. No travellers have passed the neighbouring roads worth the risk of plundering for many a week. Soon may we hear of some whose money will afford us merriment!

Then we'll prove our prisoner worthy of the band, or else resolve upon his fate. Till he commits a deed to make the law his enemy, we cannot trust him.

2d Rob. He'll not consent; he's obstinately sullen.

1st Rob. Our threats have no effect—he'll not join us.

Dor. He must, or die.

1st Rob. An open letter which we found upon him tells us his name's Demetrief. See there, Dorewky *(shewing it)*.

Dor. (taking it) What are its contents?

1st Rob. A challenge, 'faith!

2d Rob. Here comes our ancient spy.

Dor. Ulrica? May her news be good!

Enter ULRICA (*down the Ladder*).

Dor. How now, old Beldam! have those tottering feet mov'd to some purpose? have you obtain'd intelligence of travellers on the road?

Ulri. My tottering feet! wer't not for those, you'd fare but scantily.

Dor. Peace, harridan!

1st Rob. Ha! ha! how soon offended!

Ulri. These are the wages of my services. Don't I direct you to your prey, and scout the country round for your advantage?

Dor. Yes, your our pointer, and we're the sportsmen.

Ulri. Brandy has made you drunk, and now your wantonness makes me your jest. I've welcome news to tell, which ought to——

Dor. Why, tell it quickly then.

1st Rob. She'll not. Her anger must abate first.

Ulri. Would it not injure me as well as you to lose such plunder, I'd be silent. In two hours' time a traveller and his daughter journey on the road to Yaroslaf.

Dor. By whom attended?

Ulri. By one servant only—the man who drives them.

Dor. Will they repay us for our pains?

Ulri. No doubt they will.

Dor. Bring Demetrief hither!

(*They unbolt a door to a small recess in the back scene, and bring forward Narensky*).

Dor. You must determine now to league with us, or meet your death.

Nar. I've answer'd you before, you know my resolution.

Dor. I wish to make a friend of you. You're now reduced to poverty—then join your equals in misfortune. We live by the law of nature, for she ordains to all to prey upon the weaker.

Nar. But there are laws, commanding us to love each fellow-creature as a brother;—what punishment will be denounc'd against the robber and the murderer!—I'll rather die than join you.

Dor. Comrades! draw your swords (*robbers draw*). We have not time to trifle.

Nar. What is it you propose?

Dor. That you shall share our danger and our spoil. We purpose to attack a carriage on the road, and you must bear the foremost part.

Nar. Well!

Dor. If possible by stratagem we'll lure them from the carriage, and avoid the hazard of resistance. 'Tis you must silence them for ever. As for the woman—we can bring her here. She'll

not be witness to her father's fate, and will believe he has escaped.

3d Rob. Now, what says Demetrief?

2d Rob. O, he'll along with us. What is the traveller? a merchant?

Ulri. No, a soldier.

Dor. A soldier!

Ulri. Ay, he's a Colonel in the army; I think I heard him call'd Samoylof.

Nar. (*greatly agitated*) Samoylof! his daughter too! O Heaven, direct me—my brain's on fire! Samoylof!

Dor. You know him then. How strong his passion shakes his frame!

1st Rob. This man must be his friend, perhaps his father.

Nar. (*distractedly*) Friend! and father: no, no, no, he is my——enemy! You've nam'd me right,—yes—I am Demetrief. I've panted for the moment when I might find Samoylof in my power, upbraid him with my wrongs, and stab him to the heart. (*A pause, during which he shews violent and increasing agitation*). Your threats could not have forc'd me to the murder of a man who never injur'd me, but here revenge directs me.

Dor. What is the cause of your resentment?

Nar. Injur'd and disappointed love. She was my promised bride—I'll tell you all—— but while feigning friendship towards me, he contrived, assisted by Narensky, whom he thought a richer husband for her,—my rage will choak me—to make me, by the basest calumny, an object of her hatred. That Narensky (*exultingly*) has already suffer'd by my sword for his disgraceful perfidy.

Dor. You are a noble fellow, and shall revenge her loss.

1*st Rob.* Narensky! He it was who sent that challenge to you?

Nar. Yes—yes—I—I compell'd him to do so. Dorewky, I entreat you let me avenge my cause myself, as you at first proposed. I am a soldier, and will not shrink.

Dor. You, and you alone, must do it. We believe your story, for your countenance agreed with what you spoke; the letter in your pocket —signed by Narensky—all agree; but we, in safety to ourselves, must watch you closely, and in our presence you must do the deed which binds you to us. Unless we all were subject to the law's severity, how could we trust each other?

Nar. Place but Samoylof in my power, and I need not other motives to obedience than the injuries I've sustain'd.

Dor. 'Tis well, I like you better every moment. Give him his sword. (*his sword is brought*).

Nar. (*with energy and emotion*) Propitious stars! I thank ye for this chance (*to the leader*). Doubt not my faith—I soon will pledge it at the shrine of vengeance;—the wrongs I've suffer'd rush upon my heart, and all its pulses burn with indignation.

Dor. Away!—and see you shrink not.

Nar. Comrade—I take your hand—you'll know me better at our next encounter—Samoylof's destiny at my disposal, you need not doubt the feelings that inspire me.

[*Exeunt Narensky and two Robbers up the Steps.*

Dor. This is a fellow moulded to our pur-

pose—he'll prove an acquisition to our band—now for the attack.

CHORUS. *Robbers.*

Come, my comrades, let's be gone,
Hopes of plunder lead us on;
Let ev'ry heart be firm and bold,
Nor be by dastard fears controll'd.

[*Robbers exeunt up the ladder; Ulrica exit into the Recess behind.*

SCENE II.

The Stable Yard of the Post House.

Enter ALEXEY.

Alex. Could I but meet Evania, I would not part till we were reconciled again.—Perhaps she'll soon be here.—If she confirm the tale I heard of her refusal of my rival, I shall be happy—alas! I now repent of the harsh words I spoke, and shall be wretched till I obtain her pardon.—O, Evania! the fond hope of sharing thy affection is all my heart delights in—all that my soul desires.

SONG. ALEXEY.

The summer gale, that gently blows,
Joys not to meet the balmy rose,
As I delight in thee, love!
The rose-bud, opening to the view,
Loves not to bathe in morning dew,
As I delight in thee, love!
O thou art all to me, love,
All my heart holds dearly,
Never lov'd a village swain,
So truly, so sincerely!

The bee exults not in the sweets,
Enriching ev'ry flower she meets,
As I delight in thee, love!
The lark rejoices not to rise
At early morn, in cloudless skies,
As I delight in thee, love!
O thou art all to me, &c.

Alex. I'll venture at the door to call her hither—Ah! footsteps are approaching—I must conceal myself till they are gone. [*Exit.*

Enter ANDREY *and* AFFONASSY.

And. You're an uncouth savage, brother Affonassy—you'll never be a gentleman—look at me!

Affon. I can't help looking at you.—Oh, Andrey—I never thought to ask you before—he! he! aren't you married?

And. Oh no! we handsome fellows are not in such haste as the girls are—they think it a terrible thing not to get married, and if they unfortunately lose one lover, they are inconsolable till they get another.

SONG. ANDREY.

A maid and a man once a courtship began,
And of course soon determin'd to wed;
But before the fond day was the devil to pay,
For alas! the poor lover went dead.

The damsel then sigh'd, and despairingly cried—
"Welladay! I shall die an old maid!"
But the Sexton was near, and said, "No, my dear,
"Look at me, and pray don't be afraid."

She was not over nice, so follow'd good advice,
Not to mourn for a man in his grave;
Took the grave-digging youth, and repeated this truth,
"Friends in need are the best friends we have."

Affon. We used to be as like each other as a couple of cranberries—but now you're a fine gentleman—and I'm a—Well, what's to be done?

And. Give your master warning, go to Petersburg, and become as like me as I was once like you. You'll learn to pass your time there as pleasantly as the best of us. Rise at ten—dress your master, and undertake to manage his intrigues;—then attend at my lady's toilet, hold her pincushion, carry her lap-dog, and stand behind the carriage;—wait at table, take snuff, and when your master speaks to you, perhaps offer him your box—thus—(*handing it towards Affonassy*).

Affon. He! he! he! and he takes snuff with you, just so—(*sneezing*).

And. Never mind. You'll soon take it easier. Try another pinch.

Affon. No, I thank you, brother. Except taking snuff without sneezing, I'm sure I could do all you have been telling me. Carry on. But do they give you enough to eat?

And. Plenty. We eat of every dish our masters' have.

Affon. And drink?

And. Any thing we please.

Affon. Then I'll go.

And. You must learn to be exactly like me. In two or three years I flatter myself I shall be able to make you somewhat genteel.

Affon. Two or three years! O, bless you, I shan't take so long to learn. I can eat and drink already, and, I take it, that's about *half* the business of a good servant. Who did you get to teach you, brother?

And. I taught myself. I luckily got into the service of some rich families, and you'll find, brother, the best way to get forward in this world is to wait upon the great men.

Affon. Look! here comes the wolf-hunter I told you of.

And. A wild looking fellow—does he often visit you?

Affon. We've had him here two or three times lately; when he's hungry, and tired of hunting, he sometimes comes to have a dinner and a few hours sleep in the stable. Mercy on me! what a life he must lead!

Enter DEMETRIEF *disguised with a Beard, &c.; a Gun slung over his Shoulder, and a Cutlass at his Side.*

Dem. Friend, I leave the wolves' skins in your care—remember, should your master find a purchaser——

Affon. Well, well, I know—you told me before.

Dem. Ha! (*aside*) Samylof's servant as I live! I must question him. Perhaps (*to him*) your master would be glad to buy them?

And. Not he—so spare yourself the trouble of asking him.

Dem. His friend then——

And. What?

Dem. His friend who's travelling with him.

And. There's only his daughter.

Dem. Oh! I thought—that is—I heard her intended husband was with him likewise.

And. That's more than I know—egad! I wish he was—we've lost him these six weeks. Lord! Lord! how a story gains by telling—ha! ha!

Affon. He! he!

Dem. (*aside*) Is it then so?—no tidings of Narensky, (*going.*)

Affon. Stop, don't you want some drink? I say—if you'll call for some, I'll drink part with you.

Dem. No, I must hence—I have far to travel before night. Farewell, If I'm successful in the chase, you'll see me soon again. [*Exit.*

Enter EVANIA, *from the Post House.*

Evan. Mr. Andrey, your master wants you.

And. Miss, your commands I obey with pleasure. I'm your most devoted. Fal, lal, la! [*Exit singing.*

Evan. Ha! ha! ha! what a fop he is grown since he left us. Affonassy, my father desires you'll get the carriage ready directly.

Affon. Miss—I command with pleasure—you're quite my—my devoted. Fal, lal, la! [*Exit awkwardly, imitating Andrey's manner.*

Evan. Ha! ha! ha! Surely Affonassy has run mad with the other's folly. But where's Alexey? O he'll soon return. What a provoking thing it would be not to allow a girl to be as teasing as she pleases, for its the only way she has of proving the patience and sincerity of her lover.

SONG. EVANIA.

All ye lovers, who hope for success, ought to learn,
When maidens command you to leave them,
'Tis your duty again, and again to return,
And when they say "No," don't believe them;
For while they refuse you
They wish not to lose you,
While they send you away,
They would rather you'd stay,
And you'll often please most when you most disobey.

SCENE III.

The Village.

Enter DEMETRIEF, *with a Letter.*

Dem. Yes, I have found a clue to his discovery at last. This is the challenge which he sent to me, and was by me return'd. O Narensky, if you are yet alive, this letter, written in a jealous mood against a friend who never injured you, may prove, I hope, the means of your deliverance! Here comes the man who dropp'd it—he shall confess——

Enter DOREWKY *disguised as a Peasant.*

Dor. He here again—he haunts me every where. Does he suspect me?

Dem. Why avoid me? I would speak with you.

Dor. Well! speak—what is it you want?

Dem. Employment. I'm one of your trade. (*Dorewky starts*) Don't be alarm'd. Look! here's a letter you dropp'd just now. (*reading the direction*) "Capt. Demetrief."

Dor. (*aside*) All's lost unless he join us.

Dem. Why so suspicious? I've play'd too many tricks myself to complain of my neighbour's.

Dor. Will you go with me and join our party?

Dem. That's what I wish. Have you many?

Dor. Yes. One of them I gain'd to-day—that same Demetrief.

Dem. Indeed! (*aside*) He knows not his Narensky.

Dor. On his account I came here disguised. I've enquired about him, and find no cause to doubt his story.

Dem. But has he really joined you?

Dor. He has! Not for love of us, but out of hatred to Samylof, (*pointing to the post-house significantly*) he who is journeying on the road.

Dem. I understand. Well, if you like me, I'm your man.

Dor. Stay, we may be suspected here. Come this way—follow me. We'll talk as we go on. [*Exit.*

Dem. (*following him*) This is a desperate step!—but caution must not withhold me from the assistance of a friend in danger. [*Exit.*

Enter SERGEANT; *he goes cautiously to the Post-house door, looks within, and beckons with his hand; then enters Obmanschikof.*

Obm. What do you want, that you beckon me out so slily?

Serg. My Colonel's here.

Obm. What! this one in the house? Samoylof?

Serg. Yes, Sir.

Obm. He knows nothing about your being in the village, so take care he doesn't see you. He's going immediately.

Serg. We must wait till he's gone before we can draw the ballot.

Obm. Right. Now, mind you and your men keep out of the way. As soon as his carriage moves off, I'll be with you. Run away as fast as you can. [*Exit Sergeant.*

Obm. Now I must prevent any one from telling him his Sergeant is here, or he may stay to see the recruits drawn himself. I must have Evania, tho' she did laugh at me and call me old; perhaps it was only a joke; besides, it's proper that every body should marry, if it were only to prevent such useless creatures as old maids being in the world.

Enter, from the Post-house, SAMOYLOF, ELIZA, MELOF, *and* EVANIA.

Mel. You had better remain in the house, Sir, 'till every thing is ready.

Sam. No, my good friend, we prefer enjoying the weather. See, Eliza, how much more beautiful the country appears to our eyes, after having gazed for half the year on dreary wastes of snow; like the return of happiness to the unfortunate, it seems more grateful to us than it did before, and receives a heartier welcome.

Omb. Yes, Sir, very true.—(*aside*) He still takes no notice of me.

Sam. Why do you sigh, my dear Eliza?

Eliza. Ah! can I hear you talk of the return of happiness, and yet not sigh?

Sam. You must rally your spirits, and shew yourself more cheerful Nothing but illness—perhaps at the next stage we may find him.

Eliza. I hope so. But if he should have met Demetrief——besides, father, are there not robbers?

Sam. None, none, it cannot be. (*to Melof*) Did you ever hear of depredations being committed near you?

Mel. No, Sir, never.

Obm. O, there's no need of alarm. I rather think Miss——you'll excuse me—but you know the proverb, out of sight out of mind——young gentlemen will be faithless sometimes, ha! ha! (*Samoylof turns towards him and frowns.*

Sam. (*to Melof.*) Whose is that cottage, where the fir-tree branch, above the door, denotes 'tis visited by sickness?

Mel. A young peasant's, Sir, whose industry supports a weak and suffering mother.

Enter ALEXEY, *from the Cottage.*

Sam. Is this the youth?

Mel. Yes, Sir.

Sam. (*to Alexey.*) Friend, may returning health soon bless the object of your filial care!

Alexey. (*bowing*) I thank you, Sir; and may your home be never sadden'd by affliction's frown.

Sam. Is your father yet alive?

Alex. Alas! no, Sir; his loss sits heavy on our hearts,——still must our tears bewail him,—yet we have reason to be joyful, for his death was happy,——he fell in battle!

Sam. Noble minded youth! Yes, let the enemies of Russia call her sons uncivilized and rude;—but let it be our boast that, in our cottages, we've hearts obedient to the dictates of affection, and, in the field, a patriot feeling nothing can extinguish.

Alex. Ne'er shall I forget the mournful day he left his native village, when his voice vibrated on my ear—like a distant echo—responsive to our last farewell.

SONG. ALEXEY.

In that cottage my father long dwelt,
'Till call'd the proud foe to repel,
With a heart that each keen passion felt
He bade his companions farewell;
While in distance he echo'd the sound,
A sound I shall ever deplore,—
Farewell! Farewell!—
Alas! I shall ne'er see him more!

Shouts of victory honour'd the day
When bravely in battle he fell,
Far, far from his village away,
Where he bade his companions farewell;
While in distance he echo'd the sound, &c.

Sam. Say—is this maid your promised bride?

Alex. My promis'd bride!—Ah, yes!—but now———

Evan. No, Sir—Indeed there never was a promise—

Sam. A lover's quarrel—Oh, you'll soon be friends. [*Exit with Melof.*

Obm. There—there he goes without knowing a word about the recruits.—Now for the

ballot.—It's very rude of him tho' not to take any notice of me, [*Exit.*

Eliza. Be reconcil'd;——and learn from me whose sad experience can attest its truth, that grief is ever aiming at our breasts her poisonous shafts——alas! you should forbear to aggravate their wound!

Evan. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Alex. Think, lady, while the storm is gathering o'er our heads, that, soon or late it must be followed by serener skies!

DUET. EVANIA *and* ALEXEY.

When thy bosom heaves the sigh,
When the tear o'erflows thine eye,
May sweet hope afford relief,
Cheer thy heart, and calm thy grief:
So the tender flow'r appears,
Drooping wet with morning tears,
'Till the sun-beam's genial ray
Chase the heavy dew away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Post-House.

Enter AFFONASSY.

Affon. Shall I make myself a gentleman, and do no work. Andrey is quite happy—all the girls are in love with him! he! he!—I suppose they like his manner of taking snuff—(*imitates*)—that's it exactly, I declare! O I'll give my master warning, for all our family were certainly born to be gentlemen.

Enter MELOF.

Mel. Must I be always reminding you of your business in the stable? That's your place, Affonassy, 'till your work's done. What do you want here?

Affon. A gentleman! he! he! (*smiles and imitates Andrey.*)

Mel. What's the matter with the drone? imitating that puppy, your brother? ha! ha! you're like a bear on his hind legs, copying the freaks of a monkey.

Affon. Sir!—(*aside*) I'll now give him warning.—(*to him*) Sir—I—I—wish to speak to you, and—to tell you to take warning, for I'm going away.

Mel. With all my heart. Come, let's hear what you intend to do.

Affon. I go to Petersburg first, and there——

Mel. Yes; and there you'll try to be as great a fop as your brother.

Affon. Ay! and take snuff—and dress my master's hair—and pin up my lady—and ride behind the carriage—and carry the dog—and eat and drink!—Lord—how I will *drink!*

Mel. O, learn to be ashamed of such employments, Affonassy! Rather enlist as a soldier—let me persuade you to that!—(*Affonassy shakes his head.*) Be a man, and despise a life of idleness and disgrace. I wish to my heart those lazy lackies who attend at the heels of the great, for mere show and luxury, were compelled to wear a uniform instead of a livery. When a country wants men to defend it, the most useless and unemployed should be taught their duty to protect the useful and industrious.

Affon. A soldier! no fear. I'd as soon carry a horse as a musquet.

Mel. The man who fights for his country is cover'd with immortal glory.

Affon. He! he! he! and mortal wounds.

Mel. His name lives in the hearts of his countrymen, while his body moulders in the dust.

Affon. I'd rather live, and let my name go to the devil.

Mel. Who would believe you were a Russian? but drink has quite unmann'd you!

Affon. I'm not a Russian—I'm a Finlander.

Mel. Ah, you coward! you've no military ardour.

Affon. No—I've no desire to be hopping on one leg.

Mel. When the drum beats an alarm——

Affon. My heart would beat another, which I should obey first.

Mel. For shame! But you don't know with what transport a brave soldier hears martial music and the din of arms. Drums! trumpets! enemy flying! shouts of victory!

Affon. Don't talk of it.

DUET. MELOF *and* AFONASSY.

Mel.—How glorious, how glorious an enemy to beat,
And carry off the honours of the day!
Aff.—How dangerous, how dangerous such bloody men to meet,
Before the fight I'd try to run away!
Mel.—With the noise of the drums
Aff.—Some whizzing bullet comes;
It might lie so very heavy on my breast,
It might take away my life!

Mel.—Sound the merry drum and fife,
For fighting without music is a jest.
March on to oppose
Our country's haughty foes;
Aff.—When perhaps for your pains
They will blow out your brains!
Mel.—Then 'midst the guns' and the cannons' loud rattle,
To rush through their ranks o'er the dead,
And victory gain or die in the battle——
Aff.——I'd much rather die in my bed.
Both. { How glorious, &c.
{ How dangerous, &c.

Enter VASSILLY.

Vass. O father! all the recruits are drawn, and Alexey is one of them.

Mel. So much the better! the more young men go, the more pleased I shall be.

Vass. But his sick mother—his grandfather too—they'll be left to starve when he is gone.

Mel. True—I'm sorry for them.

Affon. Alexey going! he! he! are you sure of it?

Vass. Ay, I'm too sure—poor Alexey!

Affon. He has no beard to be shaved off, he'll do very well.

Mel. How many have been drawn, Vassilly?

Vass. Five, father. There's Yeagore and that tall fellow Stepan.

Affon. Ha! ha! ha! when he stands in the ranks, he'll look like a church steeple in a row of houses—there'll be a fine shot! he! he!

Vass. And Evania.

Affon. That's good! carry on.

Vass. Poor Alexey!

Affon. He! he! he!

Vass. And—(*pointing towards him*) Affonassy.

Affon. What me? (*alarmed*) Come, you're joking; that won't do.

Mel. Is it so, Vassilly?

Vass. Yes, father, he is drawn, and the Sergeant will be here directly for him.

Mel. I'm heartily glad of it. Ha! ha! ha!

Affon. What! are you quite sure I'm one of them? oh, dear! I can't fight.

Mel. Yes, yes, they'll make you fight—ha! ha!

Affon. O master! pray don't laugh—pray do what you can to save me from going—and I'll stay with you and work from morning till night. What's to be done? I'll hide myself—I'll run away before he comes!

Enter SERGEANT, *Soldiers, and* ALEXEY.

Serg. (to Affonassy) Stop, my lad. Now I have you all.

Affon. Pray, Mr. Sergeant, don't take me—I never fired a gun in my life—I hate fighting! Take any body else, I don't care who it is.

Serg. Hold your tongue.

Affon. I'm the greatest coward that ever lived—believe me—pray——

Serg. If you utter another word, I'll break your head with this cane—stand there! (*Affonassy cries*). It was (*to Alexey*) all fairly drawn, and you are one of those of an age to serve.

Alex. But yet not liable to serve. I'm the only son of a widow, and she lives upon my labour—that alone is my protection.

Mel. Indeed I always thought, Sergeant, that under such circumstances you could not take any one.

Alex. If I were free from filial ties, in such a cause I should not need compulsion. I should blush, and look upon myself as worthless as the coward (*pointing to Affonassy*) who trembles at his duty, did I object to serve my country from other motives than those which nature bids me reverence.

Enter EVANIA.

Eva. Alexey—no, it cannot be—you will not leave us?

Alex. Ah! Evania! I must bid farewell to you and all I love.

Mel. Come here, daughter. Zounds! I always told you I'd not let you have him; and now he can't have you, it's folly indeed to love him.

FINALE.

Alex.—Farewell, my love! ah, must I from you go?
Eva.—And is it true?
Alex.———— Yes, yes, we now must part;
Say does Evania love?
Eva.———— These tears that flow,
Confess how dear Alexey's to my heart.
Vass.—Again you'll meet to part no more,
And happier than you were before.
Alex.—Evania, these sad tears restrain,
Hope whispers we shall meet again.
Eva. Vass and Alex.—Hope whispers we, &c.
Mel.—Hey-day! pray what's the matter?
Why here's a pretty clatter!

Come here you huzzy do---
You've often heard me say,
Alexey's not for you.
Eva. and Vass.---Dear father.
Mel.---Hold your chatter.
Eva. and Vass.---Dear Sir, have pity pray!
Mel.---What! dare you disobey?
Aff.---O dear! what shall I do?
Serg.---You rascal, hold your chatter.
Mel. &c.---Come, come away,
No more delay.
Alex. &c.---A moment stay;
Farewell!
Mel. &c.---Away!

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Before OBMANSCHIKOF'S *House. Sergeant, Soldiers, and three Recruits shaved, &c. with Soldier's Jackets and Caps on, discovered. Musquets piled on the Stage.*

SONG. SERGEANT.

Let slaves be toiling night and day,
All our toils are o'er;
Dull care we banish far away,
Ne'er to meet us more.
Our life, 'tis said, is but a span,
Should it not be free?
O Liberty! belov'd of man,
Who so blest as we?

Tho' thousand cares the rich annoy,
Still with fears perplex'd;
Yet we the present hour enjoy,
Careless of the next:
We drink and sing, we love and fight,
Leading jovial lives;
And find more pleasure, more delight,
Far from scolding wives.

Enter OBMANSCHIKOF, *from the House.*

Obm. So you're all here—quite merry, eh! Well, Sergeant, I must say these men do you

credit. Who would think that, only an hour ago, they were such ill-looking rascals? *(counting them)* One—two—three—Why, where's the other? where's Affonassy?

Serg. He says his master owes him some wages, so I gave him leave to go for them.

Obm. Nonsense! he has run away.

Serg. Run away! Here, *(to a soldier)*—go after him, and bring him back. [*Exit soldier.*

Serg. Surely he can't escape?

Obm He'll give you some trouble though. Hark'ee, Sergeant! mind you're very careful in what you say and do about Alexey, that no one may suspect us. My giving him a little time to try to get a substitute, makes me appear his friend.

Serg. Ay, ay; then I'm to object, when it comes to the point, to any one that may offer?

Obm. Then I'll pretend to be angry with you, and even offer you money to leave him behind.

Enter VASSILLY.

Vass. Mr. Sergeant, we've got a recruit ready to go with you in the place of Alexey.

Obm. Eh! What!

Serg. Indeed! and who is it, my little cock-sparrow?

Vass. Myself—I'll go instead of him.

Serg. Ha! ha! ha!

Obm. Ha! ha! You're not old enough to fight, my little boy.

Vass. You'd better not provoke me, or I'll try—I will go, I'm determined.

Serg. What can be your motive for offering yourself.

Vass. Alexey is my friend; he's as brave a lad as any in the village, but having a sick mother, and aged grandfather, he cannot but feel faint-hearted at going. Now, tho' I'm young, I'm twice as willing, and will fight as well as any six-foot in the army. See here—give me a musquet—I'll shew you what I can do, and refuse me if you dare.

SONG. VASSILLY.

No longer I'll idly stay here,
But a gallant young soldier become;
In the ranks gaily dress'd I'll appear,
And march to the beat of the drum.
With a cap on my head, and a gun in my hand,
See here, I can move at the word of command.
O I'll win all the hearts of the fair,
And a gallant young soldier become!
On my shoulder the musquet I'll wear,
And march to the beat of the drum.

Re-enter Soldier, with AFFONASSY'S *Jacket and Cap.*

Sold. Look, sir, he has thrown off his uniform, and gone out of the village as fast as his heels can carry him.

Serg. The devil! which way?

Sold. Some of the villagers say they saw him run towards the forest.

Obm. I told you so. Ha! ha! ha! I told you he'd be off.

Vass. Well done, Affonassy! this will give us more time. I'll run and tell Alexey. [*Exit.*

Serg. He shall smart for his pains! Come along with me, every one of you, or some one else will run away. How can I *(to Obmanschikof)* strike into the path in that forest?

Obm. Path! there's no path; nobody ever goes there.

Serg. Come, my lads! (*Soldiers and Recruits take up their musquets*)—he can't have run far.

Obm. (*to the Recruits*) Now for it, you awkward brutes, march!—left—right—left—right—ha! ha! ha! [*Exeunt.*

Enter EVANIA.

Evan. That way he goes! I'll follow, and entreat him to befriend my poor Alexey—but no, I'm sure he secretly rejoices at his leaving us. What course can I pursue? Now my Alexey is oppress'd with care and sorrow, I love him more than ever. For him I'd sacrifice my very life—I'd be a prisoner in a dungeon for his sake, could I but learn, to cheer my lonely hours, that he was happy!

SONG. EVANIA.

The captive bird for freedom pines,
And mournful ev'ry joy resigns;
But viewing thro' the wiry cage,
His gay companions of the air,
On waving wing
Exulting sing,
Their happy notes his grief assuage;
He bids adieu to selfish care,
Forgets his loss of liberty,
Then joins in song
The feather'd throng,
And half believes himself is free.

SCENE II.

The Forest; much Rock among the Trees in the Back Scene, being the Part above the Robbers' Cave. Enter AFFONASSY *shaved, and his Hair cut close.*

Affon. What's to be done? The Sergeant order'd my beard to be shaved and my hair to be cut off, with as little pity as if it did not cost a day to grow; and now I've lost all my beauty and dare say I look like a fool. If I can manage to hide myself for a few days, I'll go home and get drunk for joy. But if I should be taken, I shall be shot for running away! the Sergeant told us so—shot! shot!—heigho! its very hard to take away one's life for trying to save it—its very cruel to shoot a man because he does'nt like to meddle with a gun, I'm so afraid of seeing that Sergeant's ugly face, that I'm always looking over my shoulder to—Mercy on me! what noise is that? O dear! what's to be done? (*hides himsef behind a tree*).

(*Ulrica ascends from the Cave, she looks round suspiciously, and exit.*)

Affon. (*coming forward*) I've a great mind to go after that old woman, but she'll see that I look like a soldier, and will tell of me, ten to one. I was a great fool to run away at all. (*goes towards the Cave*) As sure as I'm a soldier she came out of the ground. I'll pull up this door and see—(*a noise of people approaching*) O Lord! O Lord! I'm caught! I'm caught! Here's the Sergeant! down I go, if the Devil lives at the bottom!

[*Exit into the Cave.*

Enter DOREWKY, NARENSKY, *disguised, and the Robbers forcibly leading in* SAMOYLOF *and* ELIZA.

Sam. Support your spirits, dear Eliza, they cannot mean to injure us. O infamous! by such a hellish, cowardly deceit, to gain me in your power.

Dor. Open the trap-door.

Eliza. What would they do? O sure they will not separate us!

Sam. Hear me, ye ruffians! I entreat you—O I conjure you to take pity on my daughter. If your hearts are not for ever steeled against the feelings of humanity, you will release—you ever will protect her?

Dor. (*to Eliza*) Hither!

Eliza. (*kneeling*) Mercy! I beg for mercy on my knees!

Dor. (*to* 1*st Robber*) Drag her to the cave.

Sam. Curse on your heads, if you should dare to harm my child! may a father's curse destroy you!

(*Dorewky and* 1*st Robber drag Eliza towards the Cave.*)

Eliza. Do not divide us. Oh! let me, before I enter this dreadful place, once more embrace him!—let me but touch him then!—let me but kiss his hand before we part!

[*Exit into the Cave.*

Sam. O my child! my child!

Dor. Demetrief! be sure you shrink not. Remember! [*Exit with* 1*st Robber into the Cave.*

Sam. Demetrief!

Nar. (*earnestly*) Yes—Demetrief! Well may you fear to meet the man you've so much wrong'd.

Sam. Oh! save my daughter! Narensky!

Nar. (*aside*) Betray me not.

2d Rob. What says he?

Nar. Samoylof! thou must now exert thy utmost fortitude to meet thy fate.—You are unarm'd—(*aside*).

Sam. Forget not my Eliza—thy own Eliza!

3d Rob. How!

Nar. Yes, in spite of treachery she shall be mine! Doubt not my care—her life is dearer to me than my own. (*aside*).

Enter DEMETRIEF.

2d Rob. How now! the servant, is he dispatch'd?

Dem. Fear me not, I have perform'd my duty.

Nar. Remorseless villains!

Dem. What dost thou murmur at? Had I permitted (*significantly*) his escape, would not certain ruin light upon the band?—he would have brought assistance to our prisoner here.

Nar. Ha! this stranger—dare I believe he is my friend—that look—!

2d Rob. Come, come, no longer shall you trifle here—We'll lead you on.

Nar. (*aside to Demetrief as they follow*) Say!—what am I to understand?

Dem. That soon the servant will return with succour from the village.

Nar. Then there is yet some hope!

Sam. Yes—Heaven will befriend our cause.

Dem. Do but gain time, and—
Robbers. (*returning*) Hither!
Nar. (*leading on Samoylof*) Come on.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before OBMANSCHIKOF'S *House.*

Enter ALEXEY.

Alex. How have a few hours made us all unhappy! Had I a brother to protect my parents, with joy I'd march amid the ranks of those who fight in freedom's cause, and join the martial strain that leads them on to conquest.

SONG. ALEXEY.

March on, my brave lads, to the field,
This day shall be ever renown'd;
Our foes in the battle must yield,
And their banners be hurl'd to the ground;
The tie that unites our good cause
In vain shall their swords try to sever;
March on!
Our freedom and laws,
Our righteous just cause,
Our monarch and country for ever!

The spirit that urges us on,
No pow'r, no force can subdue;
With glory the day shall be won,
We'll fight, overcome, and pursue;
To defend, to support the good cause,
Ev'ry soldier will bravely endeavour;
March on! &c.

Enter EVANIA.

Evan. Alexey! Tell me, can't you obtain a substitute?

Alex. Ah! how can I? money I have none, and no one without money will take my place.

Evan. I am so sorry.

Alex. Your kindness is too late now, Evania, I must go for a soldier, and then—we can never be married.

Evan. I shall break my heart if that should be the case.

Alex. Dear Evania! do you really love me?

Evan O yes! indeed I do! And I love you more and more every time I think its all to no purpose.

Enter OBMANSCHIKOF *and* VASSILLY.

Vass. O, pray sir, try all you can. You may prevent his going if you chuse it, I'm sure. See, sir, there he is, and my sister with him. Now, do promise do prevent his going.

Obm. My dear little fellow, I always do what I can to make others happy. Have you found a substitute yet, Alexey?

Alex. Alas! no, sir—I want the means.

Evan. If you really wish him well, Mr. Obmanschikof, why not supply those means?

Alex. Give me but time—and I will repay you by my labour.

Obm. O Lord! how can I?

Vass. You promised, however, sir, to speak to the Sergeant.

Obm. Yes, that I will willingly.

Alex. Indeed, sir, I feel much indebted to your goodness.

Evan. Consider, sir, in how wretched a state his parents will be left.

Obm. A word from you, dear Miss Evania, makes me fly to obey. It is impossible to refuse you any thing.

Evan. (*aside*) I'm sure I can't say the same to you.

Obm. Good bye, Miss Evania. I'll go and speak to the Sergeant—(*aside, while the rest are talking together*) and insist on his beating the drum, and marching off with him to-night.

[*Exit.*

Alex. My dear Evania, don't think so of him. He will surely befriend me if he can.

Evan. I won't believe it, indeed. He spoke very ill of you this morning—he's an old hypocrite.

Alex. Ah! how happy should I be to remain with my dear Evania in my native village. Let fortune be ever so cruel, we shall always love one another the same.

TRIO. ALEXEY, EVANIA, *and* VASSILLY.

Love binds the brow of youth with flowers,
That fade and lose their sweetness;
With pleasure wings the happy hours,
And ne'er suspects their fleetness:
Tho' bloom and fragrance leave the flowers,
Their charms returning never,
Tho' fled the transient happy hours,
Yet love remains for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Cave under Ground. DOREWKY, *1st Robber, and* ELIZA *discovered.*

Dor. Cease your tears, lady. You dread worse treatment than you'll suffer.

Eliza. I beseech you—tell me what has become of my father? Whither have your people led him?

Dor. They will perform my orders. He's safe enough.

Eliza. Oh! but I fear——

Dor. Where's Ulrica? Why is she absent?

1st Rob. To purchase our provisions. Here she comes. No—'tis Demetrief.

Enter NARENSKY *hastily down the Ladder.*

Dor. (*to Eliza*) Retire to the further end—(*to Narensky*) Why do you return alone? say—is it done?

Nar. Read there my answer! (*shewing his hands, bloody*) They wait to strip the bodies, and have sent me hither to lead you to the spot. See here! (*giving a purse and watch*).

Dor. Thanks, Demetrief. Henceforth I trust you without fear (*placing them on the table*). Why do you tremble? Have you not done well?—revenged yourself upon an enemy?

Nar. Done well—yes—I have!—Do I tremble? It is with rage, then; for I have little more to fear.

Dor. Let us be gone.

Nar. Had I not better—Do you not wish that some one should remain? The woman will be left alone.

Dor. Remain, then, if you will (*to first Robber*). Follow me! (*going up the steps*).

Nar. O happy moment! Soon, Eliza, will I clasp thee to my heart, and call thy fainting spirits back to life.

Dor. I have bethought me otherwise—Demetrief, you must go with us.

Nar. Unfortunate!

Dor. Haste! She will be safe 'till our return.

Nar. Grant it, Heaven!

Dor. Follow!

Nar. I come.— [*Exit up steps.*

Eliza. Alas! what did they say? I thought they spoke of murder. What have they left upon the table?—These were my father's—Oh, misery! what has become of him? has he—Ah! what is this! they are besmear'd with blood! horrible sight!—a father's blood! (*sinks on a seat nearly fainting*).

Enter AFFONASSY *from the small Recess behind, with Clothes under his Arm.*

Affon. Mercy on me! I'm like an innocent sucking pig in a den of wolves. What's to be done? Why, I'll dress myself in the old woman's holyday clothes, and try to get out of this place as fast as I can. It's well they're all gone——

Eliza. (*starting*) Who's there!

Affon. (*frighten'd and letting the clothes fall*) O dear! here's somebody left to put me to death.

Eliza. What do you fear? perhaps you will assist me?

Affon. Heigho, Ma'am! I took you for a tall ugly fellow with a sword.

Eliza. Exert yourself, good friend, in my behalf. Your strength may be able to force the door.

Affon. What! try to escape! ay, that's just what I want. What's to be done? oh, try to open the door. Pray, Ma'am, what makes you whimper so? You can't be half so miserable as I am.

Eliza These ruffians have murder'd my father—I am indeed unhappy. Be my friend—grant me your assistance.

Affon. Murder'd your father only! O Lord! you're a happy woman if that's all,—I shall be shot as sure as a gun. If I thought I could trust you ma'am, we'd run away together.

Eliza. Depend upon it, I'll not betray you.

Affon. I believe I shall have a better chance to go by myself though. And as I have lost my beard, I shall look very well, and not be known in these clothes. Shall I see if the door's fast?

Eliza. O, I hope you can break it open!

[AFFONASSY *takes up the clothes, and goes half way up the steps, when the door is suddenly open'd; he runs with the clothes to his former hiding place.*

Enter DEMETRIEF.

Dem. (*to Eliza*) Follow me instantly!

Eliza. With thee! Yes, whether friend or enemy, to quit this dreadful place.

[*Exeunt above.*

Enter AFFONASSY *from the Recess behind, dressed in a Suit of* ULRICA'S *Clothes, adjusting his Head-dress*

Affon. Its very lucky he didn't see me. Now if I can manage to live as an old woman for a few days, I may chance to die an old man. The door's open, so away——(*stops and looks on the table.*) He! he! I've a great mind—I may as well take these, now I am here. I'm sure I've as much right to them as they have, (*taking the watch and purse*) he! he! I'll give 'em to the Sergeant, if he'll let me off. Now for it! [*Exit above.*

SCENE V.

Part of the Forest.

Enter DEMETRIEF *and* ELIZA.

Dem. The robbers are at hand. Here we can stay conceal'd until they pass.

Eliza O stranger, let me bathe your hand with tears of gratitude! My father sav'd!—to whom is he indebted for his life?

Dem. While the banditti hurried him along, the youth, entrusted with their dreadful orders, gave him his sword, and suddenly with me attacked the band—we had no choice, but fought confiding in the justness of our cause—when lo! by Heaven itself directed, at that fearful moment came some soldiers, who it seems were seeking a deserter in the forest, and quickly drove the robbers from their prey.

Eliza. Who was the youth that——?

Dem. His arm seem'd nerv'd with more than human force—and well it might—he fought for one he lov'd! for his Eliza!

Eliza. What say you?—speak—his name—his name?

Dem. Narensky.

Eliza. O gracious Heaven! is it possible? My heart's o'ercome with joy—I feel like one awakened from a dream! Ha! what thought is this that rushes on my mind? Was it not he who brought my father's watch and purse?

Dem. It was. A letter, found upon his person, directed to Demetrief, caused them to mistake him for the man they thought would prove your enemy.

Eliza. O Providence, thy arm was here!

Dem. I flew to your release, while he conducted those two men, who dragged you to the cave, within the power of your father and the soldiers.

Eliza. How shall we e'er repay your generous care? Mysterious stranger! inform me who thou art?

Dem, Soon shall you learn. I hear the sound of voices near us. Come, lady, I will guard you with my life. None but a lover's or a father's heart can feel more anxious in your cause than mine, for it has ever prompted me to be the friend of helpless woman. [*Exeunt.*

[*Enter several Robbers; they point towards* DEMETRIEF, *and* ELIZA, *and follow them hastily.*

SCENE VI.

The Forest above the Robbers' Cave.

Enter SAMOYLOF *and* NARENSKY, *followed by* SERGEANT *and Soldiers, with* DOREWKY *and 1st Robber bound.*

Nar. Not here! Wait but a few short moments—it may be she is yet within the cavern.

[*Exit into the Cave.*

Sam. Let some of you remain upon the watch, and give me instant notice should any one approach. [*Exeunt Soldiers, &c.*

Re-enter NARENSKY *from the Cave.*

Nar. By Heaven, the stranger has deceiv'd us! Eliza no where to be found! Fool that I was to trust him!

Sam. I'll not suspect him of such treachery. Did he not risk his life in our defence?

Nar. True—true—but yet a thousand fears distract me! What could prevent him from bringing her, according to his promise, to the appointed place?

Sam. Perhaps he's at the village even now, expecting——

Enter ANDREY.

And. My young mistress, sir, is coming this way, led by the robbers——

Nar. The stranger—is he with them?

And. Yes, sir, he seems their prisoner likewise.

Sam. They are approaching—let us conceal ourselves.

Nar. No, let us force them to release her. The sword that shrinks in woman's cause should hide its blushing blade within its recreant sheath —and, like a thief, with darkness grow familiar.

Sam. Her life may be endanger'd ! I fear the effects of disappointed rage in these infuriated men. Stand here awhile. *(they conceal themselves).*

Enter two Robbers, with ELIZA *and* DEMETRIEF.

Dem. Beware you use no violence. You are pursued, your place of refuge known, and vain it were to think that you can fly from justice; if then you'd seek to mitigate your sentence, forbear to act with cruelty.

2d Rob. You are at liberty to leave us; but this lady must remain as hostage for our safety. Tell our pursuers——

Eliza. O save me from them !

Dem. Dare not to touch her ! She shall not be separated from me.

3d Rob. She must; we have no other chance to save ourselves.

2d Rob. What ! do you brave us? Down with him !

Dem. Hear me ! She is entrusted to my care —my word is pledged to shield her with my life —and tho' disarm'd and by myself, in such a cause I will not yield, while I have power to raise an arm in her defence.

2d Rob. Away ! be wise, or with my sword— *(approaching).*

Dem. Hence, ruffian! (*thrusting him away violently*).

2d Rob. If you provoke us then—(*3d Robber whistles*).

Enter the Band of Robbers.

SAMOYLOF, NARENSKY, *with Soldiers, &c. suddenly come forward; the Soldiers level their Musquets at the Robbers, who instantly surrender).*

Nar. (*while advancing*) Come on, my friends.

Eliza. Narensky's voice! Ah! let me clasp him to my heart! (*embracing him*).

Dem. (*having wrested the sword from 2d Robber*) Slaves! Villains! as cowardly as cruel! Deliver up your arms.

(The Robbers give their swords to the Soldiers, who lead them to the back of the Stage.)

Dem. (*to Narensky*) Thus to restore your mistress to your arms—it is the proudest moment of my life.

Nar. (*taking his hand*) My friend! My brave deliverer!

Dem. Haste—conduct your lady from this frightful forest. I'll follow with your soldiers, and this desperate gang—and meet you in the village.

[*Demetrief and Sergeant, with Soldiers and Robbers, Exeunt.*

Eliza. Now that our joy's complete, I almost weep to think on all the hardships you've so long endured.

Nar. My sufferings will be forgotten in these arms—Misfortune binds the hearts of lovers with a closer tie, and, when the day of sorrow's past, their bosoms glow with warmer transports

than before, and with increasing gratitude to the unfailing Providence of Heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Village.

Enter MELOF, OBMANSCHIKOF, *and* EVANIA.

Obm. You see, Mr. Melof, I'm willing to do any thing in my power for Alexey. I can't think what keeps the Sergeant so long. I'll speak to him when he comes back, but I'm afraid he'll not let him go.

Evan. See where old Fedor comes! almost exhausted with sorrow and fatigue.

Enter FEDOR, *leaning on* ALEXEY *and* VASSILLY.

Fed. Once I had two sons! they both served in the cause of their country—they both died for their country! O, it is cruel to deprive me of you.—Sir, *(to Obmanschikof)* can you not save him?

Obm. Indeed—if I could I—that is, the Sergeant, but—*(aside)* I shake so, I can't speak!

Fed. His mother will not survive it—I too shall not wish to live—but our wrongs shall be redressed!——

Enter SAMOYLOF, NARENSKY, ELIZA, *and* ANDREY.

Fed. The little strength I've left shall support me to my Emperor's feet—he does not allow oppression to the poor. I will fall on my knees before him, I will tell him my two sons

have died with honor in his service! I will say—O my Emperor! restore him to my aged arms! And oh, let those who have oppressed the poor and the unfortunate suffer the punishment their cruelty deserves!

Sam. (springing forward and seizing Obmanschikof by the collar) Ha! has the villain dropp'd his mask!

Obm. Oh! oh!

Sam. Confess!

Obm. (looking up astonished and frighten'd) Col. Samoylof!

Sam. Speak—Rascal!

Obm. I own I gave five and thirty rubles to the Sergeant——

Sam. For what purpose?

Obm. To—to draw Alexey.

Sam. How—unfairly?

Obm. Y—y—yes!

Sam. Villain! *(turning round to Alexey)* You are free.

Fed. Can it be! O, sir, receive an old man's thanks.

Sam. I am not entitled to any thanks. *(to Andrey)* Stop him! *(Andrey pulls Obmanschikof back.)* The Count, your master, will inflict your punishment; in the mean time, see that you provide a recruit with your own money before to-morrow morning, or I shall take yourself. Don't leave me yet. We have been attacked by robbers; those whom we have taken prisoners must be confined in your house, until you've orders from the Governor; my soldiers will be there to guard them. Now you may be gone. [*Exit Obmanschikof.*

Mel. By robbers, sir?

Sam. Yes, you will hear more of them by

and bye. I think your daughter seems rejoiced at this young man's release. I almost guess the reason.

Mel. Yes, sir. I have been wrong to oppose her marrying an honest, though a poor man; but now, she has my consent.

Evan. Have I indeed, father? there, Alexey!

Alex. (*embracing her*) O I am grateful, very grateful, sir, to you.

Affon. (*without*) I am not the old woman you take me for—indeed I am not. Pray let me go.

Enter AFFONASSY *in* ULRICA'S *Clothes, brought in by* SERGEANT.

Sam. Where did you find this woman, Sergeant?

Serg. May it please your honour, we found her in the forest. Here's a purse and watch she had upon her, sir.

Sam. These are mine! (*taking them*).

Affon. But I don't belong to any robbers, indeed I don't.

Sam. Who are you then?

Affon. (*courtseying*) As honest and as good a creature as ever lived.

Sam. O, that's saying very little indeed! and unless you can give a better account of yourself, you must be knouted with the rest. Sergeant, come hither! (*talks to him apart*).

Affon. Knouted! Oh, dear! what's to be done? If I say I'm an old woman, I shall be knouted to death—and if I say I'm myself, I shall be shot to death? Which is the best of the two?

Sam. (*to Serg.*) You shall be severely pu-

nish'd, Yarkof, for your conduct. Have you discovered the recruit you were in search of?

Serg. No, sir.

Affon. (*to Sam.*) Pray, sir, what will you do with him when you've got him?

Sam. How does it concern you? why do you ask?

Affon. You surely won't shoot him, sir?

Sam. Shoot him! no, a whipping will be sufficient.

Affon. (*overjoyed*) A whipping! if that's all, I don't mind; I'll be whipped with all my heart, and thank you for it. I'm the man.—I'm Affonassy!

Sam. You! ridiculous!

Affon. (*to Melof.*) Here's my master. I'm sure you recollect me, don't you?—I shan't be shot, I shall only be whipp'd! Huzza! huzza! (*taking off his head-dress and throwing it up in the air*).

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

And. What! brother Affonassy!

Affon. Ah, brother Andrey! how do you do?

Sam. Sergeant take him away, and send him back to me in his soldier's dress. [*Exeunt Sergeant with Affonassy.*

Sam. Is he your brother, Andrey?

And. Yes, sir. And if he had'nt run away, the Sergeant would not have been in the forest to save us.

Sam. Well, Andrey, I'll readily excuse him. But where's the stranger to whose bravery we owe so much?

Enter DEMETRIEF *in Uniform, &c.*

Sam. & *Nar.* Demetrief!

Dem. In me, Narensky, the stranger keeps his word to meet you here again.

Nar. Is it possible?

Dem. Nay, more—he gives you back a second time—this letter! Narensky, you have wrong'd me—but love for your Eliza was the cause, and I forget it.

Sam. True, Demetrief, he indeed has wrong'd you. You have *(to Narensky)* much to make atonement for.

Dem. I rather chose to sink in your esteem—to let my honour suffer for a time—than raise my hand against a friend whose resentment was his error.

Nar. Generous man! with shame I ask forgiveness of you, and most for this detested letter.

Dem. Nay, nay,—'twas that alone which brought me to your assistance in the forest.

Nar. How came you to assume that strange disguise?

Dem. Your disappearance so soon after our unhappy quarrel, made the world believe that you had fallen by my hand, and rewards were offer'd for my apprehension. Since that, unknown to any one, I've sought you through the country, hoping at least to learn enough to clear my fame from calumny.

Enter AFFONASSY, *with a Soldier's Jacket and Cap on.*

Sam. O, here comes my soldier. Come hither, sirrah! Are you not asham'd of your cowardice? What! run away!

Affon. I'll never do it again, sir.

Sam. Well, I pardon you on this occasion. But when you are led on to fight, you must be

more brave. You must follow the brave example of your fellow-soldiers, and fight with honour in the field.

Affon. I'll be very brave indeed—oh, dear! and I'll fight—(*aside*) if I can't help it.

Vass. Look, Fedor! here come the villagers to have a dance upon your birth-day.

Nar. At such a happy hour as this their rustic merriment is doubly welcome;—now that each heart exults with joy, and love and friendship beam from every eye.

The Characters give place. Music. Enter Villagers, who advance to FEDOR, *kiss his Hand, and retire;* FEDOR *raises his Hands as if blessing them; they return with a Seat, decorated with Flowers, and lead* FEDOR *to it. Then follows a Pas Deux,* THE NATIONAL COURTSHIP DANCE, *to the original Russian Air.*

FINALE. *Chorus.*

Youths and maids well pleas'd advancing,
Sportive join in song and dancing,
To grace thy natal day;
Joy with soft affection blending,
On thy feeble age attending,
May'st thou, like the sun descending,
Still shine with peaceful ray!

THE END.

TRICK FOR TRICK,

OR,

THE ADMIRAL's DAUGHTER:

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS:

AS PERFORMED WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

July 2, 1812.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MISS S. BOOTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLER, 25, BOW STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.

1812.

Price two Shillings.

W. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Trifle, cannot submit it to the Public, without expressing his warmest acknowledgements to the Performers, who exerted themselves in its representation, with so much ability and success, in parts very inadequate to their talents. To the Lady, for whose Benefit the Piece was written, the Author is most particularly indebted; her inimitable acting insured her, what it invariably does, the rapturous Applause of an admiring Audience, and gave importance to a part, in itself trifling. There is a charm in her performance which brings to mind the best days of Mrs. JORDAN, *and places her in the very first rank of excellence in her profession. Messrs.* JONES, EMERY, LISTON, BLANCHARD, SIMMONS, *&c. exerted themselves in a way, the most gratifying to the Author; and to their united efforts, the Piece is indebted for the flattering reception it has met with from the Public.*

London,
July, 8, 1812.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

Sir Boreas O'Thunder,	Mr. Emery.
Old Heartwell,	Mr Simmons.
Young Heartwell,	Mr. Jones.
Hudibrastus Rant,	Mr. Liston.
Slip,	Mr. Blanchard.
Servant, Waiters, &c.	

Women.

Eliza,	Miss S. Booth.
Lucy,	Miss Booth.

Time, one Day.

The lines printed with inverted commas are omitted in the representation.

TRICK FOR TRICK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Court-yard of a Village Inn.

Enter young HEARTWELL *and* SLIP.

Y. Heart. WELL Slip, after all the toils of a land cruise, we have reached a snug harbour at last.—To you it will afford a breathing time ; but for me—to *love* and to *dare* must still be the motto of the day !

Slip. Meaning in other words, to fast and pray, to live by looking at a pretty face, as a cameleon does on the air:—in short, to make your body keep *Lent*, while your eyes are all *Carnival.*

Y. Heart. Your ideas, Slip, are too gross to banquet upon love; 'tis only the prerogative of refined souls to *live*, where a vulgar being would *starve.*

Slip. Hum ! then I pray Heaven that poor Slip may never know the blessing of this prerogative, this celestial accomplishment—of living without food ! for the infallible consequence would be ——

Y. Heart. What, Sirrah?

Slip. Home consumption! But Lord, Sir! is it really possible you can entertain serious views for this virgin pullet, this dainty miss Eliza, the daughter of Sir Boreas o'Thunder?

Y. Heart. Never more serious in my life! what I felt for other women was passion; what I feel for Eliza is love, pure matrimonial love!

Slip. Excuse me, master of mine, if since your amour with—you understand me Sir?—I am with respect to this sort of comprehension, the very extract of stupidity; dull as any block; blind as any mole.—But pray, Sir, may I inquire the old gentleman's reason for requesting your immediate presence in town?

Y. Heart. Oh, Slip! I know his reason well enough. It has long been my father's design to give me a Wife.

Slip. But who is the dainty Eve, pray?

Y. Heart. That I don't know—and what's more, don't care.

Slip. Then you intend to mutiny against the inclinations of your father, Mr. Heartwell?

Y. Heart. Heartwell! Don't let that name pass your lips, Sirrah!

Slip. Beg pardon, Sir, Mr. *Thornville* I meant. I had forgotten your "nom du guerre," as we say.

Y. Heart. Well, let it be the last time. Eliza is romantic, and I had other reasons for not disclosing my real name. But now, my good fellow, torture your inventive fancy, under what disguise I can best gain access to the house of Sir Boreas o'Thunder?

Slip (*bowing*). 'Pon my soul, Sir, highly flattered by being dubbed Schemer General in the court of

Cupid;—but really, my fancy is almost threadbare ——

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Sarvant, Sir—my master, the landlord of this here inn, bids me ask you if as how you would just lend him one of your horses, for me to fetch the Pottercarrier from the next town.

Y. Heart. Why, who's ill, friend?

Wait. Miss Eliza, Sir, of the great house on the hill.

Y. Heart. What, the daughter of Sir Boreas o' Thunder?

Wait. Ees, Zur: the folks say she's love-sick like, and so wants Dr. Bolus to cure her.

Y. Heart. (*aside to* SLIP). Zounds, Slip! Dr. Bolus——

Slip (*aside to young* HEARTWELL). Is yourself! Damn'd lucky—but suppose the gudgeon won't bite?

Y. Heart. (*aside*). Bait the hook with gold, and what gudgeon will refuse?——Here, my fine fellow (*giving the* WAITER *money*), I intend riding that way myself, and will inform the apothecary; so there's no occasion for your services.

Wait. Thank'ye, Zur! —— Never zee'd such a civil gentleman in all my days. [*Exit.*

Y. Heart. Now, Slip, fortune indeed begins to favor us. I will immediately procure the necessary disguise, and when you next behold me, it shall be with flying colours. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE SECOND.

A Room in the House of Sir BOREAS O'THUNDER, *in which there are a Sofa and Work Table, on the latter Embroidery and Coronellas.*

ELIZA *and* LUCY *discovered.*

Eliza. You have been to the post-office, and no letter? Oh! these men, these men, Lucy, always upbraiding our sex with faults which are entirely on their side!—I've no patience with them! I'll tell you a secret, Lucy, the world is all mad, and mankind, like a good for nothing clock, will never go right, till I have the regulation of them.

Lucy. You speak, Miss, like a politician! and if you can only *wind* up your father by this pretended illness to return to Cheltenham—

Eliza. Oh! that will be delightful! that will be the very thing! and don't you think, Lucy, (I'm speaking seriously now) don't you think it all fair and natural for a girl like me to cheat her father, when there's a lover in the way?

Lucy. Oh! Miss, depend upon it, it's not only *natural*, but *lawful* too!

Eliza. Right, Lucy, so it is; (I declare I begin to think you a very sensible girl;) 'tis the law of love! and I will cheat, hang me if I won't. I fancy I hear my father say, "Come, my girl, we'll weigh anchor, and sheer off to Cheltenham in a twinkling;—here Thomas a-hoy; then posting away upon the wings of love, I return to Thornville, and—oh! Lucy—the thought makes me so very, very happy, that I could jump! ay, as high as the Heavens, and find a Thornville in the Planet Mars! Come, Lucy, let

us do something to drive away melancholy; when we cant pray, we must play. [*Goes to the Table and takes up the Coronellas;* ELIZA *and* LUCY *play.*] So, so, ah! there I mist it; feathers are the type of inconstancy, and I'll have nothing more to do with them. [*Throws them away in a pet.*]

Lucy. O Lud, Ma'am! you must put on your sick face, for here comes your father, by Gemini-Cancer!

Eliza (*looking to the side*). Eh? so he does, I declare. Well, then—I'm *dying*, but 'tis for *love*, Lucy!

Lucy. Silence, Miss!

Eliza. Well, I vow 'tis very hard to keep silence, when love and Thornville are always on the tip of my tongue; but now for a mournful face! Oh! Oh! [*Goes to the Sofa apparently ill.*]

[LUCY *exit.*

Enter Sir BOREAS O'THUNDER.

Sir Boreas. What, my little tight one! still wind-bound?

Eliza. Oh, my dear papa, I am so very, very ill; my eyes seem heavy, as if they had nothing to gaze upon; and then, papa, there's my heart—if you think I'm cheating now, only feel—don't you think it's affected? [*Putting his hand to her heart.*]

Sir Boreas. So it is; heaves worse than a jolly boat in the Bay of Biscay: but cheer up, my dolding! the Doctor will put in here presently, so that I expect to have you in sailing trim in a day or so.

Eliza. Oh! the Doctor will be of no service to me,

Sir Boreas. That's more than you know.

Eliza. I'm sure of it; 'tis this air which affects me. Ugh! Ugh! [*coughing*] I declare 'tis quite stifling. Don't you think we had better return to Cheltenham, papa?

Sir Boreas. Cheltenham! ha! ha! I see how the land lies; you want to have that sucking giant in a *go-cart*, that Thornville, frisking and cringing and fluttering; but avast there, for I've got a bit of news to tell you which mayhap—

Eliza. News? Oh, I long to hear it.—I'm sure 'tis something about Thornville. (*Aside.*)

Sir Boreas. Why, lookye, girl; I've been long thinking how great a pity 'twas, that such a neat, trim, well-rigged little vessel as yourself should remain so long upon the stocks, without being properly *manned* and sent to sea.

[*During this she curtsies several times.*

Eliza. That's my dear, good papa! and so you're going to give me your consent to marry—

Sir Boreas. A man you never clapp'd eyes on to my knowledge.

Eliza (*aside*). Provoking! I declare I thought he meant Thornville.—Dear me, papa, I'm too young to think of marriage yet; let me wait a little while,—about seven years, papa! and I'm sure that will be time enough for such a girl as I am to think of marriage.

Sir Boreas. You shall be spliced to him, girl, the very day he comes to an anchor in my house, which by his father's letter (*Taking one from his pocket*), will be to-morrow, or thereabouts.

Eliza. Comes? pray who is coming?

Sir Boreas. Why who but the son of my old friend, Jack Heartwell, to be sure? as brave a lad

as ever faced an enemy's cannon, or cracked an Englishman's biscuit; a true son of beef, girl! none of your fly-flapper, fis-gig, flash in the pan chaps.

Eliza. Vexation! pray what is he like, papa?

Sir Boreas. Like? not that I ever clapped eyes on him, d'ye see;—because Tom Heartwell has been cruising all his life; but he's a sailor, and I take it, like myself;— a good surly English bull-dog;—with all his generosity and rough sincerity: kind to his friends, fierce and untractable to his enemies, in battle a *hurricane*, a *tornado*, hurling destruction upon the foes of Old England;—in one word, girl, he's a British Sailor.

Eliza. Ha! ha! I should like to know if such an animal as this can ever smile or look pleasant—but I tell you what, papa, I won't have him! I can't like him—we shall be of different tempers—we shall never agree.

Sir Boreas. Never agree! that's the very reason you *will* agree; an English marriage should be made like English punch—let the woman bring plenty of acid, with sufficient of the sugar of good-nature to sweeten it; let the man bring plenty of spirit, with sufficient of the waters of reason to temper it, and damme if this *contradiction* won't agree like a sailor and his flip!

Servant announces Dr. BOLUS. [*Exit.*

Sir Boreas (to Eliza.) Well, do you tack about, and make for that sofa, while I grapple a little with the Doctor.

Eliza. What need of the Doctor, when nothing but Cheltenham air can do me good? (Some bumpkin of an apothecary, who I dare say will be stupid enough to find out that there's nothing the

matter with me.)—Well, I declare I won't look at him, for I'll take my sampler, and embroider away. [*Goes to the sofa, takes her sampler from the table, turns away, and begins working.*]

Enter Young HEARTWELL, *disguised as an Apothecary.*

Sir Boreas. Doctor a-hoy! What cheer, my hearty, what cheer!

Y. Heart. (bowing). Sir Boreas O'Thunder your most obsequiously devoted.—Eliza, by all that's heavenly! *(aside.)*

Sir Boreas. Well, I suppose all complaints are the same to you; your art extends to the cure of love, eh?

Y. Heart. Damn the old gig, he don't smoke me, I hope. *(Aside.)* Yes, Sir Boreas, I have a famous nostrum for curing the *heart-burn* in young ladies who are tolerably handsome, and I do flatter myself that my presence will produce some favourable effect upon your dear, lovely, charming——

Sir Boreas. Dear, lovely, charming! why the fellow talks more like a lover than an apothecary. *(During this Young* HEARTWELL *is trying to make signs to* ELIZA: *Sir* BOREAS *turns round and observes him.)* Why, the fellow stands gaping with a mouth as wide as a dying cod-fish. Doctor, a-hoy! *(bawling.)*

Y. Heart. (confused and bowing.) Sir—I—I—I am your most obsequious——

Sir Boreas. Blood and thunder, Sir! *what* are you?

Y. Heart. Oh, the devil! I must astonish. *(Aside.)*—Sir Boreas, I've the honour to be a

knight of the pestle, vulgarly termed apothecary! I prescribe and compound all kinds of diaphoretics, pectorals, laxatives, carminatives, and emollients, and am also a vender of the Lover's Balsam and Jesuit's DROPS. *(saying this he drops a letter opposite Eliza, who, rising, picks it up.)*

Eliza (*aside*). 'Tis Thornville, by all that's happy. (ELIZA *reading the letter, Sir* BOREAS *observes her.*)

Sir Boreas. Hilloa, girl! hand us over that bit of black and white.

Y. Heart (*aside*). Confusion!

Eliza (*aside*). Unfortunate!

Sir Boreas. That paper, I say, oh, oh, I suspect I've caught a prize. (ELIZA *hides the letter, and tears the white paper from the back of her sampler.*)

Eliza. No, my dear papa, this paper is merely a blank from the back of my embroidery, that's all.

Sir Boreas. Is that true?

Eliza. True? yes, papa, as true as the needle to the *pole. (pricks his head with the needle.)*

Sir Boreas (*rubbing his head*). Phew! what the Devil's that, so *sharp?*

Eliza. Ha! ha! my dear papa. You must, indeed, look sharp enough now. [*Aside to young* HEARTWELL]. Never fear, all's safe.

Y. Heartwell. Fathers in the present age, Sir Boreas, ought to have eyes like a microscope—girls are really such—

Eliza. No railing against the sex, Mr. Gravity.

Sir Boreas. But come, you and I, Doctor, must tack about to another subject—that's my daughter, as you perceive.

Y. Heartwell. Yes, Sir, I perceive.

Sir Boreas. Well, do you know—(don't lag

astern Doctor, but heave in this way)—that Jesebel has been throwing out her grappling irons, to catch a scurvy, land-lubberly, long shore, snivelling, drivelling fellow of the name of Thornville.

Y. Heartwell (*with joyful eagerness*). Has she indeed!—famous!

Sir Boreas. What the devil d'ye mean? 'tis *infamous!*

Y. Heartwell (*recovering*). Yes, zounds! Sir, 'tis infamous—infamous I meant;—Thornville! I think I must have heard of him,—a fellow who's all upper work and headsail, moon-rakers, sky-scrapers, and no stowage—eh?

Sir Boreas. Damme Doctor, you're right, you've describ'd the *rascal*, as exactly, as if he had been your *intimate* friend all the days of your life.

Y. Heartwell. But I hope, Sir, you don't suppose, that such a *rascal is* my intimate friend?

Sir Boreas. No, to be sure I did'nt.—Well, now what I want you to do, my dear Dr. Bolus, is to advise my daughter to fall in with the current of my inclination, by being *spliced* to the man I've intended for her.

Y. Heartwell. A thankful office, by Jupiter! *(Aside).* Pray, Sir Boreas, may I ask the name of my—that is, of your—husband, Sir, I mean—the happy man who is to—eh?

Sir Boreas. Why, I don't see what that has to do with prescribing.

Y. Heartwell. Nor I neither *(aside).* Well, Sir Boreas, if you'll allow me a few minutes conversation with the lady—*We* physicians generally prescribe best in *private.*

Sir Boreas (going). I'll weigh anchor and sheer off.

Y. Heartwell. By the bye, Sir Boreas, you've not told me your daughter's name— is it Betsy—or Titilinda—or——

Sir Boreas. Tit and the Devil! she's called the good ship Eliza, dy'e see.

Y. Heartwell. Eliza! that sounds like a very tempestuous refractory name—well, go, Sir.

Sir Boreas. I'm off—but I say, Doctor, be sure you make her forget this Thornville. [*Exit.*

Y. Heartwell. Oh, to be sure—Dearest Eliza, arts like these are as fair in *love* as in *war.*

Eliza. Dear Thornville! oh, I declare you have frightened me so!

Y. Heartwell. I feel a selfish satisfaction in your fears: for guided by my vanity, fain would I attribute them to your love.

Eliza. Ah! that sentiment would be very thrilling if whispered on a moon-shiny night; but as my father would say, that's not attacking a subject by the weather board--ha! ha! ha! now don't I speak like an Admiral's daughter?

Y. Heartwell. You speak, Eliza, like an angel, —so says my passion; and yet you're but the most lovely of mortals,—so says my reason; but tell me,—who is this man your father designs for your husband?

Eliza. Who is he? why a great sea-bear to be sure, as surly, as he says, as an English bull-dog. I suppose he'll bark, when he comes here, and make love with a bow-wow-wow.

Y. Heartwell. But tell me the name of this odious rival, and believe me his life shall pay the forfeit of his presumption.

Eliza. Why his name is as frightful as himself, —Heartwell.

Y. Heartwell (*aside.*) Myself by all that's— Heartwell d'ye say?

Eliza. Yes, "Tom Heartwell," as my papa calls him; the son of his "old friend Jack." Oh, I am so glad you're going to fight him—you'll be sure to kill him, won't you now, my dear Thornville?

Y. Heartwell. Oh, to be sure, my dear Eliza.

Eliza. I shan't pity him in the least, so shoot him, shoot him, *slap bang;* and I'll love you all the better for it.

Y. Heartwell (aside). The devil take her consolation; she wants to be a *widow* before she's a *wife* I see).—But now, Eliza, suppose I am Heartwell?

Eliza. You? ha! ha! now hang me if that is'nt a good one—you?

Y. Heartwell. Oh! Venus forbid that I should ever be quite so ugly as he: but suppose I assume his name, introduce myself to your father, and elope with his daughter?

Eliza. Oh! charming! delightful! an elopement,—I should like it above all things—do it, do it, do it, my dear Thornville, and I will love you so—but hist, here comes my father.

Y. Heartwell. So soon? then I must alter my tone—I tell you what, Miss Eliza, you must not be flying off in vapour, like a bottle of oxygen gas —yes Miss, you must regard this Thornville like bitter aloes, or tartar emetic, or any other nauseous——

(*During this* SIR BOREAS *enters.*)

Oh! Sir Boreas, are you here? I was just prescribing a few *grains* of filial obedience, and I hope your daughter will make no *scruple* in taking them.

Sir Boreas. Why I hope so too.

Y. Heartwell. Miss Eliza, said I—(squeezing her hand in this way,) a father's authority to a headstrong child, is like an *attenuating gargle* to an *inflammatory sore throat.* Dear Doctor, says she, (kindly returning my squeeze,) the cordial of your advice is as warm to my heart, as the tincture of *cardamums* or a *peppermint* draught.

Sir Boreas. Did she say that?

Y. Heartwell. Ask the Lady, Sir.

Eliza. (*aside*) Now must I look very serious.—Yes, papa, I told him all that, and a great deal more *too*,—(which I don't intend to tell *you*).—(*Aside*).

Sir Boreas. Give us your hand, my dear girl, the tough old heart of a sailor is as soft as *oakum*, now the *squalls* are over and the wind chopped about.—I say, my jolly Doctor, let us drink a bottle of rumbo on the strength of this reformation.

Y. Heartwell. Excuse me, Sir Boreas, business demands my care: at a future opportunity, I will prescribe under another form; at present I take my leave.

Sir Boreas. Why, if you will sheer off, I'll just step out with you, and see how the land lies.

[SIR BOREAS *and Young* HEARTWELL *exeunt.*

Eliza (*sola*). Ha! ha! excellent! if this sort of love is not purely *Platonic*, hang me if it's not very *laconic*!—Well, Lucy——

Enter LUCY *in haste.*

Lucy. Oh, Miss! here's a pucker! here's a hubbub!

Eliza. Why, what's the matter now?

Lucy. Here's your treasons, rebellions, plots, conjurations, confederacies, and conspiracies!——

Eliza. Why, Lucy, are you mad, child?—speak!

Lucy. In the first place, Miss, (I can scarcely speak I'm so out of breath)—in the first place, Mr. Thornville is *not* Mr. Thornville.

Eliza. I tell you what, Lucy, I wont hear Thornville abused, that's what I wont!

[*turns away.*

Lucy. You are abused, Miss, and that's what you are! for when I gave Mr. Slip a kiss just now—

Eliza (*turning sharply round*). A what, Lucy?

Lucy. A kiss, Miss, and it made him so good-natured that he told me a great bouncing secret, which I was not to tell you upon any account whatever.

Eliza. A secret! oh dear, do let me hear it, now do, Lucy!

Lucy. Well, Miss, he told me—but mind, it's a monstrous secret—that his master's real name was *Heartwell,* and that his father was going to make him marry some old ugly frumpish fright——

Eliza. And that's *me,* Lucy—ha! ha!

Lucy. You, Miss?

Eliza. Yes indeed—I am that very same old ugly frumpish fright, according to your judgment.

Lucy. But in the judgment of your looking-glass, Miss?—

Eliza. Well, I'm not angry, Lucy—What a

trick has he been playing me!—a base, dissembling—ha! ha! I can't help loving him, too: but I'll be revenged, hang me if I wont, or else I'm no woman, that's all!

Lucy. Right, Miss, I *would be* revenged!

Eliza. I *will*, Lucy. Stay, let me think!—Oh! here comes that moonstruck poet, Hudibrastus Rant. Do you know, he flatters himself, he has made a conquest of me! Suppose I inflame his vanity, and engage him in my plot.

Lucy. Aye do, Miss.

Eliza. I will, I will—go away, Lucy, and let me be alone with him. [*Exit* LUCY.

Enter RANT, *singing without.*

Rant. "When daisies pied and vi'lets blue,
And lady smocks all silver white——"

Eliza. Well, what then, Mr. Walking Register of Quotations?

Rant (*aside*). What deference she pays to my understanding.—Why then, oh, adored mistress of my soul! 'tis the balmy-breathing spring: Nature invites all her subjects to delight and love;—birds pair, so do men and women: for, as the poet says,

"Love is a fire that burns and sparkles,
As nat'rally in men as charcoals."

Eliza (*aside*). (Now must I look very sentimental, else will he not believe me.)—Oh, dear Mr. Rant! a cruel necessity obliges me to break silence.

Rant. Break silence? Right: for as the poet says,

"Silence is only commendible
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible."

Eliza. Do you know, my father has this morn-

ing told me, that he's going to marry me to a man—

Rant. Why your father surely wont marry you to a woman?—but the man—is the man any thing like me? because the ladies all say, that I'm very like *Hannibal.*

Eliza. You may be very like a *Cannibal,* for all that I know; but I can assure you there's not the least resemblance between you and him.

Rant. Hem! I suppose he wants my Apollo air—my grace—my gait with a—eh?

[*strutting about.*

Eliza. Oh, Mr. Rant! was he possest but of half your charms——

Rant (*aside*). She has a great deal of taste certainly.

Eliza. But would you believe it, he's a surly sailor with a wooden leg!

Rant. Admirably adapted for tollutation! and, as the poet says,

"——— his leg then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak."

Eliza. Now, sweet Mr. Rant, if you have gallantry enough to carry me off under the disguise of this rough sailor, whose name is Heartwell——

Rant. Say no more—I'm an Alexander the Great for gallantry! all furnace—all ether—all sun! I glow! I burn! I mount! I fly! and oh! I kneel! (*kneels.*) Oh, thou divinity! my soul without thy love would be as gloomy as Billingsgate in the absence of *Molly the Fair.*

PARODY.—*Tune Robin Adair.*

Rant.

What's Billingsgate to me?
Molly's not near!
What though the briny sea
Flow'd with strong beer?
What's all the roach and dace,
Salmon, ling, cod, and plaice,
If they're not cried by thee,
Molly the Fair!

What made the gin-shop shine?
Molly the Fair!
What made the market fine?
Molly was there!
What made my face so sore,
Black, blue, and red all o'er?
Oh! it was boxing with
Molly the Fair!

" But now thou'rt dead to me,
" Molly the Fair!
" Don't come to bed to me,
" Molly the Fair!
" Though I lov'd *fishy* charms,
" Yet in thy deadly arms,
" Oh! I can't love thy ghost,
" Molly the Fair!"

Eliza. Well, who cares about Molly the Fair? are you content to be——

Rant. Content! what an hyperborean expression for a Lover! [*making violent gestures.*

" In amaze——"

Eliza. Mr. Rant!

Rant. " Lost I gaze!"

[*not attending, but acting in dumb shew.*

Eliza. Oh! he's mad! (*aside*)—Mr. Rant, I say, will you be yourself?

Rant. Why I hope I'm nobody *beside* myself.

Eliza. Indeed I begin to think so.

Rant. Well then, "Richard's himself again!" Madam—I—oh! my spirits rise like a thermometer in the *dog*-days.

Eliza (Aside). Very natural for puppies!—But will you let me explain?

Rant. Explanations! unnecessary,—I conceive—I take—I ratify—I comply—Madam, when you next behold me, you shall say with the poet,

"His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen."

Eliza. But pray don't forget the wooden leg.

Rant. A wooden leg! what sympathy 'twill call forth!

"Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg,
Stuck in a hole here, like a peg."

Eliza. Then go, my dear Mr. Rant.

Rant. I will my dear Miss.

Eliza (pushing him out). But go—

Rant. "I go—I go—look how I go!
"Swifter than arrow from a Tartar's bow."
[*Exit.*

Eliza. Ha! ha! excellent: *(dances about)*—Nature may have given men superior *strength*—but she has certainly given superior *invention* to the women.—Now Mr. Heartwell, look to yourself.—*Trick* for *Trick* is the word, or I'm no Admiral's Daughter.

END OF THE FIRSH ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A Room at the Inn.

Enter YOUNG HEARTWELL *in naval uniform, and* SLIP.

Slip. If I might presume to advise, Sir, I think there is very great danger in it—'tis like the clown attempting to catch the moon in the river, and being drown'd in the experiment.—You had better disclose who you are, and have done with it at once!

Y. Heart. No, Slip, in disguise I commenced, in disguise I must conclude. When Eliza shall discover that I have been taking an ungenerous advantage of her credulity, I've every thing to dread from her resentment.

Slip. She resent it! she might as well attempt to make a fishing rod of the Monument, and whip for sprats with a cable! No, no, no! she's too much in love with you for that.

Y. Heart. I listen to your flattering, Slip, as I would to the preamble of a mountebank, receiving pleasure from his *nonsense*, without putting any faith in his *nostrums*:—but (*looking at his watch*) 'tis near the appointed time, and, hearkye Slip, as

I don't wish my father to know that I've anticipated his cheme, do my good fellow just drop a *line*.—

Slip. A *lie*, Sir, you must mean.

Y. Heart. Ha! ha! a *lie!* yes, I confess I did mean a *lie*, though I didn't express it: tell the old boy that I am detained at Cheltenham, in consequence of a broken leg or a——

Slip. Leave it to me, Sir, and I'll break every bone in your body. [*Young* HEARTWELL *Exit.* Now let me consider—Conscience will never let me tell a lie with an empty stomach, and if my master won't eat his dinner *in propriâ personâ*, I see no lawful reason why it shouldn't be done by proxy.—Holloa, *Wait-er!* Yes, I'll reserve the *lie*, by way of *grace* after meat!—*Wait-er!*

Waiter (*without, then enters*). Coming!

Slip. Coming? is that the way, sirrah! you answer a gentleman? is dinner ready?

Waiter. Very nearly, Zur, and there's a good looking old gentleman just popp'd out of the coach, who would be happy to make *one* with you *two*, Zur.

Slip. Make one with me, *fellow!* not if he were fifty times a gentleman! 'tis my pleasure to dine alone; so d'ye hear, let me have pen, ink, paper, and a decanter of prime, priestly port, by way of inspiration!

Waiter (*going*). Yes, Zur.

Slip. And dy'e hear;—take care, you dog, you don't break the crust. (*Waiter exit.*) This travelling as my master's *companion*, rather than his *servant*, suits my ideas of independence exactly. I think I was born to be a great man;—an alderman for instance! admirably adapted either for speechifying in a common council, or gormandizing at a city feast!

Re-enter WAITER, *with Pens, Wine, &c.*

Waiter. The old gentlemen, Zur, would take it as a great favour if you would allow him to pick a bit with you, as he happens to have the *traveller's appetite.*

Slip. I'm sure he has the *traveller's impudence*;—so he's hungry, eh?

Waiter. Yes, Zur.

Slip. Well, Sirrah! to shew you I'm upon the *Civil*-List, present my very respectful compliments to the old buck, and tell him to—starve and be d——d, or live like a Greenland bear, by licking his own paws! Now, fellow, begone, and let me have no more interruptions. (SLIP *pushes the* WAITER *out, goes to the Table, help himself to Wine, and prepares to write.*)—Let me think,—a glass of this old *Tawney*, by way of a whet (*drinks*): and now (*begins writing*)—"Honoured Sir."—that's the lie complimentary —"this comes hoping your honor's well, as I am far from being at present." (*drinks*) "Your poor son——" (*Old* HEARTWELL *enters behind, unobserved by* SLIP, *who has his back towards him.*)

O. Heart. (*aside*). Now let me accost this very *uncivil*—but stay—(*Retires.*)

Slip. —"has had the misfortune to break his leg;"—that's the lie *positive*—but "*patience* and *resignation* are the young man's best *pocket companions.*

O. Heart. (*aloud from behind*). And good nature and liberality are the young man's best *travelling companions.*

Slip. D——n! Who dares——(*in the first moment of passion,* SLIP, *without looking round,*

throws a glass of wine in Old HEARTWELL's *face and then recognises him.*)—Oh, the devil! my master's father, by Jupiter! confound it, what shall I do?

O. Heart. Scoundrel!

Slip (*aside*). Oh! d——n it, his face is all blunderbuss and cartridge.

O. Heart. (*menacing*). Are you not a pretty rascal, sirrah?

Slip. O Lord, Sir! if nature has made me *pretty*, don't suffer that crab-stick to spoil my beauty; for, 'pon my soul, Sir, when I sent my very respectful compliments, telling you to starve and be d——d, I had no notion 'twas the father of my dear master.

O. Heart. Dear master! a jackanapes! a prodigal! but where is he, Sirrah?—what's that letter for? what? where? when? how? answer me, you dog, in one word, or I'll break every bone in your skin.

Slip (*aside*). That's the very favour I was to have done my master with a *pen*, and now I'm to be repaid with a *stick!*

O. Heart. (*strikes him*). Zounds! no prating!

Slip (*kneeling*). Oh! dear Sir! don't! oh!

O. Heart. Then get upon your legs, rogue, and shew yourself honest, at last, by telling me every thing.

Slip (*rising*). Not the first rogue, by many, on his last legs, who has turned honest (*Aside*).

O. Heart. That letter this very minute, or I'll——

Slip (*aside*). Confusion! I had best stick to the lie!—Yes, Sir, this letter will explain every thing. You must know, Sir, that your poor son is at this moment lying at Cheltenham.

O. Heart. (*who has read the letter*). While his

impudent servant is *lying* to me on the road;—broke his leg! 'tis all a sham—a flimsy, shallow—

Slip. Facts are stubborn things; but upon the unimpeachable veracity of a gentleman's gentleman, it is a fact for all that!

O. Heart. But what do you want here? will this mend his leg?

Slip (aside). Oh! the deuce! I have it.—O Sir! I'm awaiting the arrival of a famous surgeon, one Dr. Bolus, who is to accompany me to Cheltenham, where your poor son lies, wreathing and twisting like a dying eel! oh! oh! [*pretends to cry.*]

O. Heart. (*cries*). What, Tom! my poor boy! oh! oh!

Slip (aside). D——n it, how the old one whimpers!

O. Heart. But come, Slip, I will but just call upon my old friend, Sir Boreas O'Thunder, apprise him of the accident, and then away to poor Tom.

Slip. Confound it! here'll be pretty work!

O. Heart. Come, Slip! oh! my son!

Slip. Coming, Sir! oh the devil! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE THE SECOND.

A Room in the House of SIR BOREAS O'THUNDER. SIR BOREAS *and* YOUNG HEARTWELL *(in naval uniform).*

Sir Boreas. Slip my granny knots, I'm glad to see thee! Well, how's father? how's my old friend Jack? getting rather crank I take it—Ah Tom,

the storms of time make our timbers crazy, and when once the bottom planks begin to give way, why 'tis of no use to think of caulking and sheathing and stopping leaks—Well, but how is Jack?

Y. Heart. As hearty, Sir, as an old man can be when blessed with good health, and a sound conscience.

Sir Boreas. I'm glad to hear it, and as to his conscience, d'ye see, in scudding over the sea of life, Jack has always made it his compass, his polar star! hilloa! a-hip, Thomas, a-hoy!—So the old buck's as sound as a geer-capstan?

Enter THOMAS.

What's my daughter loitering about? I'll have no idlers a board of my house, so send her up.

Thomas. My young Mistress, Sir, is only amusing herself in the garden with her *Devil.*

Sir Boreas. Her Devil! a very odd kind of play fellow for a young lady, ha! ha! Well, pass the word to my little Venus,—that if she can dispense with her play fellow, Mr. *Nick*, her intended husband, Mr. *Heartwell*, would be glad to hail her,—that's all. [THOMAS *Exit.*

" *Y. Heartwell.* Perhaps, Miss Eliza does " not feel interested;—that is, perhaps some more " fortunate lover——

" *Sir Boreas.* Why, to be plain with you, Tom, " she had a little sort of a hankering, for a blubber- " ly bluff-headed, chitte-faced fellow of the name " of Thornville, and began moaning for him like " a sea mew;—but a damned clever apothecary " came here this morning, and with a broadside of " dog latin, or hocus pocus, soon made her hoist

" the ensign of health; and now she's as gay as the " Queen of Sheba, or the Royal Charlotte on " a birth day;—none of your flaunting frippery " tiffany jades." Zooks! here she comes;—a'nt she a fine girl, eh?

Enter ELIZA *with a Devil, which after playing with for some time, she tosses up.*

Eliza. So,—there—strike my topsails how it spins!—hillao! take care of your heads—psha! toes I mean;—la, papa, what wild beast have you brought here? is this the great bull-dog, pray?

Sir Boreas. Hush, you gipsey,—this is your husband.

Eliza. Is this he? then I'll speak to him *(goes up to Young* HEARTWELL).—Pray, Sir, can you *bark?*

Y. Heart. No, love, but I can *kiss.* [*kisses her.*

Eliza. La! me! I'm sure there's no occasion o take one's breath away—you frightful——

Sir Boreas (*taking* ELIZA *from him.*) Belay there! and now I leave you to grapple a little together; and d'ye hear, Tom, be as *rough* as a sailor, if you like, but damme be as *honest* as a sailor. [SIR BOREAS *exit.*

Y. Heart. Now, dearest Eliza, let us snatch this propitious moment, and by every sacred tie suffer your Thornville to realize the happiness, he has so long cherished in idea, with all the ardour, all the sanctity of love ———

Eliza. With all the ardour, and all, the—rum-ti-tum-dum (*sings round the stage*)—Why how you stare!

Y. Heart. Eliza,—let me speak to you with reason.

Eliza. Ha! ha! a man in love talk of *reason!* that's like a drunkard preaching up sobriety;—but go away, you fright, for, fal, lal, la, tum, dum-dum! (*dancing about*)—What, not gone yet?—I thought I told you to—tum-dum-dum! (*still singing.*)

Y. Heart. Heavens! what can she mean,—*Eliza!*

Eliza. Sir, I'm not deaf.

Y. Heart. Would I were not only *deaf* but *blind!*

Eliza. Not blind! then let me tell you, Mr. Thornville, you're not in love—for love is always blind—(*looks at him for some time, and then laughs*)—ha! ha! it's very true!

Y. Heart. I'm thunderstruck (*aside*)—Tell me, Eliza, where is the burning glance, the witching smile, the balmy kiss, which used to greet the happy Thornville?

Eliza. Why don't you know? well that's very odd,—but I'll tell you,—I'm treasuring up all the glances, all the smiles, and all the kisses, to greet the happy *Heartwell,* who is coming here this very afternoon to marry me.—So if you stay any longer, you will only meet with *frowns.*

SONG. *Eliza.*

1

Cease, my bold designing lover,
Cease, to tempt me from my duty!
Fly my sight, you wanton rover,
Fly to court some other beauty.
Then fly, Sir! fly, Sir! here lurks danger,
With a tink a tink, tink a tink, tink, tink, tank,
My hand is plighted to a stranger,
With a tink, &c.

[*Castanets to be introduced*].

2

He who trusts to woman's smiling,
On seas inconstant sets his sail—
Sighs so soft, and looks so whiling,
But forerun the dangerous gale.
Then, go, Sir! go Sir! why d'ye tarry,
With a tink, &c.
You, Sir, you Sir, I must not marry—
With a tink, &c.

Y. Heart. Eliza, hear me;—I am the real Heartwell.

Eliza. You, Heartwell, ha! ha! ha!

Y. Heart. By heavens, I am he, and this disguise———

Eliza. Was all concerted between us, you remember, in order to cheat my father; but I won't cheat him, that's what I won't!—here, Lucy! [*Calls.*

Y. Heart. (*laying hold of her*). Death and confusion!—Eliza!

Eliza. Ah!—don't touch me, you mad raving bedlamite!

Y. Heart. Then by all the powers, if you'll not be mine, by fair means,—let this be the last effort of distracted love.

[*Attempting to carry her off, she screams.*

Enter Sir Boreas O'Thunder.

Sir Boreas. Ha! ha! why, you dog,—and you, you young jade! "but I'll taught your rigging for "you, and clap your feet in the bilboes, I will."

Eliza (*aside to* HEARTWELL). Now, Mr. Don Quixote, I'll tell every thing.

Y. Heart. (*remonstrating*). Eliza,—hear me—

Eliza. I tell you I won't, I won't! (ELIZA *and* YOUNG HEARTWELL, *beset* SIR BOREAS *on each side.*) My dear papa, this is ——

Y. Heart. My dear Sir—I am not——

Eliza. But indeed—

Y. Heart. (*stopping her mouth*). Don't believe it, Sir—I *am* the real Heartwell—

Sir Boreas. Eh! why who the devil doubts it?

Eliza. I don't *doubt* it, papa, for I *know* him to be Thornville in disguise.

Sir Boreas. Blood and thunder, Sir, are you the Thornville she knew at Cheltenham.

Y. Heart. Sir Boreas, I am—but when you shall hear—

Sir Boreas. I'll hear nothing! let me come at him—I'll deaden his forelights, I'll pull down his moon-rakers.

Eliza (*preventing her father*). Ah, don't, papa, don't hurt him, poor man! (indeed I *pity*, although I can't *love* you.) (*To Young* HEARTWELL).

Y. Heart. I disdain alike your pity and your love.—Sir Boreas

Sir Boreas. Not a word! Hillos, a-hip, Thomas! William! a-hoy! [*Enter a servant.*] —here, take this juggler, this hocus-pocus, and turn him keel upwards in the coal-cellar.

Thomas. Please you, Sir, there's an oldish looking gentleman below, who says his name is Heartwell.

Eliza (*aside.*) Oh! it must be Rant.—I'll away and encourage him. [*Exit.*

Sir Boreas. An oldish gentleman, d'ye say?—Zounds! 'tis my old friend Jack! shew him up.

[THOMAS *Exit.*

Y. Heart. (*aside*). Fortunate indeed!—Now, Sir Boreas, if the gentleman below does not immediately recognize me as his son, I'm content to be the impostor you have thought me.

Sir Boreas. Well, I wish it may be so.—— Why zounds! [*Enter* RANT *in a ludicrous disguise with a wooden leg, attended by* ELIZA, *who coquets with him.*]

Y. Heart. (*to* ELIZA). Eliza, what can this mean?

Eliza (*to* RANT). Oh, my dear Mr. Heartwell, do you know that this impudent fellow has dared to assume your name!

Rant. Has he indeed? then I must trounce him! Hem, fellow! (*strutting up to Young* HAERTWELL)

Y. Heart. (*to* RANT) Who devil are you?

Sir Boreas (*to* YOUNG HEARTWELL). What the devil's that to you, Sir?—How now my hearty? excuse me from being rather shy at first,—but are you the son of my old friend Jack?

Y. Heart. Damme, his father must be *Jack-Ketch* then, if we're to judge by the appearance of the *Son.*

Rant. Sweet Sir, you have said it—

Sir Boreas. Give us your fist then, my dear boy.

Y. Heart. Curses light upon that jilt *fortune*, my hopes are withered, and I'm compelled to believe there's another man of the same name, who has more claim to Eliza than myself.

Sir Boreas (*to servants*). Off with him, you lubbers.

Y. Heart. (*to* ELIZA). And as for you, cruel, perjured girl.—

Eliza (*runs behind* RANT). Ha! ha! don't let him come near me, off with him. Protect me, dear sweet Mr. Heartwell.

Rant. With my life, my love! (*struts about*).

" Nor shall I Mr. Bluff, d'ye see,
Resign my girl to pleasure thee."

[*Servants force off Young* HEARTWELL.

Eliza (*aside*). Now will I go and release him immediately. [*Exit.*

Sir Boreas (*to* RANT). So you've got a timber toe, I see.

Rant. Most true, for as the poet says,

" When a shin in fight is cropp'd,
The knee with one of timber's propt."

and oh! if that Venus your daughter will but prove the Hyacinth of Constancy, as she is the Sunflower of Beauty—then shall that bullying Hector see—

" That I in spite of all his frumps"
Shall let him know—" I'm King of Trumps."

Sir Boreas. Save your sugar-plum speeches for my daughter, mayhap she understands them. I don't—so I'll send her to you, while I go and take a peep at my prisoner. [*Exit.*

Rant (*solus*). " Nicked the old one as nicely as the dustman did the Widow Wilkinson.

SONG—*(Rant.)*

Tune—" *Baron of Mowbray.*"

" At the Widow Wilkinson's gate there sat
" A Boy, with a poney black.
" A dustman came out with a broad-brimm'd hat,
" And gave the pony a whack!
" Though his bell sounded sad, his heart was glad,
" And he sang so merrily, Oh!
" How jollily lives the dustman lad!
" He loves, and he cries Dust-ho!

" The Widow peep'd out of the attic floor,
" And heard the dustman bellow;
" The Widow bawl'd out till her throat was sore,
" Stay, Oh stay, my good fellow!
" And dids't thou then this falsehood plan?
" And was it to grieve me so?
" Ah! tarry awhile, my dear Dustman!
" In pity don't cry—Dust-ho!

" The Dustman taking no heed of her fears,
" His nose did scornfully curl,
" Then spurring his nag, which prick'd up its ears,
" As he cried,—' Good bye, my old girl!'
" Thus saying, he gallopped off like mad,
" While she told her story of woe,
" Ah! Widows beware of a Dustman-lad,
" He'll love, but he'll cry—Dust-ho!"

Ah—here comes the young one! now for a—hem! her ears gape as wide for flattery, as a poor's box in a country church for halfpence.

Enter ELIZA.

—Hear me, thou fragrant flower!—glittering and

dripping with the dew-drops of the "rosy fingered morn," as the poet says———

Eliza. Well never mind the poets;—now we are alone, what have *you* to say?

Rant. What have *I* to say?—Look in my eyes! do they not speak "*unutterable* things?"

Eliza. Ha! ha! indeed they do; and what's more, *unintelligible* things!

Rant. What! do not lambent flames of love sport about my head in amorous gambols?

Eliza. Perhaps so, Mr. Rant; but then your head must be like a dark lanthorn, where all the light's in the inside! but come, if you won't make love to me, suppose we dance.

Rant. Transcendant lovelines!—I can't.

Eliza. Transcendant ugliness! you must.

Rant. Indeed Miss, I am no *dab* at the *Poetry of motion.*

Eliza (*aside*). Nor at any other poetry neither, I've a notion. But it's never too late to learn [*pulls him about.*]—Well, if you won't I will; so here, Lucy, bring me my broad sword; I'll shew you how an Admiral's daughter can cut and slash!

[*Exit* ELIZA.

[*The celebrated Broad sword Hornpipe is here introduced by Miss* S BOOTH.

Rant. Broad sword—Cut and slash? what the devil does she mean? oh! oh! I see,

"But since the jest is scarce begun,
The wisest plan is cut and run." [*Exit.*

SCENE THE THIRD.

Enter SIR BOREAS O'THUNDER.

Oh! zounds, the fellow's off—a smooth oily faced villain!—Well, as he is off, a good riddance, I say; if ever I catch him here again—

Sees OLD HEARTWELL *entering.*

what, Jack! strike my mizen-topsail haulyards, I'm glad to see thee—— (*shaking his hand.*

O. Heart. (*crying*). Oh! Sir Boreas, dreadful news! my poor son's leg!

Sir Boreas. Belay there, my old friend; Tom has lost a limb, but how was it lost?—in the glorious service of fighting for his country.

O. Heart. Sir Boreas, I am all amazement! you are misinformed; my poor son is at this very moment lying desperately ill at Cheltenham.

Sir Boreas Ha! ha! at Cheltenham! damme he's in my house, at least in my garden! for here he comes grappling alongside of my little Venus; see how the brave lad stumps it! as natty a timber toe, as ever seaman clapp'd eyes on! I can't think how I could ever be such a fool as to mistake t'other dainty legg'd chap for your son Tom.

O. Heart. (*approaching the side where* RANT *is supposed to be entering*). A wooden leg? and has it come to that? yes, I see it has, and my dear boy would'nt tell his old father, lest it should distress him.

Enter RANT. OLD HEARTWELL *runs forward to embrace him, and then discovering the mistake, starts back.*

O. Heart. My dear——

Rant. Oh my dear—(*attempting to meet him*).

O. Heart. Zounds!

Rant (*pretending amazement*).—and Zounds!

Sir Boreas (*to Old* HEARTWELL). What the devil's the matter with you?

O. Heart. Ha! ha! what that fellow my son! ha! ha!

Sir Boreas (*to* RANT). Is that your father, Sir

Rant (*disregarding and acting in dumb shew*)

" I who was once as great as Cæsar,"—

Sir Boreas. What d'ye mean?

Rant (*still acting*).

" Am now reduced to Nebuchadnezar."

Sir Boreas. Don't veer out your jaw to me, or i'll ——

Rant. " There needs no words to raise my courage,

" So save your wind to cool your porridge."

Sir Boreas. Porridge be damn'd—if you don't give me plain English, smite my taffrel—(*Sir* BOREAS *threatening*, RANT *falls on his knees, when the wooden leg tumbles off*).

Rant (*kneeling*). Oh Lord! mercy, sweet Sir

Sir Boreas (*taking up the leg*). Phew! the fellow's a three legged monster! if your scull an't wooden as well as your leg,—(*offering to strike.*)

Rant. Oh Lord, Sir! only calm your passion, and I'll tell every thing.

Sir Boreas. Passion! I'm all hurricane,—all thunder!

Rant. Don't thunder, sweet sir, or you'll sour all the beer in the village.

Enter YOUNG HEARTWELL, ELIZA, *and* SLIP.

Y. Heart. Fortune favours me at last; now Sir, you may learn truly who and what I am.

O. Heart. What Tom, my dear boy!

[YOUNG HEARTWELL *and father embrace.*

Sir Boreas. Why, is the world turned topsy-turvy? have the sun and moon joined issue to beget wonders? What, is that *Jack-a-Dandy* of a fellow, *Thornville*, your son?

O. Heart. To be sure he is;—Well my dear Tom, how are you, and how's your leg?

Y. Heart. My legs, Sir, I trust, are as sound as my heart! and though they have rarely retreated before *folly*, under the syren garb of *pleasure*, believe me, they have never flinched an inch before the enemies of my king and my country.

Sir Boreas. Spoken like a lad of mettle, and damme, I honour the sentiment: but I say, Tom, what a young rascal you were to come here as an apothecary———

Eliza. And how ungenerous was it of you, to impose upon me, by assuming the name of Thornville.

Y. Heart. I plead guilty to all, but hope an acquittal from your clemency.

Sir Boreas. Oh! I can never *forget* it.

Eliza. But you must *forgive* it, papa, as I do.

O. Heart. Yes, you must forgive him, as I do that rascal, Slip. (SLIP *bows.*)

Eliza. Now, Heartwell, I've had my revenge, and there's my hand. [*They retire up the stage.*

Rant (aside). And there's her hand! oh! it's all dicky with me.

Sir Boreas. And pray who the devil are you, Sir?

Eliza. Ah! Sir, pray tell my papa who you are! ha! ha!

Rant. Lord, Miss, don't you know!—"An "*independent* gentleman, Sir Boreas, who has "nothing but his wits to *depend on.*"—One of those, as the Poet says,

"Who run in debt by disputation,
And pay——with ratiocination."

I saw your angelic angel of a daughter, Sir Boreas, and immediately conceived an affection——

Eliza. For my *purse.*

Rant. Person, if you please, Miss. "Dear "Mr. Rant, says she to me, this morning, my "father is going to marry me to an ugly, hideous "man,—there he is, Sir, the very opposite to the "all-accomplished, graceful Mr. Rant,—here I "am, Sir. Dearest angel! said I, that's a d—d "sacrifice. What,

'Waste your sweetness on the desert air?'

"No, by Jupiter! by Venus! by Love! by Jingo! "you shall not—for *I'll* deliver you!

"The whip thong cracks, away we'll go
"Along the roads—je-up-je-o."

Sir Boreas. Harkye, my hearty, I forgive you, and will also give you something, which shall help you (prudence being at the helm) to steer clear of quicksands for the future, and lay you up, when your timbers are crank and crazy, in the snug harbour of content.

ELIZA *coming forward.*

MY TRICKS ARE NOW OVER,—MY BOAT HAS HOISTED SAIL FOR THE ADVENTUROUS VOYAGE OF MATRIMONY; AND THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER INVOKES THE PROPITIOUS BREEZE OF—YOUR APPROBATION.

THE END.

H. Pople, Printer, 67, Chancery Lane.

THE NONDESCRIPT,

A

MUSICAL FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS;

WHICH WAS *NOT* PERFORMED

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1813.

"Always avoid what is low. There are several of my "acquaintance in London who are resolved to drive every "thing that is low from the stage."----FIELDING.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALLMALL.

1813.

Price, Two Shillings and Sixpence.

Printed by John Tyler, Rathbone Place, London.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Billy Smirker - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mr. Liston.
Captain Random - - - - - - - - - - - - Mr. Jones.
Dick Gripeall - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mr. Emery.
Old Gripeall - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mr. Blanchard.
Rustic - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mr. Treby.
1st Farmer - - - - - - - - - - - - -
2d Farmer - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Numps - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mr. Simmons.
Constable - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mr. Tinney.

WOMEN.

Miss Smirker - - - - - - - - - - - - - Miss Logan.
Sylvia - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Miss Booth.

PREFACE.

THIS Farce, on the 5th of October, fell a victim to the just indignation of an enlightened British audience. It would have appeared in print before, but I had not sufficiently recovered from the shock of "*damnation*," to prepare an apology. One Act only of it was heard, by which liberal mode of proceeding I escaped half the ignominy due to me; I therefore present the other to the Public, in the shape of a full confession, hoping that my contrition may obtain that indulgence which was denied to my wit. Having received this seasonable fillip from the public, as a corrective to *my* taste, I cannot do less, in return, than congratulate the public on the reformation of its *own*.—It is not long since O'Keefe was the popular idol, and no Comedy could succeed unless constructed on the model of Farce: but the Town, which delights in extremes, has flown, like a reformed rake, from an excess of licentiousness to a most amiable scrupulosity of decorum; and now, no Farce seems likely to succeed unless constructed on the model of Comedy. It is ridiculous to argue, that as Farce bears the same relation to Comedy, which Caricature does to design, an Author ought

not to be condemned for indulging in a latitude of humour which is essential to the character of his performance. Reform is a personage who usually sets to work with a generous, not to say a purblind enthusiasm ; and in taste as well as in politics, it is more frequently her office to obliterate distinctions than to preserve them. The taste of the town seems fast approximating to that altitude of refinement which distinguished those lofty persons in Gil Blas, whose sublime understandings could relish nothing but Tragedy. The public, indeed, has acquired, in dramatic affairs, a most exquisite perception of propriety, a certain gouty irascibility of feeling, which bellows at the slightest touch from the rude hand of Humour. One indifferent jest, therefore, is sufficient offence for the condemnation of a whole piece :—a reasonable proceeding ; for if the Author be capable of better, he deserves his fate, for insulting the understanding of his audience with what his own judgment must condemn.

In asserting that Comedy has become the criterion of Farce, it would nevertheless be a gross libel on the good-nature of the public to insinuate that it expects, in these latter compositions, any extraordinary complement of sentiment or wit. It is sufficient if Farce have enough of regularity to render it insipid. No abruptness of incident, no protuberance of character, must startle the stupor of lackadaysical attention ; nor must any thing like vulgarity be admitted, to shock the delicate gentility of an apprentice in his best clothes. This prevailing antipathy to whatever is vulgar may be deduced from the praiseworthy and patriotic principle evinced by Puff, in "The Critic," who, when it is objected to him that the lowest of his characters speak in language of equal refinement with the highest exclaims, "God forbid, that they should not, in a free country !"—Goldsmith, indeed, has observed, somewhat bluntly, that readers,

however beggarly in themselves, are fond of high life, and high-liv'd conversations: but whatever affection may be expressed for the manners of fashionable people, very little charity is testified for their principles. *Their* follies present a field wherein Satire may expatiate without the risque of exciting popular indignation: but if a little gentle ridicule be levelled at a man-milliner, it is construed into an attack both on the trade and the taste of the country, and the whole host of critics *bon-tiquiers* start forth *en masse* as the arbiters of the one, and the champions of the other. The throne of Taste must indeed be secure, whilst guarded by this formidable phalanx! Let authors beware. The yard-measure is a much more dangerous weapon than the lictor's rod, particularly when we consider its different mode of operation. The latter was employed to enforce silence; but the office of the former is to maintain the privilege of uproar.

All the popular prints, with the exception of "The Times," have liberally appreciated my design: the criticisms, however, of that paper, have of late been characterised by such a grossness of illiberality towards every thing meritorious, that I have reason to felicitate myself in having escaped the scandal of its approbation.—The chief manufacturer of these hopeful philippics I understand to be a certain literary Drawcansir who some time since effectually wrote himself down, in a poem, called "The Times;" and who, in consequence, has adopted the magnanimous resolution of writing down every one else. As a proof of his native expertness in the former qualification, I present the reader with a couplet from his departed poem:

"Trampled and torn in many a stranger broil,
"She lies at once a scorn and a spoil."

These lines, which are actually meant for heroic, and are designed to typify England, will serve at once to exemplify the patriotism and the poetry of this redoubtable censor.

Having made this penetential apology for the misapplied satire of "The Nondescript," it will be expected, perhaps, that I should likewise plead guilty to the charge of stupidity. In this point, however, I must beg to be obstinate. I design to publish an analysis of the Farce, wherein fifteen pages will be assigned to the explanation of every bon-mot; proving, on the clearest principles of logical demonstration, that each is really a good one, and ought to be laughed at.

Nov. 18, 1813.

THE NONDESCRIPT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The interior of a Farm-house.

Rusticks discovered drinking.

GLEE *and* CHORUS.

When the sun rides high
In the summer sky,
Slack'ning the nerves of man,
While we steal from the rays
Of the noon-tide blaze,
Huzza, for a flowing cann!
Chorus. When the sun, &c.

Weary with labour,
Let each to his neighbour
Briskly the bumper pass;
Like the sun-parch'd plain,
When refresh'd with rain,
Our spirits revive with the glass.
Chorus. Weary, &c.

Numps. Come, boys! off wi' your cups---young measter Dick wull be here in a minnit---a cross-grain'd domineering cur! One can never get a glass in comfort for 'un.---I've liv'd wi' un now vull two years, and I can't teach 'un how to behave leek a jauntleman.

Rustick. He! he! he! if you can't, Numps, nobody can, vor zartain.---Ah! he's a chip o' the

ould block! there is'nt in the whole county zich a puss-proud over-bearing curmudgeon as ould Gripeall, his veather---they've bid over all the little varmers, and bought up their esteates, and now they rule the markets, and do as they like. I recollect when they had'n't grinding enough to keep their mill at work.

Numps. And now they grind all the county. But measter's going to match Dick to a vine leady vrum Lunnun: an old fool! 'tis like feeding a bear with apricocks.

Rustic. Who is the leady, Numps?

Numps. Sister to the haberdasher that's coming to marry Measter's ward, Miss Sylvia.

Rustic. What! marry zich a vine buxom lass as Sylvia to a haberdasher!

Numps. 'Tis worse than man-slaughter! Why doth'nt measter look nearer home, and match her wey zum jolly handzum-lookin young vellow, that's got a little zence in his skull? [*Stroking his own face, and rubbing his head.*] I'd ha' married her myself, wey all my heart!

DICK GRIPEALL [*without.*]

Dick. Ri tal ti, tiddy, tiddy, di dum di!

Numps. That's young Dick! These town gentry be expected to-day, zo 'tis all cock-a-hoop wey 'un.---Oh, I hope thy Lunnun wife will make thee zing t'other zide o'thy mouth!

[*Exeunt Numps and the rest of the Rustics.*

Enter DICK GRIPEALL.

Dick. Nothing wull go down wey veather now but that haberdashering chap, Sylvia's intended.---He's to gee veather half Sylvia's vortin vur bringin the match about---He, he, he! that's one o' veather's good bargains! Then, by way o' clenchin the business, I'm to marry Miss Smirker, the vellow's zister, a leady that's vull vorty, I take

it. That's one o' my bad bargains: but she'th got a power o' larnin, and veyther zeth as she know'th every thing, and I know nothing. 'Twill be a proper zort o'match enough.---Dam'me, I'll look big when she cooms, tho': I'll let her zee that I'm zumbody! [*Struts and swaggers about.*]

Enter NUMPS.

Numps. Zur, here's---

Dick. What! speak to me with thy hat on! I've a gert mind to put thee into the stocks! Off with it directly, sirrah! there, make a bow---now *tell thy message.*

Numps. The Lunnun leady is coom.

Dick. Is she?---zay I'm gone out---I'll get into the corn-bin.--No, that won't do,---Lord! here she is---curse it, I can't keep my eyes vrum blinkin---I'm all of a tremble. (*retires with Numps to the back of the stage.*)

Enter OLD GRIPEALL *and* MISS SMIRKER.

Miss S. My dear Mr. Gripeall, I felt so impatient---

Old G. My dear Miss Smirker, I'm overjoy'd to see you. But where's your brother?

Miss S. Stopt at the inn to adjust himself.---Each to his hobby, you know, Sir.---He's a beau; I'm a philosopher.---Dress, which *he* regards with the fastidiousness of a Chesterfield, *I* treat with Doctor Johnsonish indifference.

Old G. Nay, madam, I'm sure you've studied your glass to-day. (*surveying her.*)

Miss S. In compliment to your amiable son, Mr. Gripeall.

Dick. A-hem!

Old G. Oh! here he is.---Dick, come forward here!---Well, ma'am, I hav'n't deceived you---fine

fellow, eh? [*Dick stands still---Miss Smirkir advances, and he gets behind Numps.*]

Miss S. Oh then, *this* must be him. [*apart.*] Sir, [*to Numps*] I hope I've the felicity of seeing you in good health?

Numps Hearty, hearty, thank'ee, ma'am.

Old G. Get out of the way, blockhead. [*Pushes Numps off the stage, and thrusts Dick forward.*] Why dos'n't speak to the lady, eh, sheepface?

Dick. Lord, veather, you know I be as raw as a turnip---what shall I zay?

Old G. Ask her how she does.

Dick. How d'ye do, ma'am?---There---any thing else?

Old G. Bid her sit down.

Dick. Ma'am, you must zit down.

Old G. And ask her to take some refreshment.

Dick. Aye, aye, but not before I teake zum myzelf. I've done pretty well vor a beginner---any thing in reason, but don't put upon me. [*Runs off.*

Miss S. Amiable simplicity! he's quite an Emilius!

Old G. True, ma'am, he's all simplicity; but when he's your husband---

Miss S. [*Apart*] I shall find that a very convenient quality---a-hem!

Enter SYLVIA.

Old G. Oh! here's Sylvia.---Sylvia, Miss Smirker.

Sylvia. Dear madam, you're welcome to the country; tho' I fear you'll think it dull after the gaieties of London.

Miss S. Indeed, my charming friend, I count it a luxury to escape from its mephitic vapours; in the country 'tis true, we havn't so many beaux.

Syl. Oh, but we've plenty of butterflies, and

they are things of the same species; then for your courtiers, we've caterpillars, and fragile flowers for your fine ladies:---but for your balls and theatres!---[*They walk down the stage, both talking at once.*]

Old G. Lord, how they fall too! If Dick don't learn to talk, now we've two women in the house, the devil's in't.

BILLY SMIRKER (*without.*)

Billy. Take care of that trunk---it holds my all! my German paste, French dentifrice, Russian oil, and Egyptian bronze.

Old G. Here he is! now for it, Sylvia! here comes the Prince of Haberdashers, your all-accomplished Billy Smirker.

Enter BILLY SMIRKER.

Billy. Ha! Gripeall! here I am! borne on the wings of Cupid!

Old G. Cupid's wings must be moulting, by the time they've taken to bring you.

Billy. Stopt to change my stays---had a new pair on---they gall'd me dev'lishly.

Old G. Sir, this is Sylvia;---Sylvia, Mr. Smirker.

Billy. Talk to you in a minute, Miss---I've slip'd a whisker. [*Passes by her, takes out a pocket-glass, and fastens on his whisker.*]

Old G. There's an air for you! look at him, girl! [*to Sylvia.*] Oh! if Dick was but half as elegant!

Sylvia. Order him a pair of stays, Sir; ha! ha! ha!

Miss S. Dick, Sir, is the acmè of his class---my brother resembles an enamel picture, finish'd beyond the life; but your son, as the criticks say of my poker paintings, is a piece of pure nature.

Billy. Now Miss, I'm ready--[*Surveys Sylvia with a quizzing glass.*]---Be happy---I admire you---fine figure, but manners rustic.---You'll be so surpris'd, Miss, when I take you to town. You must be so ignorant, having been bred in the country---know nothing of life---but don't fret, I'll do for you---you won't see a prettier sight than St. Paul's, Miss, except 'tis my shop---magazine, I mean---as elegant an assortment of---Madam, here's my card---all selling off at prime cost, going to retire from business.

Sylvia. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Billy. Oh! tickled at the thoughts of matrimony.---Gripeall, I'll give her a song, a tender, touching thing, set to my own words---don't interrupt the *piano*, because that's *Italiano.*

BURLESQUE BRAVURA, BILLY.

Sweet maid! like yon meandring stream
My fond affections flow,
So brisk and clear at first they start,
But as they cross your pebly heart,
They squeak, they bubble, boil and steam,
And seem to say heigh ho!
Heigho! oh, ho! heigho! oh ho! soh so! oh ho! &c.

My bosom's fires your fierce disdain
Does like a bellows blow,
I scorch! I burn! the flames aspire:
Now, cruel nymph, I faint! expire!
Oh! for a pelting shower of rain,
To cool me 'ere I go!
Heigho! I go! Oh ho! soh so! &c.

But if the rain will not come down,
Bring all the engines in the town,
They'll do as well, you know.

That works---she'll sigh presently, and begin to look melancholy.

Enter DICK.

Dick. There's but one receipt for courage, and that's ale---by goles, I've had such a swill, that---that I'm *sure* I could face the devil, and I *think*

I can face a woman.---Holloa, ma'am! [*attempts several awkward bows to Miss Smirker, who returns them with formal curtesies.*]

Billy. Dick Gripeall, I suppose. What a Polypus! But I must conciliate him. [*apart.*]---My buck! I *struck* Miss Sylvia. [*slapping him on the shoulder.*]

Dick. Did you? take that then. [*hitting him.*] I won't suffer any body to strike her.

Billy. Lord! what a shocking thing 'tis to talk to a brute, who doesn't understand *metaphurs!* [*whimpering.*]

Miss S. [*apart to Billy.*] Brother, you'll spoil all! go along do; ask Miss Sylvia to walk with you.

Billy. Miss, shall we take a walk to catch the morning breezes, and listen to the nightingales?---Poetical! [*aside.*]

Dick. Nightingales! he! he! he! *our* nightingales don't zing o'mornings.---But, Sylvia, if thou'lt walk wey the jauntleman, thou'lt be like enough to hear a magpie.

Old G. Sirrah! hold your chatter.

Dick. Just now you blam'd me vor not chattering.

Billy. Come, Miss, young Zephyrus sports among the hay-cocks. [*leading her out, stops short.*] Stay, tho'! are there any bulls in the fields? I won't go where any bulls are, I protest I won't.

Old G. Ha! ha! ha! you're not afraid of horns already? I'll ensure your brows yet-a-while. Squire Sylvia a walk, and shew Dick how to handle a lady stylishly.

Billy. Shew you my mode, Madam, of handing a lady to her carriage---that's my forte.---Lady Bumfidget's carriage! draw'r up directly.---Madam, your little finger s'il vous plait---.Open the shop door there!---Your eyes on mine, madam---

sweet, [*ogling*] very good---left foot forward, madam. [*marching off very formally.*] All the trade in town copy my manner! but it won't do! they can't touch it!---Keep step, madam---I'm the great original!

[*Exeunt Billy and Sylvia.*

Enter NUMPS.

Numps. Zur, here's a mon says he's coom to live wi' you.

Old G. Live with me! he'd best go live somewhere else, I believe.

Numps. I told un he might as well live wi' old Nick, but he wid'n go away.

Old G. What sort of a man is he?

Nnmps. Whoy, he's a sort of a---koind of a mon, as I might say

Old G. Let's see him, blockhead.

[*Numps beckons, and exit.*

Enter CAPTAIN RANDOM.

Ran. Having heard, Sir, that you want a clerk, I take the liberty of offering myself to your service.

Old G. Clerk! not I---get about your business

Dick. Aye, get about your business, sirrah? ---How we substantial people be always pester'd wey vagabonds!

Ran. Amiable young gentleman! your condescension gives me courage.

Dick. Con-de-scen-sion! ees, that's my character.

Ran. Modesty and wit shine conspicuous on your countenance.

Dick. Ay, by goles! as plain as two pimples.

Ran. Madam, could I but obtain---[*addressing Miss Smirker, who walks forward from the back of the stage.*]

Miss S. My stars! Captain Random!

Ran. S'death! all's out!---hush!---silence!

Miss S. What brought you here?

Ran. You, to be sure.---Hush!

Miss S. Where's your regiment?

Dick. Regiment! zum desarter, mayhap.

Ran. Madam, I never set eyes on you before! Disown me for heaven's sake! [*aside to Miss Smirker.*]

Miss S. Some plot of Random's.---I'll humour it. [*aside.*] Oh-hem!---I took this gentleman, Sir, [*to old G.*] at first, for a dragoon officer, an old friend of mine.

Dick. Pray, ma'am, have you many vrends among the dragoon officers?

Miss S. Forty at least, Sir.

Dick. Humph! [*gives a great groan*]

Ran. I don't seek your service for the sake of emolument; [*to old G.*] but I've heard such stories of your benevolence---

Miss S. Quite the manners of a courtier. [*to old G.*]

Old G. He has impudence enough, no doubt.

Ran. I'll serve you without wages; I've the principles of a patriot.

Old G. Just so:---you promise fair, being out of place, in order to peculate, mayhap, after you get in.

Ran. Peculate on you---you who deal such justice towards all your neighbours?

Dick. Plenty of that: he hath ruin'd half of 'em wey law-suits.

Ran. Serve 'em right, the rascals! for contending with a man that's rich enough to buy the whole of 'em.

Old G. Ha, ha, ha! d'ye think so? Ecod, ma'am, I think this seems a *cutish* sort o'chap.

Dick. He'll do to write my love-letters.

Miss S. Depend on't he's a genius.

Dick. A *genus!* I suppose, vrend, that's a bad trade, as thou'rt out o' work?

Ran. No, friend, 'tis a trade which always ensures success, if you start with sufficient capital.

Dick. Mayhap, then, thou'rt a *journeyman genus*, and pray what's thy name?

Ran. Oh---hem---ha---Peregrine---

Dick. Peregrine!---I thought, by thy looking vor't so long, thou had'st left it behind thee.

Ran. No, 'tis the *master* Geniusses only who leave their names behind them.

Old G. Well, friend, you shall stay a week on trial, at all events: but what can you do?

Ran. Various things; help drink your wine, wait upon your daughter---

Dick. Can'st thee, by gum? Help drink your wine, wait upon your daughter! These *Genuses* must be mighty useful vellows!---Thou must rub down the horses, and carry corn to market.

Old G. Now, Dick, dash up to the lady. [*Dick retreats,*] Blockhead! where's your courage? [*following and shaking his stick at him.*]

Dick. Where's the ale-cask?---t'other swig and at her.

Old G. Why, you dull rogue, can't you speak till you're tipsy?

Dick. Dull! he! he! he! you know, veather, when you be tipsy, you can never speak at all.

[*Runs off, old Gripeall after him.*

Miss S. Random, your appearance astonishes me.

Ran. My regiment is quartered in this neighbourhood: I heard of your arrival, and flew immediately to meet you, ardent as during our acquaintance at the Royal Institution, where we first taught Cupid to amalgamate with chemistry.

Miss S. Since then, Random, my image has evaporated from the crucible of your affections.

Ran. Injurious supposition! hav'n't I hired myself here, on purpose to be near you?

Enter DICK.

Dick. Oh you have! [*advancing unperceived.*]

Ran. By heaven, I swear never did man love woman, as---(*attempting to kiss Miss Smirker, perceives Dick looking over her shoulder,*) this amiable youth loves you.---Right, Dick, an't I? [*slapping his shoulder.*]

Dick. Why, dom thy impudence.

Ran. Pooh! I only kiss'd her as your proxy.

Dick. Proxy!

Ran. Aye, didn't you say I should write your love-letters? That's courting by proxy---I kiss'd her on the same principle.

Dick. I'll tell thee what, Mr. *Genus*, thou may'st *eat* by proxy, like all other *Genuses*, as long as thou lik'st; but vor kissin my sweetheart, never do that but when I'm quite zober---I'm half cock'd at present,---bold as brass! and zo, ma'am, he! he! he! [*kisses Miss Smirker boisterously.*]

Miss S. Bless me, I'm half suffocated! I perceive, Sir, you model your manners by the Sybarites, rather than the Lacedemonians.

Dick. Lacky-dum-onions! Lord! Lord! what pleasure 'tis to hear a-body speak zo vine that one can't understand what they zay! Ma'am, I shall make thee a notorious good husband, I could hear thee talk vor ever; that's more than most men wull zay to their wives.---Lacky-dum---Coom along, ma'am.---Lord! Lord! the learned pig's nothing to her! Ri tal ti diddy diddy---(*Dances off with her in high exultation.*)

Ran. Cursed misfortune, that I should light on that pedantic piece of affectation, who was the jest of the Royal Institution, just as I've matur'd my plans to introduce myself to Sylvia!---Here comes my precious rival.

Enter BILLY, *followed by* DICK.

Billy. Don't follow me, follow my sister.

Dick. But I zay, Billy, did'st meet any bulls?

Billy. I afraid of a bull! I care for a cow! that's a rum joke, blow me! Did I ever tell you how I can'd a gemman at the play one night?

Dick. Thou cane a jauntleman! he! he! he! [*shaking his head incredulously.*]

Billy. I! yes, I,---with a large bamboo---that's my favourite amusement.

Dick. What, bamboozling!---I don't doubt it, he, he, he!---Peregrine, did'st thou ever live in Lunnun?

Ran. Oh yes.

Billy. With whom?

Ran. Captain Random, light dragoons.

Billy. Ha, ha, ha! good joke, faith; that's the very gemman I caned at the play. I'll tell you all about it.

Ran. Rascal! I'll break your bones ere an hour's over. [*aside.*] [*Exit.*

Dick. You caned a dragoon captain? why in battle they're---

Billy. Quite at home; but not in the box-lobbies---There, *I'm* the dandy! "My dear Billy," says Rosa Snubs to me, one evening, "the lawrs of the drama---"

Dick. But what did you cane the Captain about?

Billy. For crying at a tragedy---that shew'd he was no gentleman.---Now I always bursts out a laughing in a deep scene, or when any body's killed, as much as to say, "I'm up to ye; I know it's all sham." [*snapping his fingers.*]

Dick. Ecod, you expose the rogues.

Billy. To be sure we do---they can't impose on the beau-monde.

Dick. The bo mon! what's that?

Billy. Oh, the ignoramus! the beau-monde, Dick, means---Us.

Dick. Us! what thee and I?

Billy. No, Dick, me and my fashionable friends--Let us get these marriages over, Dick, and you shall make *one*. Stick close to my sister, Dick.---Where's Sylvia? she gave me the slip just now.

Dick. Yonder she comes, look, wey Peregrine.

Billy. Eh! why, what the devil! he's making love to her, by all that's impudent.

Dick. Yes, you're kissing her by proxy!

Billy. Stand aside---I'll eat him alive, dam'me!

[*They retire behind some flour sacks.*

Enter SYLVIA *and* RANDOM.

Sylvia. Nay, to enter the house so clandestinely---

Ran. But my design was honourable. (*kissing her hand.*)

Billy. Yes, he's quite sweet upon her.

Ran. Allow me, madam, to rescue you at once from the tyranny of your guardian, and from the persecution of that ridiculous blockhead the haberdasher.

Dick. There he was sweet upon *thee*, Billy.

BILLY *and* DICK *rush forward.*

Billy. Thunder-a-nouns! Dick, a cane, a cudgel! I want a wooden instrument, fellow, (*to Random,*) to lay upon your shoulders.

Ran. Why so? hav'n't you already a wooden instrument on your own?

Dick. He, he, he! he means thy head, Billy.

Billy. The impudent rascal! I'll be reveng'd; I'll soon teach him the contrary---I'll---I'll make him read my manuscript sonnets.

Ran. Nay, don't take so severe a vengeance.

Billy. Doesn't Rosa Snubs apostrophize me in a recommendatory ode? doesn't it begin,

"When nature form'd thy brilliant wit,
To light the world below,
Ah, ha! says she, I've made a hit!
And sigh'd to let it go?"

and call me wooden-head, after that!

Syl. Nay, since nature felt such solicitude at sending your wit into the world, she surely couldn't neglect to secure it in a substantial packing-case.
[*Exit.*

Billy. You are a foe to polite learning, and I'll *mill* you.

Dick. Fly at un, Billy; cane un as you can'd the dragoon captain. (*putting a stick into his hand.*)

Billy. Hav'n't you a yard measure?---(*Advances towards Random,*) You scamp! you spoony!

Ran. Rascal! I'll make you remember the dragoon captain. (*wrests the stick from Billy, and begins caning him.*)

Billy. Murder! murder! Stand up to him, Dick! take my place, Dick; I'll run for my pistols. (*As Billy endeavours to escape, Dick thrusts him into Random's way, Billy hallooing, Dick laughing.*)

Ran. I'll assist your expedition, rascal!
[*Billy runs off, followed by Random.*

Billy. (*without,*) Murder! murder!

Dick. (*looking down the wing, and laughing,*) That's right, lay at un, Peregrine!--He! he! he! dam'me, what capers he cuts!

BILLY *re-enters, limping and writhing his shoulders.*

Billy. Oh! oh! oh! a cordial!

Dick. He! he! he! you braggadocia coward!

Billy. Ha! coward! dam'me, here's my card. Recollect, Sir, I'm a person of honour.

Dick. Honour! oh! oh! oh! [*mimicking him.*] Hast vetched thy pistols? Thou had'st better vetch a constable vor that vellow.

Billy. Well thought of! that *fetch* may answer better.

Dick. I can bear witness that he beat thee.

Billy. My back will bear witness of that---I've a certificate on my shoulders. [*writhing.*]

Dick. In black and white.

Billy. Aye, and in green and blue.---There's the ruffian again.---Let's brush to the justices.

SYLVIA *enters, followed by* RANDOM.

Ran. Madam, one moment---

Billy. (*calling to Random from the side scene,*) I'll indite you at the quarter sessions, you dog

Rand. S'death, sirrah! (*makes a few steps towards Billy, who runs off, but peeps from the side scene.*)

Dick. Sylvia, keep that vellow till we come back---I'll have more sport wey 'un, (*apart.*)---Be sure don't let 'un go.

Billy. (*from the side scene,*) No, Miss, knock him down if he attempts to go.

[*Exeunt Billy and Dick.*

Ran. 'Tis true, madam, in obtaining admission to your presence, I incurred the guilt of falsehood; yet, in justice to my passion, you cannot consider such deceit---

Sylvia. A proof of sincerity.

Ran. Nay, could sighs, oaths, protestations--- (*kneeling and catching her hand.*)

Enter OLD GRIPEALL *and* MISS SMIRKER.

Old G. Hey-day! what's all this?

Ran. S'death!---I---I---was petitioning Miss Sylvia to speak for me---I've quarrell'd with Mr. Smirker, and I was afraid you'd turn me away---Do speak for me, madam.

Sylvia. Oh, Sir, I'm convinced you're capable of speaking for yourself.

SONG, SYLVIA.

When fate of his eyes had young Cupid disarm'd,
His tongue with such magic persuasion she charm'd,
That his sightless career no impediments stay;
He breathes but a whisper, and wafts them away.
Even now, stealing slow,
Like the concords that flow
From Æolian lyres when summer winds blow,
His voice of enchantment I heard in the air!
This arch little God
O'er our threshold has strode,
He lurks in this chamber---I charge you, beware!
Search around, Sir, 'tis true!
Yes, you, Sir, [*to old G.*] and you, [*to Random*]
He surrounds with his toils, he has caught in his snare.
Look well to your house, Sir; [*to old G.*] look well to your heart! [*to Ran.*]
Or he'll cost you some pain ere you make him depart.

Miss S. (*who during this song has walked about in great agitation,*) Treacherous monster! 'tis clear he makes me an instrument to facilitate his plans with that hoyden. I'll be even with him. (*aside.*) Mr. Gripeall, I perceive, Sir, on a nearer inspection, that this gentleman is really the person I first took him for---no menial, but a captain of dragoon!

Old G. Captain of dragoons! then what can he want here?

Miss S. If you don't dismiss him, probably you'll have a young dragoon to inform you. Can you doubt what he wants, after the situation you found him in with Sylvia?

Old G. Right, faith!---Come, Mr. Horse-trooper, troop out of the house!

Ran. (*to Syl.*) Madam, my plot has miscarried, but---

Old G. But what, puppy?---To make all safe, Miss, you shall marry within this half hour.

Sylvia. I protest against the haberdasher.

Ran. Leave him to me, madam: in ten minutes I engage to send him about his business,---might I venture to hope---

Sylvia. Accomplish that, and hope every thing. (*Exit.*

Old G. What! form plots before my face! (*shaking his stick at Ran.*) Why, you impudent---Thou'lt send him about his business!---what you mean to fight him, mayhap, eh! Mr. Swagger?

Ran. Ha! ha! ha! I've too much respect for my weapon.

Old G. Out of my house, I say!

Ran. I'll soon be in it again. British soldiers can manœuvre as well as they can fight.

Old G. Thou hast impudence enough for a whole army.

Ran. Our army always presents an *impenetrable front.* (*Exit.*

Old G. To see the roguery of this world! That fellow has got his eye on Sylvia's fortune.

Miss S. No doubt.

Old G. Your brother, you know, agrees to give me half of her fortune.

Miss S. Be alert, or she'll marry the captain, and trick you out of her own money.

Old G. 'Sdeath! where's your brother? Trick me out of her *own money*; I'll as soon part with my heart's blood!---The devil take all dragoons! Oh, the roguery of this world. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter SYLVIA *and* OLD GRIPEALL.

Old G. Sell ribbands! what if he does? you may ridicule as long as you please, but----

Syl. The man who intrudes on *female* occupations is a fair mark for ridicule.

Old G Didn't you promise me never to marry without my consent?

Syl Yes, and I've promis'd myself never to marry without my own.

Old G. Hey-day! this comes of that soldier fellow!--Oh if he tries his tricks here again, I've an hawk's eye, and I'll---

Enter NUMPS, *hastily.*

Numps. Zur! here's a wild-looking chap swear'th you be a duke, and must zee you directly

Old G. What's he mad?

Numps. I ax'd un that. Teake zich a *fubsy* ould vellow as my measter for a duke! says I.

RANDOM, (*without.*)

Ran. Where's the duke?

Old G. Shut the door on him, fool!

Numps. Lord! if you want to convince un you be no *jauntleman*, you had best let un see you.

Enter RANDOM *disguised.*

Ran. Where's the Duke? Great Duke! (*kneeling to old G.*) restore my daughter!

Old G. Don't dukify me, man! do'st think I keep your daughter?

Ran. *Keep* her! an old man like you! decency forbid. She's been wheedled away by a buck in a box-coat; in your castle she's concealed.

Old G. My castle!

Ran. Front room, first floor!

Old G. Stark-staring: he'll begin to rave--I'll get out of the way.

Ran. (*following him round the stage.*) Stir not, inexorable tyrant! listen to your humble petitioner! grant me your ear, or by the gods your two ears shall pay for it!

Syl. Quite out of his senses.

Ran. (*discovering himself to Sylvia.*) Not quite.

BILLY, (*without*)

Billy. Where's Peregrine?

Ran. Here comes the haberdasher. Leave us, madam! leave us madam! I'll soon frighten him out of his--- (*Exit Sylvia.*

Enter BILLY, DICK *and* CONSTABLE, (*without.*)

Ran. As I live, here they come---my daughter and her seducer. Ah, you gay, deceiving villain! (*to Dick.*) What, my Jenny, (*to Billy,*) my duck, my darling, have they dress'd thee up in boy's clothes? Did they think that any thing could conceal thee from the eyes of a fond parent?

Billy. Sir, Sir, you really mistake, Sir; upon honour, Sir, it isn't me, Sir.

Ran. But I must forgive you, Jenny: 'twas impossible you could resist such an Adonis.---Ah, you handsome, elegant fellow, (*to Dick,*) you ought to be chain'd up, for the safety of the women.

Dick. He, he, he! he tak'th I for some notorious vine gentleman.

Ran. He's as witty as he's beautiful.

Dick. Thereabouts.

Ran. Look at him, the captivating youth!

Old G. Mad as a March hare!

Dick. What he zaid o' me was reasonable enough; but if he's mad, this constable had better lay hold of him, that I've brought to take up Peregrine.

Ran. Sir, if you're a constable, I charge you to arrest these persons,---my daughter, and her base undoer.

Const. It does look like a girl; but I must have proof positive.

Enter NUMPS, *with a pair of stays.*

Numps. (*to Billy.*) Zur, here's a pair o' stays o' yours---waiter brought 'em vrum the inn---you left 'em in your dressing-room. (*Exit.*

Ran. (*catching the stays from Billy.*) Stays!

here's proof for you! Aye, aye, I recollect them; I gave them to her myself---a present on her last birth-day.

Const. (*examining the stays.*) They look as if they had belong'd to some loose fish.

Dick. By goles, Billy, they'll turn thee into a mermaid next.

Billy. (*struts up, catches the stays from the constable, and throws 'em away.*) That for the stays! I a girl, Mr. Constable---I a loose fish! look at my whiskers: if that won't do, feel 'em, Sir, feel 'em.

Const. Aye, aye, I'm mortal near-sighted. (*lays hold of Billy's whiskers.*)

Billy. Softly, softly, you cursed brute: you've pull'd 'em off.

Const. (*holding up the whiskers in astonishment.*) False whiskers!

Ran. There's corroboration! What *man* would wear false whiskers? Lay hold on her, Mr. Constable!

Const. Oh, you great overgrown hussy!

Old G. Let go the gentleman!

[*all pulling him different ways.*]

Billy. Thieves! crimps! kidnappers!

Const. Peace, I say, peace in the king's name! Swear the man out of his own daughter! You shall all go before the justice.

Enter MISS SMIRKER.

Miss S. Justice! why, Sir, this gentleman's my own brother. Can't you see 'tis a man?

Const. Not the more so for wearing the breeches:---I know that by my wife.---But, whatever it is, it shall go before his worship, and he shall examine this---Nondescript.

FINALE TO THE FIRST ACT.

Billy. Let me go, Sir!
Dick.
Old G } Let him go, Sir!
Miss S
Ran. and } I say, no, Sir!
Const. } No, no, no, Sir!
Ran. Man of justice, lend your aid!
Give me back this lovely maid!
Once she flourish'd bright in beauty,
Till she brush'd with this young blade.---
Const. Running off was vastly *footy*.
Ran. Oh, you rascal! [*to Dick*]
Const. Oh, you jade! [*to Billy*]
Billy. Jade and hussy!
Dick They're all muzzy!
Miss S. Sir! resent this bare-fac'd trick!
Dick. All the gang I'll soundly kick!
Ran. Dearest Jenny! lovely daughter!
Const. Fast I'll hold her now I've caught her;
Ran. Proper conduct must be taught her,
Const. In a cell, with bread and water.
Billy. Like a lamb I'm led to slaughter!
Save me, Gripeall! save me, Dick!
All. All a flam, a hoax, a trick!
Miss S. }
and Dick } Let him go, Sir!
Ran. and } I say, no, Sir!
Const } No, no, no, Sir!
Const. If a man you thus declare him,
Off to justice strait I bear him!
Old G. }
and Dick } All to pieces first we'll tear him!
(*all pulling Billy different ways.*
Billy. Here's a pretty dance I'm led!
Kicks! cuffs! quarrels! strife! vexation!
Pray, oblige me, dearest Dick!
Come, and knock me on the head!
Miss S. Oh! I burst with indignation;
Billy. Murder! fracture! dislocation!
Oh! I'm maim'd, I'm kill'd, I'm dead!
All. All a flam, a hoax, a trick!
[*Exeunt, Billy in custody.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Adjoining the House.

Enter BILLY.

BILLY.

WHAT an unlucky rascal I have been, to come into this Hottentot country! kick'd, cudgell'd, and sworn out of my christian name! Call me Jenny, indeed! If they will make me a girl, they should at least treat me with the respect due to the fair sex; but instead of that, when I was dismissed from the justice's, a parcel of boors lifted me on their shoulders, to carry me home in triumph, as they said, and coming to the side of a horse-pond, they dropt me into it.

Enter DICK.

Dick. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Billy. Ha, ha, ha, ha! you laughing Hyæna! you must join the sport too!

Dick. Lord, Billy, it was such vine vun to zee thee sprawling in the hoss-pond, that---ha, ha, ha, ha!

Billy. Sir, you insult me most grossly---I insist on satisfaction!

Dick. Dom thee, if thou swagger'st at me, I'll---

Billy. Don't storm---I mean to fight you on a new principle.

Dick. What is that, standing still? Thy old principle's,---running away.

Billy. Dick, you're a wag.---I must flummer the fool. [*aside.*] You are a wit, Dick, and I want you to lend me---

Dick. Lend thee---(*drawing back*)

Billy. I don't mean money; nobody would ask that of a wit. Lend me your assistance, Dick.---That cursed affair with Peregrine has dished me---Sylvia smokes me for a coward.

Dick. Smokes thee! well, I'd ha' sworn thee'dst have out smok'd any body.

Billy. Would you? (*pleased.*)

Dick. Aye, thou art zuch a dapster at *puffing*.

Billy. Well said, Dick. But mark me---I've a plan that, with your concurrence, will recover my credit. Give me a lift with the women, Dick, and I'll teach you some tricks that shall make you a woman's favourite as long as you live.

Dick. What be they?

Billy. Why, I'll teach you to tie your neck-cloth in a new knot every day, dance in a new step every night, and to talk both night and day without saying any thing.

Dick. And what be I to do vor all this?

Billy. Pretend a quarrel with me---we'll fight a duel with paper bullets.

Dick. Paper bullets!

Billy. Aye, paper is marvellous useful now-a-days. Since it has taken place of metal in our pockets, why not in our pistols?

Dick. Ecod, Billy, thou art a deep un. And what be we to quarrel about?

Billy. Do you asperse Sylvia, libel her reputation, and I'll call you out for it.

Dick. Why, dost think me zich a rascal?

Billy. Don't be too amiable---get rid of your fine feelings---not a word! I'll whip off, and write a challenge. Consider the elegance, Dick, (*puts himself in the attitude of levelling a pistol,*) the eclat, the consequence you will acquire with my sister.

Dick. Fudge vor that! she bores me too much wey her nine parts o' speech.

Billy. Psha! there are but two in general use.

Dick. Which be they?

Billy. Lying and swearing.

[*Exit.*

Dick. As var as concarns thyself, Billy, thou hast spoke *truth* by accident. I'll second that numskull's scheme, for the sake of having a laugh at un; but as for their parts o' speech---he! he! he! I know one that's worth all theirs together, and that's the one that Loggerhead, the parliament-man, excelled in, that we returned last election vor our borough.

SONG, DICK.

Loggerhead and Longhead oppos'd one another,
'Twas a glorious election, such brow-beating and bother!
'Twas hard to say which had the strongest pretensions,
Longhead had the sense,
But Loggerhead the pence:
Their consciences were both of the usual dimensions.
Such an orator was Longhead,
It requir'd a very strong head
To make out one half of his meaning;
When he talk'd of Ins and Outs,
I had always my doubts
To which of the two he was leaning.
He harangued about the nation,
Reformation, and salvation;
Swore his lamb-like electors
Had wolves for protectors;
Till they all stretch'd their mouths, being touch'd to the core,
And they next stretch'd their hands,--but they touch'd nothing more.
All that Longhead said,
Was address'd to the head;
He did not understand
How to reason with the hand,
So they prais'd him for a genius of marvelous note,
But the devil a one of them gave him a vote.

Now Loggerhead seem'd in a pitiful case,
When oppos'd to this wonderful master of speech,
Poor Loggy, indeed, carried fool in his face,
And as well could have flown, as palaver or preach:
But he had a certain rhetorical twist,
Not of tickling the ear, but of tickling the fist;

'Twas a knack full of logic, persuasion and grace,
And he learnt it of one Mr. Henry Hase.
He made no botheration,
'Bout the nation and salvation,
But he gave a private lecture
To every elector:
Honest souls! past a doubt they found Loggerhead glib;
He chang'd with a conjuror's presto! their notes.
They that once call'd him blockhead, just fit for a bib,
Now clench'd his proposals, and gave him their votes.

Then why talk of learning and wit at command?
As if a rich booby could ever be dull:---
Sense in the head isn't cash in the hand,
But cash in the hand will put sense in the skull. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Adjoining the House.

Enter OLD GRIPEALL *and* RANDOM, *meeting.*

RANDOM *in Uniform.*

Old G. What, my noble Captain, reconnoitering! It won't do.---Smirker should have married my ward ere this, if we had not been thwarted by a cursed bedlamite, who mistook him for his daughter.

Ran. Mistook him! I'll bet you a hundred he'll own it himself ere he marries your ward.

Old G. I wish you'd say five hundred, and lay that wager in earnest!

Ran. With all my heart. Let us exchange obligations to bind the bet.

Both. Done! Done!

Old G. I've bit the fool. *(aside.)* [*Exit.*

Ran. He has swallowed the bait. *(aside.)*---I'll follow you instantly. (*to* Old G.)---But here comes a more formidable opponent.

Enter MISS SMIRKER.

Miss S. So, Sir, you have abjured both sentiment and science.---You once called me the walking Encyclopœdia.

Ran. Behold me ardent as ever, to turn over a leaf or two.

Miss S. Nay, apostate, Sylvia is a charming girl; nor should I have betrayed you, but----- May I speak of the young lady with the candour of a friend?

Ran. Certainly.

Miss S. Then she is a downright concretion of ignorance.

Ran. Very candid, indeed!

Miss S. I love to be liberal. I should think her extremely genteel, if she was not so excessively vulgar. Then, Random, her eyes!---fine eyes, but every look is a *double entendre.* Ah, I abominate her eyes---they upset my philosophy.

Ran. And mine too.

Miss S. And yet you perused them like----

Ran. A pocket volume, to amuse an idle moment: but my genuine devotions I still tender to the walking Encyclopœdia---to you, Madam, the sum total of science --the---

Miss S. Don't be too pressing; here comes young Gripeall, consider my pre-engagement with him.

Ran. What! shall the walking Encyclopedia be bound in calf?

[*Exeunt Random and Miss S.*

Enter BILLY, SYLVIA, *and* DICK.

Billy. Slugs! sawpits! horse-pistols! asperse the lady's honour!

Syl. What's the matter?

Billy. Talk of her having a boy at nurse!

Syl. Who, Sir?

Billy. You, madam:---rank defamation! but don't fret---he shall share the fate of Bill Tweezle, whom I shot for slandering my grandmother.---Two boys at nurse!

Syl. Dick, this is too ridiculous.

Billy. Don't fret, madam; I'll make him recant every word of it.---(*aside to Dick.*) Stick to it, Dick! brazen it out!---two boys, and a girl!

Dick. Sylvia, I said but half.

Billy. Don't fret, madam;---your honour shall be vindicated! slugs are the word! slugs and a saw-pit! flaming paragragh for the papers! "*faux pas*" at the top, "shot through the head" in the middle, and "amicably adjusted" at the end of it.

Syl. Sir! I---

Billy. Yes, yes, I know you begin to think me an acquisition.

Syl. What, Sir, to a puppet-shew?

Billy. Upon my soul, girl, you are not far from a natural.

Syl. (*stepping up close to him.*) Quite close to a natural.

Billy. S'death! is this your gratitude? But I like you the better for it. People of sense consider civility as ridiculous before marriage, as others do after it. Follow me, Sir, immediately.---Madam, if you'll come to the north side of the church in a quarter of an hour, you will find me in a situation that will alter your opinion of me! Should you see my brains blown out.---

Dick. That would alter her opinion o' thee, vor zartain: at present she don't zeem to think thou hast got any. (*Exit.*

Billy. No brains! then blood's the word! Hot vengaance come!
I'll do such deeds shall make the world---but, mum.
(*Exit.*

Enter OLD GRIPEALL, (*hallooing after him.*)

Old G. Why, Smirker, art acting plays? Here, I've something of importance to say to you.

Billy. [*returning.*] Mr. Gripeall, do you believe me to be a man of honour? [*very pompously.*]

Old G. Certainly; what then?

Billy. Why then, Sir, I've the honour of wishing you a good morning. I should have the honour of staying, but being engaged in an affair of honour, I must attend to it, upon my honour.

[*Exit.*

Old G. Damn'd deal of honour! but it is all in his mouth. [*aside.*]--Sylvia, what has he been talking to you?

Syl. Nonsense too absurd to repeat.---Ha, ha, ha! a charming fellow for a husband.

Old G. Why, what would you have, girl?

Syl. I really can't tell, Sir: did you ever know a girl that could? Among my innumerable lovers, the choice is quite perplexing.

SONG, SYLVIA.

Damon can dance with ineffable grace,
Strephon's divine at a ditty,
Thyrsis has figure, Alexis has face,
And Wasp strives so hard to be witty.

Colin, tho' small, has a very big look,
Celadon's meek, tho' he's tall, Sir,
Corydon's meaning can ne'er be mistook,
For he talks without meaning at all, Sir.

But the man I select all their graces must aid,
He must leave all their follies behind him:
Oh dear! I'm afraid I shall die an old maid:
Come, Guardee, and help me to find him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Field adjoining a Church.

Enter DICK, *with pistols.*

Dick. Measter Smirker's red hot upon this frolic. Here he cooms, spittin and fumin leek a roasted apple. Lord! who'd believe he wasn't in downright earnest? I'll step aside, and let 'un

cool a little. I wish I could hit upon zum plan to make a laughing-stock of un. [*retires among the trees.*]

Enter BILLY, *with pistols.*

Billy. Hot work, this duelling, even in sham! Could fight every thing that comes in my way, man, woman, or child!

Enter two Farmers.

Hey! hem! dam'me---who goes there? Stand, or here's at ye! (*presenting a pistol.*)

1st. Farmer. Not vor zich a smock-vac'd whipster as thou art! (*seizes Billy, and wrests the pistol from him.*) Fix'd thee, however, my lad!--A footpad in open day!

Dick. (*aside.*) That's lucky, by gum!

Billy. Footpad! oh, the devil, the devil! Sir! sir! I'm not a profest footpad, Sir, only an amateur!

2d. Farmer. A what?

Billy. He don't take.---Sir, a gentleman footpad. I stopt you in jest---good jest, wasn't it, my fine fellow? ha, ha, ha! [*slapping the farmer's shoulder, and affecting to laugh it off.*]

1st. Farmer. Aye, and will hang thee in earnest, that will be another good jest, won't it, my vine fellow? ha! ha! ha! (*returning the slap.*)

Dick. [*coming forward,*] What's the matter?

2d Farmer. Gripeall, d'ye know this fellow?

Billy. He's my particular friend; I came here to fight him.

Dick. He, he, he! that's likely now! I never zeed his knave's face bevore.

Billy. Never saw me before!

Dick. Oh, aye---I remember---thou was carried bevore justice this mornin.

Billy. Wasn't I acquitted for want of evidence.

Dick. And taken to thy old courses agen directly!

1*st. Farmer.* The harden'd reprobate! tye his hands behind 'un, march 'un off vor a second hearin. (*they tye his hands behind him.*)

2*d. Farmer.* 'Twill cost a power o' trouble to prosecute.---Let's leave 'un in the stocks.

Dick. Good thought, faith! in wey 'un!

Billy. The stocks! the stocks! elegant *me* in the stocks! Hang me, gentlemen, and welcome, but don't put me in the stocks. (*they force him in.*)---Oh, that ever I left London! Why wasn't I content with rural retirement among the Sunday mobs at Kensington Gardens.

2*d. Farmer.* Don't fret, rogue! thou'lt retire at last in the midst of a mob. (*Exeunt Farmers.*

Billy. You may call this wit, but let me tell you I don't relish such jokes. Let me out directly!

Dick. Let thee out?

Billy. Let me out? Why, you don't mean to keep me here?

Dick. Lord, Billy, if thou could'st but zee how bootiful thou look'st, thoud'st wish to stay there as long as thou liv'st. I'll run and vetch thee a lookin-glass. (*Exit laughing.*

Billy. So, I may sit here, like a babe in the wood, 'till the ravens come and peck my eyes out. What shall I do?

Enter OLD GRIPEALL *and* SYLVIA---*they advance to the front of the stage without perceiving* BILLY.

Old G. Yes, child, Smirker's your man! I'll just look over the writings. (*stands in front of the stage, inspecting his papers.*) If he hadn't engag'd himself to you, he might pick among a dozen ladies of quality; but you see, as the case stands, his hands are tied up. (*Here Sylvia perceives Billy.*)

Syl. I perceive it, Sir!---ha, ha, ha!

Old G. [*still inspecting his papers.*] What would you have? Doesn't he become every situation he's placed in? did you ever observe his beautiful attitudes? Ah! he's always the gentleman---quite free and easy.

Billy. Ah!

Old G. A heavy sigh, that! You begin to fee for him, girl?

Syl. Most sincerely, Sir.

Old G. That's right---you won't meet a better match. He's at present in a very snug thing, a substantial concern, and has the whole to himself.

Billy. Ah!

Old G. Firmly fix'd in a public situation!

Billy. Ah!

Old G. And added to that, he's largely concern'd in the stocks.

Billy. Oh! oh! oh! [*bellowing out.*]

Old G. [*turning round.*] Thunder-a-nouns, what's all this?

Billy. Take me out! [*roaring.*]

Old G. Who put you in?

Billy. Hell and devils! take me out!

Old G. (*releasing him,*) Ha, ha ha! rare seasoning this, for the marriage yoke!

Syl. Guardee, doesn't he become every situation he is placed in? Did you ever observe his beautiful attitudes? Ah, he is always the gentleman---quite free and easy---and so largely concerned in the stock! [*Exit Sylvia.*

Billy, (*limping along.*) Curse the stocks! I shall never recover my legs.

Old G. No, faith, you waddle off like a lame duck.

Billy. Gripeall, bring back your ward: I'll marry her directly, if 'tis only to spite her for laughing at me. Run---I'll wait for her in church.

If I stay here three days longer, I shall be carried there with my heels foremost.

[*Pushes off* Old Gripeall.

Enter RANDOM.

Oh Lord! the dragoon captain!

Ran. Soh! Dick Gripeall disclaims having agreed to the duel, but for the sake of laughing at you!

Billy. The rascal! has he blown the paper bullets?

Ran. In all directions. Challenge him in earnest.

Billy. To get my brains blown after them.

Ran. Rely on me, I am your friend! since that beating I gave you, I've never felt easy.

Billy. Nor I. (*writhing his shoulders.*)

Ran. Having retracted my own pretensions to Sylvia, by way of clearing my conscience, I shall exert myself to advance yours.

Billy. Civil:---but how?

Ran. Send a challenge to Dick Gripeall---If he should refuse, you'll pull his nose.

Billy. Pleasant;---but if he should accept!

Ran. Then I'll whisper the business as a secret to the women. They shall conceal themselves at the place of action, rush out at the critical instant---

Billy. Dam'me, that's prime! Give me your hand, my boy! I'll fight him directly! I never want courage, except where there's danger---Run! give him a verbal challenge.

Ran. Won't you write?

Billy. I'll never touch paper again---Brush, my dear boy! cure my credit, and you'll deserve a patent.

Ran. Right; for by all the laws of quackery, he who can cure nothing, must be able to cure every thing. [*Exit.*

Billy. Dem their gibes! if this succeeds, I shall pull up, after all; establish my character for courage, return to town with *eclat*, and the billiard sharks will be content to cheat me out of my money without kicking me into the bargain.

SONG, BILLY.

Gaily I'll dash along---sorrow's mere flummery;
Sentiment's all a fantastical rig;
I once read a novel, call'd "Mordaunt Montgomery,"
He broke his heart for a favourite pig.

He and the pig were from infancy play-fellows;
While they were young they behav'd very well:
But when they grew up, they turn'd out very gay fellows,
Scamping and sky-larking---where I sha'n't tell.

Pig grew so rakish, that spite of his clamours
Cross-ways they tied a great stick on his chest;
So, losing at once both his acorns and amours,
He sicken'd and died of a pain in the breast.

Shame and remorse seiz'd his ruthless oppressors;
But when Montgomery heard the sad tale,
Vengeance he vow'd on poor Piggy's aggressors,
Confirming his oath with three nippers of ale.

Soundly he kick'd them: but, hapless Montgomery!
Nought it avail'd thee, thy grief was so big:
He madden'd, he smil'd, and to shew 'twasn't mummery,
Breath'd his last sigh at the grave of his pig.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Field.

Enter RANDOM.

Ran. Soh! Dick seconds my plot.---Here comes the haberdasher, ardent for action. I'll make him forswear his own idendity, fix Gripeall for his wager, and then Sylvia's my own.

Enter BILLY, *flourishing his pistols.*

Punctual, Sir!

Billy. Men of honour are always punctual.---But where are the ladies? (*looking about anxiously,*) I hope *they'll* be punctual.

Ran. Station'd behind that clump of trees---when you cry----"Hem! make ready!" they're to rush out.

Billy. Poor devils! hearts in their mouths, I dare say----Dam'me, I'll frighten 'em a bit---Fire! fury! 'sblood! thunder.---Random, you've been snug, eh? hav'nt blab'd to the girls? Whenever women get scent of a duel, there's no fighting in comfort.---Think they hear me? (*apart to Random.*)--Hem! hem!

Ran. Louder---hem! hem! [*apart to Billy.*]

Billy. Random! hallo! Random! (*hallooing.*) What think ye of these pistols? Detant! detant! Here's thro' the bushes, by way of experiment.

Ran. Gently---you'll frighten the girls into fits. (*apart.*)

Billy. Fine fun that!---Damn fear!--(*Loud*)---(*Low.*)---I'll teach 'em respect for me.---Don't bring a surgeon, Random! if I'm shot thro' the head, I won't have a surgeon! honour's at stake! slaughter's the word!

Ran. Really, I am fearful.

Billy. Damn fear! (*hallooing.*)----That loud enough? (*apart.*)

Ran. Up with it.

Billy. Did you ever hear of the horse-pistol club? [*roaring*]

Ran. Never. [*in the same key.*]

Billy. I dare say not. [*low.*]---[*Loud*] I'm president---We fight for frolic---tread upon people's toes, and challenge them for squalling out---Wednesday's killing day; each member shoots his three before breakfast.

Ran. Three only?

Billy. As many more as he pleases; but that's the complement. We should all have been hang'd long since, but we frighten'd both judge and jury. ---By this time they're convinc'd I'm a gentleman. [*apart.*]

Ran. Oh, your antagonist.

Enter DICK *with pistols.*

Billy. [*to Dick.*] Well, Sir! made your will? ---Random! you've the horses ready?

Ran. I'll look to them. [*Exit.*

Dick. Oh, what we fight a-horseback?

Billy. Post horses, Sir, that I may set off directly I've done for you.

Dick. What, you settle your duels like your debts, by running away!

Billy. 'Sdeath, Sir, d'ye trifle? To business, to business---damn fear! I'm brave, from my mother's longing.

Dick. Lord, what might she long vor?

Billy. A soldier;---marked me with gunpowder, and fighting is meat and drink to me. Now, sirrah---"Make ready!---Hem!"----*(After a pause,)* Why don't they come out?---Hem! hem! *(aside)*

Dick. Hem, hem, hem!---if that's the vashion.

Billy. Why the devil don't they come out? *(aside.)*

Dick. Coom, Zur---to business, to business.

Billy. My dear friend, don't be in a hurry.

Dick. 'Sdeath, Zur, d'ye trifle?

Billy. *(in a low whisper, towards the trees,)*---- We've made ready---hem!

Dick. Present! *(levelling.)*

Billy. Murder!---Ladies, ladies, come out and prevent murder. [*Runs towards the trees, and Random rushes out, disguised as before.*]

Ran. Jenny!

Billy. Papa!----*(After a pause, turns in supplication to Dick,)*---Dick, don't let me be kidnapped!

Ran. Obdurate girl, confess yourself my daughter.

Dick. Confess *that*, or here's--*(levelling at him.)*

Billy, *(throwing himself into Random's arms.)* Stop him, stop him! Save your duck, your darling!

Enter OLD GRIPEALL, SYLVIA, *and* MISS SMIRKER.

Ran. Stand off: she confesses---my pretty little pet!

Billy. My dear old kind papa!

Old G. Dam'me, the mad fellow has bit him!---How now, man! he is not your papa! *(shaking Smirker by the shoulder,)* you are Billy Smirker, the celebrated haberdasher.

[Dick *presents the pistol over* Old G.'s *shoulder.*]

Billy. 'Tis false, *(hitting* Old G. *a slap on the face,)* he *is* my papa, and I am his daughter Jenny! [*Exeunt* Random *and* Billy.

Dick. By goles, Sylvia, instead of the bride*groom*, he must be thy brides*maid*.----He, he, he! 'tis a Nondescript no longer!

[*Exit, following* Billy.

Enter RANDOM.

Old G. Fellow, I'll pay you off---

Ran. [*throwing off his disguise.*] Five hundred pounds immediately.

Old G. Random!

Ran. You heard his confession! give me your ward, or down with the money!

Miss S. Allow me to remind you, Sir, you promis'd me marriage.

Ran. Oh! your pre-engagements with young Gripeall!

Miss S. What! shall the walking Encyclopœdia be bound in calf? Brute! Monster! Attila of barbarism! Nero of cruelty! Tarquin of finesse! I'll leave thee to the horrors of a guilty conscience, and revenge myself on your whole sex, by renouncing them for ever! [*going out, meets*

DICK *entering.*

Dick. By goles, ma'am, your brother's an odd fish.

Miss S. Odd fish! apropos! I want to talk with you.

Dick. On what subject?

Miss S. Catching a gudgeon.--Oh! Mr. Dick.

Dick. Oh! oh!

[*Exeunt hand in hand, and ogling.*

Ran. [*to Old G.*] Well, Sir! do you consent?

Old G. Well, since I can't help it---

Ran. Granted with a good grace.---Now then, my charming Sylvia, I wait but for your consent.

Syl. Well, since I can't help it---[*gives him her hand.*]---But you have treated your rival most unmercifully.

Ran. By no means:---half the evils of society result from the scarcity of female employments; nor should those beings be class'd among men, who usurp the occupations of women. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

"FOR ENGLAND, HO!"

A MELO-DRAMATIC OPERA.

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL COVENT-GARDEN.

BY I. POCOCK, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE MILLER AND HIS MEN, HIT OR MISS, *&c. &c.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLER,

25, BOW-STREET; SOLD ALSO BY J. BARKER, GREAT RUSSELL-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1814.

[*Price Two Shillings.*]

London: Printed by W. M'Millan,
Bow Street, Covent Garden.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The talents of the Actors, in the representation of this Piece, secured to it the approbation of the Public; and never were the thanks of an Author offered with more sincerity than mine are now, for their united exertions.

To enumerate individual Performers, where all so amply gratified my hopes, would be invidious; but I must be allowed to express my peculiar obligations to Mr. Farley, to whose office belongs the arrangement and conduct of the Stage Business; and although his well-known abilities in this department will receive small honour in the addition of my praise, yet to his experienced skill, and unwearied attentions during Rehearsals, the Author of a Melo-drama chiefly owes his success with the audience, and it should never pass without receiving the debt of acknowledgment.

I. P

16th December, 1813.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

The Commandant, ...	Mr. HAMERTON.
Sir Francis Faddle, ...	Mr. JONES.
Captain Laurel, ...	Mr. INCLEDON.
Enrico Altieri, ...	Mr. SINCLAIR.
Guillaume, ...	Mr. FARLEY.
Jaques, ...	Mr. SLADER.
Jerôme, ...	Mr. SIMMONS.
Michael, ...	Master WILLIAMS.
Tom Tough, ...	Mr. EMERY.
Block, ...	Mr. HIGMAN.
Officer of Police, ...	Mr. HOWELL.
Rattling	Mr. DURUSETT.
Shroud, ...	Mr. TINNEY.
Stern, ...	Mr. NORRIS.

WOMEN.

Miss Eleanor Arundel, ...	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Miss Eliza Arundel, ...	Miss COOKE.
Lisette, ...	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.

Officers of Police, Soldiers, Seamen, Peasants, &c.

The SCENE lies in and near the Port of Dieppe, in Normandy.

*** The Lines marked with inverted Commas, are omitted in Representation.

"FOR ENGLAND, HO!"

Act I.

SCENE I.

The Interior of a Cottage, the Residence of GUILLAUME'S *Family*—JEROME *and* MICHAEL *discovered*—LISETTE *descends the Stairs. (Music).*

TRIO—JEROME, LISETTE, MICHAEL.

Jer. List!
Lis. List!
Mich. List!
Jer. and Lis. List if he be near.
Mich. No! } No footstep do I hear.
Lis. No! } No footstep does he hear.
Jer. No! } No footstep does he hear.

Lis. Why does he linger, why does he stay?
The night flies fast, and the morning grey
Now 'gins to peep: he comes not home.
Where can he wander, where can he roam!
List! List! List! &c.

Mich. Midnight the convent bell hath toll'd;
The morning air is chill, is cold:
Soon will the swallow leave her nest;
But still he comes not home to rest!
List! List! List! &c.

Lis. Still he comes not! where can he stay?

Jer. Don't vex, don't vex Lisette—he will be here anon.

Lis. Anon! why, father, you have told me so these two hours: I have no patience!

Jer. Well, I said you had no patience, didn't I?

Lis. Then I say I have patience: haven't I waited two hours past the time?

Jer. Well, well, you have patience then—you have patience. Bless my soul! 'tis the way with all these women—if they can't contradict any one else they'll contradict themselves, rather than lose the pleasure on't.

Mich. I dare say Guillaume will not come home to night.

Lis. Very pretty, indeed—not come home to-night! Why not come home? Hostilities have ceased: the prisoners are exchanged—then what detains him?

Jer. Why, the sick, that remain. Ah! 'tis a happy time when war ceases, and peace again reigns throughout the world. I little thought to see the day—but the year 1783 brings peace and comfort to us all.

Mich. It will be his guard again soon.

Jer. Hold thy tongue, boy—hold thy tongue—you'll make her jealous if you talk at this rate.

Lis. Jealous! make me jealous!

Jer. Ay, don't think of him, Lisette: Lord bless you, my dame was just such another as yourself—so fond of me, that she half killed me with kindness; but now she's gone I never think of her, and I'm as cheerful and happy as the day is long.

Lis. Indeed!

Jer. Yes, indeed—but come, boy, we'll pass away the time with a ditty—sing, sing—when I

was a younker I was reckoned the best singer and the boldest man in all the province of Normandy. You have not my courage, 'tis true, but you have my voice exactly—ah, 'tis a sweet pipe!

Lis. My husband Guillaume shall not find mine a sweet pipe when he returns, I can tell him—a cold-hearted good-for-nothing creature.

Jer. Nay, nay, he may have found some difficulty in giving the basket of provisions we sent to the poor English prisoners here, and—

Lis. Humph! No doubt his attention to them will be the excuse for his neglect of me. Come, Michael, sing.

SONG—MICHAEL.

I.

Loud and chill was the blast,
And the bright snow fell fast,
On a maiden's fair bosom who travers'd the plain,
And oft a sad tear
On her cheek pale with fear,
Fell in sorrow for him who in battle was slain.

II.

"Down she sunk in despair,
"While her dark flowing hair
"Wildly waved in the blast that swept over the wold;
"And more white than the snow
"Was her bosom of woe,
"And the heart in her bosom, alas! was as cold."

III.

But the proud foe had fled,
Where her Henry had bled;
Still with conquest and love had he thought on her charms:
Amid the wild storm
He beheld her fair form,
And he kiss'd her, and warm'd her to life in his arms.

Jer. Well done, child, well done; ah, you have my voice exactly, so soft and so sweet *(attempts to sing, but is seized with a fit of coughing—a knock at the door).* Oh, there he is at last—open the door, boy.

Lis. (aside). I won't speak to him first, if it kills me.

Enter GUILLAUME.

Guil. Ah, my old Dad! not at rest yet.

Jer. No, nor your wife either; she's not at rest—I never saw her in such a pucker before.

Guil. Anxious for my return, I warrant. Oh! if every man knew the pleasure of returning after a hard day's duty, to such a wife as mine, old maids and musty batchelors would soon be extinct; and we should have nothing but merry marriages, births, kissing and christening, from morning till night.

Jer. Ha, ha! thou art a merry rogue, i'faith—ha, ha, Lisette!—what ails the child!

Lis. I can't hold much longer—*(aside).*

Guil. Talk of a single life—Pho!—give me a double one, for it makes a man twice as happy.

Lis. O my dear Guillaume!—

(Turns suddenly and embraces him.)

Jer. Ha! there, there!—that's exactly the way my old wife worried me.

Lis. Well, did you give the basket of provisions to the poor captives?

Guil. I did; and received ten times its value, in the thanks of the unfortunate. I was once a prisoner myself, you know, on the English coast, heart-broke, unknown, and deserted by all—but thee, Lisette.

Jer. Ah, I remember—she followed you thro'

every danger, and left me at home—heigho!—with nobody but my old dame.

Guil. Some English ladies witnessed my captivity—one amongst them, struck with the appearance of my poor Lisette, who at the prison-gate day after day awaited my release, heard her sad story, and, like a pitying angel, flew to our assistance.

Jer. Bless her kind heart!—I know, 'twas Miss Eliza Arundel.

Guil. The same. I was lingering in confinement hopeless—helpless—she recalled me from sickness and despair, and gave at once new life, liberty, and love!—Never shall I forget while kneeling at her feet in gratitude, how sweetly she exclaimed—"Ah, Guillaume, should you in your native land, meet a countryman of mine, like thee bereft of freedom, do not forget the English prison, nor Eliza Arundel."

Lis. But her kindness ended not here: whenever she resides in France, on the estate her father left her, she is still our protection and support.

Jer. Heaven bless her, say I, with a good husband and a large family.

Guil. Her countrymen I can only relieve—but her lover—

Jer. Her lover! what! the young Altieri?

Guil. When, in a moment of intemperance, he rais'd his arm against his detested rival, the Baron Holstein, who, mark me, was his senior officer, Enrico Altieri was, by a prejudiced court-martial, sentenced to punishment, and committed to my custody. The happiness of Eliza Arundel depended on his safety, and I released him.

Lis. You, Guillaume! Was it by your means he gain'd his freedom?

Guil. It was; and I gloried in the opportunity of proving to our benefactress, that Guillaume had not forgotten the English prison. As yet, all attempts to discover his retreat have fail'd, although the Commandant, who is the late Holstein's bosom friend, has been active in pursuing him. But come—talking makes a man hungry—

Jer. And listening to long stories makes me thirsty, so get a pitcher of wine, boy—you'll fare the worse at home, Guillaume, for your charity abroad tho'.

Guil. The better, Dad, the better—tho' my stomach will be empty, my heart will be full; and if I haven't so much food, I shall have more happiness, depend on't.

Lis. Indeed, you'll have but a scanty meal, love. I could only get some bread and cheese, and some butter and some eggs—to be sure, there is some wine—but that's all, except a plate of fruit, and a nice salad that I gather'd from our little garden.

Guil. And that will be a banquet, at least I shall think it so—prepared by Lisette's hands, and sweeten'd by Lisette's smiles. I'll just put off this harness, and be with you again in an instant—oh, bless you! [*Kisses her, and exit.*

Jer. Pho! Nonsense, nonsense! Dear me, what a troublesome thing is an affectionate wife.

Lis. Good-natur'd, warm-hearted fellow! I wonder what made him stay so late, tho'—he didn't mention—no matter, a curtain-lecture for that.

Jer. Come, boy, fill some wine. *(He sits.)*

Lis. Hadn't you better fasten the door, father?

Jer. Let Michael do it—I'm so exhausted, that I'd not move from my seat if Saint Dennis himself was to knock at the door.

*(At this instant a loud knock—*JEROME *starts forward in terror).*

Mercy on us! what's that—look through the window, Michael.

Mich. Somebody in black, father.

Jer. In black!—oh, bless us! who can it be?

Lis. Ha, ha!—you were the boldest man in the province—well said, father—'tis only a messenger from the Commandant—*(knock)*—open the door.

[MICHAEL *opens the door, and* ALTIERI *enters —a large black cloak wrapped about him, with steel clasps—a belt round it—a broad hat and feather).*

Alt. Friends, your pardon—attracted by the light from your window, a poor but honest man entreats protection.

Jer. (uneasy). An—an honest man!

Alt. I must soon depart—give me but rest and shelter—you shall not go unrewarded.

Lis. We seek no recompense for hospitality, Sir, and should my husband—

Alt. Your husband!—who is your husband?

Lis. A soldier, Sir.

Jer. Ay, he attends the prison.

Alt. Confusion!—I have no time to lose—*(aside.)* My intrusion troubles you—I'll seek an asylum elsewhere.

(Wraps his cloak about him hastily, and crossing to the door, is suddenly met by GUILLAUME, *whom* MICHAEL *went to fetch at the entrance of* ALTIERI).

Guil. 'Tis the very man! *(Aside).*

Lis. What man?

Guil. Hush!—Stranger, you seek repose—you shall have it—if you require food, you shall have that too, and a soldier's welcome. Come,

Sir, sit and eat with us *(goes to table)*—Michael, take the gentleman's cloak and hat.

Alt. He does not remember me. *(Aside).*

(In giving the cloak to MICHAEL, *the belt, on which is a large steel clasp, falls from the cloak).*

Wandering thro' Normandy to Dieppe, I stop'd at the depôt, for the purpose of delivering a letter to the Commandant.

Guil. (*aside*). That is true.

Alt. It was the petition of the unfortunate Altieri, for the Commandant to interest himself in his behalf, and obtain, if possible, a new trial.

Guil. Good; but why did he not wait his answer from the Commandant? *(Aside).*

(Here MICHAEL, *having laid the hat and cloak on a small table at the side, returns with a jug, and seeing the belt on the floor, picks it up).*

Mich. Here, Sir, is your—

Guil. (who has observed him, snatches the jug with his right hand and the belt with the left, which he conceals). Aye, right, Michael—give me leave, Sir—here is your wine.

Jer. Ay, ay, 'tis right wine, i'faith—your health, Sir.

Alt. Yours, friend, and all *(drinks)*—so—*(they offer food).*—Nay, I cannot eat—now then to repose.

Guil. At your pleasure, Sir—'tis a homely couch, but with the reflection that you have this day done a kind action, it will as much refresh your aching limbs as tho' 'twere down that pillowed them.

Alt. A heart at ease might find repose, but mine is breaking!—except a soldier's [illegible]

SONG—ALTIERI.

I.

Whate'er my fate, where'er I roam,
By sorrow still oppress'd;
I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home,
That gave a wanderer rest.
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flow'rets strew'd;
Still may you claim a Soldier's thanks,
A Soldier's gratitude!

II.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,
That meek-eye'd Pity gave;
My last expiring hour shall cheer,
And bless the wanderer's grave!
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flow'rets strew'd;
Still may you claim a Soldier's thanks,
A Soldier's gratitude!

(As ALTIERI *retires at the end of the Song, he offers money).*

Guil. Nay, Sir, I do not wish to boast a foolish pride, but here your bounty would appear a recompense—excuse me.

(ALTIERI *grasps* GUILLAUME's *hand, and uttering the words,* "Thanks, thanks," *goes up the stairs).*

Jer. What was that he muttered?

Lis. Poor creature, he looks very ill.

Jer. So I say—he's the most ill-looking fellow I ever saw in my life.

Guil. (examining the clasp). Here are some initials on the clasp that may lead to a discovery of the owner—How!—What can this mean—E. A.!

Jer. What's the matter? } *(At the same time).*
Lis. Guillaume! }

Guil. Let me reflect—yes, it must be—but sorrow has so changed him—he grasp'd my hand with the warmth of gratitude—tears too were in his eyes—Yes, yes!—'twas his own petition he delivered—and I knew him not.

Lis. Whom do you mean?

Guil. Enrico Altieri! *(a knock).* Ha! who's that knocks at such an hour?

Jaq. (without)—Guillaume! Guillaume!
(Still knocks).

Guil. Open the door—make haste (LISETTE *opens it)*—Ah, Jaques—and the Commandant! To what lucky accident is my poor house indebted for this condescension?

Com. Attend! A person strangely habited has delivered a petition at the prison-gate addressed to me, in behalf of that wretch who killed my dearest friend, the Baron Holstein. A large cloak shrouded his figure, and the shade of his broad hat in part conceal'd his features—but I suspect—

Guil. What!

Com. That 'tis he himself—Altieri.

Guil. Altieri!

Jaq. I saw him enter this house, and—

Guil. This house!

Mich. Oh, father, it must be the stranger.

Guil. That *was* here—no doubt, no doubt.
(JEROME *pushes* MICHAEL *to* LISETTE).

Jaq. The initials E. A. were on his belt.

Mich. A belt! Oh yes, you know he drop'd it, father—and I gave it to you.
(Here LISETTE *catches* MICHAEL *aside angrily).*

Guil. You—you did—you did, Michael.

Com. Produce it—

Guil. The stranger snatch'd it from me as he fled.

Jaq. Fled!

Guil. Ay—but come, pray sit down, Sir, and I'll inform you of the circumstance—There, Sir, there—*(they sit on a circular bench before the fire)*—the air is sharp, and this old house but ill protects us—Lisette, draw the curtains—quick, quick, and bring some wine.

*(*ALTIERI *at this instant appears on the stairs descending, but is prevented by a signal from* LISETTE—*he starts back, and is seen listening to the ensuing conversation).*

Com. Come, your story—

Guil. I obey you, Sir—scarcely had I returned from my duty at the prison, when a man, dress'd as you describe, knock'd at my door, and was admitted—he had a soldier's mien, and you know one's heart warms towards a comrade in distress—but he was hardly seated, when, fixing my eye stedfastly upon him, I thought I remember'd the features of the Count Altieri, who eluded my vigilance when I kept guard over him, and—

(*Here* GUILLAUME *fixes his eyes earnestly on* ALTIERI).

Jaq Well!

Guil. He seemed to read my thoughts—he suspected himself to be in danger, and, from the agitation I betray'd—he knew that to remain here one instant longer might be fatal to him—and, spite of all anxiety—of all fatigue, he darted through that door—

Jaq. (turning) What, that door?

Lis. (coming up at the instant, and interrupting the sight of JAQUES*)*—Some wine, Sir!

Guil. Ay,—that door, and escaped the very moment he would have been taken.

Com. Which way went he? *(rising.)*

Jaq. Ay—did you watch him?

Guil. No! The circumstance so much disturbed me, that, for a few moments I scarcely knew how to proceed.

Com. He must be pursued instantly; no doubt he will take the road to Dieppe—Guillaume follow me—You can identify his person; and should it be your fortune to secure him, I will double the reward to you, which is offered by the state for Altieri's apprehension—On—

Guil. If it be possible to *secure* him, I will do it—not for your reward, but that my own conscience will afford me.

Jaq. Come, we loiter—

[*Exeunt* COM. *and* JAQUES.

Guil. Michael, my sword (*the boy brings it, and his cap*). Lisette, my dear Lisette, thou hast done this well—once again we have preserved him—Follow me to Dieppe instantly—he will surely fly that way—so follow, for without thee, I am but half myself. Farewell!

[*Music.—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Forest.

Enter ALTIERI. *(Music).*

Alt. I have outstrip'd my pursuers, and in this obscurity I may for a time repose my wearied limbs in safety. O unfortunate Altieri, to what a fate has man's oppression, and a just resentment of it reduced thee!—the gratitude of that soldier, the noble-hearted Guillaume, has twice preserved me—but now my only hope is to escape to England. The chance is desperate.

*(*ALTIERI *starts at the voices of his pursuers).*

Jaq. Follow, follow, comrades. He cannot escape.—"Follow, follow!" *(Voices without).*

Guil. (rushes in)—We are close upon him—I saw him distinctly—Altieri! Altieri! 'tis Guillaume calls.

Alt. My friend *(advancing)*—my only friend.

Guil. You have no time for thanks—plunge into the deepest shade, and lie conceal'd till the pursuit is past.

Jaq. "Follow—he entered this part of the forest."

Guil. Away!—to the left, to the left.

*(*ALTIERI *retires as* JAQUES *enters).*

Jaq. Have you found him?

Guil. No, he's too nimble for us.

Jaq. Too nimble! why I thought—I'm sure I heard voices.

Guil. Yes, so did he—your confounded howling gave him due notice of your approach.

Jaq. Humph! you may thank yourself for it—he was safe in your custody once—you should have kept him so—but you are so plaguy compassionate.

Guil. How!—dare you suspect me!

Jaq. I know you—you are too full of this humanity;—witness the English captives, the basket of provision last night—I observed it—'tis contrary to order—so look to yourself, or keep a civil tongue.

Guil. Do you threaten, scoundrel! hear me—those English, when in their power, have ever treated us with kindness and compassion—so they treated me; and if ever I forget it, may I become a wretch, mean and contemptible as thou art.

Jaq. Ah! that's all very fine—but while you preach, this fellow escapes.

Guil. Well, forward then—this way he went—

but remember, that mercy to a brave Enemy is the brightest laurel on the Conqueror's brow.

[*Exeunt*—GUILLAME *looking back anxiously.*

SCENE III.

The Quay at Dieppe—An Hotel on the right of the Stage—Merchandize of various sorts lying at the back—Shipping in the Harbour beyond.

GLEE.—SEAMEN*.

I.

Our ship in port, our anchor cast,
The tempest hush'd, and calm the main,
We little think of dangers past,
Nor those that we may meet again;
But while the cheerful can goes round,
In every draught is pleasure found,
For then we drink, and drink with glee,
The sailors' welcome home from sea.

II.

Tho' hard our toil, our peril great,
Our hours of ease but short and few,
We never murmur at our fate,
But each fond moment past renew,
And while the cheerful can, &c.

[*Exeunt* Sailors.

Manet BLOCK.

Enter TOM TOUGH.

Tom. Yeo-ho, brother Block!—what all our stowage heav'd ashore?

Block. All right, messmate.

* In consequence of the length of the piece, this Glee was omitted after the first night.

Tom. Ecod there's a rare cargo—I reckon after the custom-house ha' rummaged them a bit—I shall swing my hammock at old Madam Arundel's—and all the French landlord's congees, and my Lor Anglais, won't better him a pinch of oakum—

Block. Ah, I never thought to see a thorough-bred seaman, like Tom Tough, sail in the wake of such a cock-boat as Sir Francis Faddle.

Tom. Why look ye, Block—I've seen some service in my time, but I'm now little better than a sheer hulk;—and when the old Admiral, Sir Frank's father, broke from the moorings of life—

Block. What, not alive!

Tom. No more life in him, than one o'the dead eyes o'the Dreadnought—stiff as the main-mast—death has brought him to, and he's safe moor'd at last in smooth water, and a blessed harbour. He was a kind heart, and as brave too, as ever laid an enemy alongside, or cut a passage thro' a boarding netting.

Block. Ah, you've weather'd some squalls together.

Tom. We have that;—and when the Admiral struck his colours—as we all must—some time or other *(with reverence)*—I promised to stick by his son as I had by him—but I don't much understand the trim of this gingerbread son of his—he whiffles and skims about like a dog-vane on the weather-quarter in a cat's-paw—while his father was as steady as his flag at the fore in a seven-knot breeze—firm as the mast, and immoveable as the colours it supported. But come, bear a hand, or Sir Frank will heave in sight a'fore we're clear'd for action.

[*Exit* BLOCK.—TOM *turns up the Stage, and looks at goods.*

Enter ALTIERI.

Alt. So far I have eluded all enquiry—once on board, and I am saved—should I never return, farewell my dearest Eliza, perhaps for ever.

SONG.—ALTIERI.

I.

Dear maid, should I never return,
Oh give to remembrance a tear!
The love in my heart still shall burn,
For one who has cherish'd it here,
For ever! for ever, dear maid!

II.

Dear maid, though thy loss I deplore,
Should fate all our sorrows dispel,
I ne'er may be torn from you more,
Till in death we may sigh a farewell,
For ever! for ever, dear maid!

Tom. What cheer, brother!

Alt. A stranger, I would learn when the next packet sails for England.

Tom. When the wind chops about.

Alt. Weather-bound too! Stranger, I am faint with hunger and with thirst.

Tom. What, banyan-day, may-hap?—you shall mess with me,—see, here's the victualling-office—I'll line your planks with some English beef and a can of grog:—that will fetch up your lee-way with a wet sail, I warrant; so heave a-head, my hearty.

Alt. We—we shall not be interrupted?

Tom. Interrupted! by whom?

Alt. I had forgotten—this transport!

Tom. Transport! why, Lord help the man! there's not one in the harbour. Mounseer a little crazy, I take it. Come, it seems to ha' been hard a-weather with you for some time—Helms a-lee—about you are—(ALTIERI *enters the Hotel*).—Damme, he looks as if he'd been on short allowance all his voyage—poor devil! [*Exit.*

Enter Captain LAUREL.

Lau. At length hostilities have ceased, and I am again at liberty—yet, ere I embark, I must inquire if my sister be now at Dieppe—'twould be unkind to leave France without seeing her.—Perhaps together we may hail the white cliffs of Albion; that happy land! the guard of the weak, the support of the stranger.

SONG*—LAUREL.

I.

Undaunted in peril, and foremost in danger;
Ever ready the rights of mankind to defend;
The guard of the weak, and support of the stranger;
To oppression a foe, and to freedom a friend:
Amid the rude scenes of dismay and commotion,
Since Anarchy first her red banner unfurl'd,
Still firm as a rock in her own native ocean,
Stood England, the Anchor and Hope of the World.

II.

Sweetest spot on the earth! where true honour combining
With justice and truth, gives a strength to the whole;
Where the rose-bud of beauty with valour entwining,
Exalteth the heart, and enlargeth the soul.

* This Song was written by W. J. Lake, Esq.

O, land of my birth! yet shall peace be thy portion,
Thy white sails in commerce again be unfurl'd;
And still shalt thou stand, lovely rock in the ocean,
The Anchor of Europe, the Hope of the World!

Enter Sir FRANCIS FADDLE*.

Fad. Custom-house officers, don't tell me—custom-house officers, indeed—they broke open all my trunks, ransack'd my whole wardrobe, put every individual thing into utter confusion, and me into a passion!—I shall not be able now, to make myself irresistible these two days—such a pack of savages I never—Hey! what, Laurel! is it possible?

Lau. Frank!

Fad. Who, in the name of all that's wonderful, would have thought of plumping upon you the instant I set foot in France.

Lau. The fact is, I have just been liberated—the cessation of hostilities now allows me to return to England.

Fad. Ah! that's the very reason I left England: that going abroad in time of war is prodigiously inconvenient.

Lau. Your father, the Admiral, never found it inconvenient, Sir Francis.

Fad. Oh, yes, he did—very—he absolutely lost his life in the service of his country.

Lau. For which reason, I perceive, there is no danger of your country losing you.

Fad. Oh, yes; St. James's Street must endeavour to do without me for a short time—not that I see what *I* can possibly learn in France.

* It is necessary to remark, that Sir Francis, from affectation, has acquired a habit of pronouncing the r, like the letter y. For instance: You rough rogue, he pronounces, "you yough yogue"—and, critical crisis, "cytical cysis."

Lau. One lesson at all events—you'll learn how to set a just value on the blessings you enjoy in your own country.

Fad. Ha! hum!—Yes, dear me, that's very prettily said. But, Captain Laurel, my motive is matrimony, with an absolute *rara avis*—an article that will do *us* credit—I protest, her *tout ensemble* is so irresistibly fascinating, that I am actually pining to death for her—positively my senses seem to be leaving me.

Lau. Upon my soul, I think so—I'm perfectly of your opinion, Sir Francis. But tell me, what is the fair one's name, Faddle?

Fad. Faddle! no; the fair creature's name is not Faddle yet, but it soon will—Lady Faddle!—no, at present she is call'd Eliza Arundel.

Lau. Eliza Arundel! my sister!—then she is still in France. *(Aside).*

Fad. You must know, she is the child of a second marriage—both father and mother are defunct—but I am told Eliza has a half-brother, an Officer of some kind in the Navy. Now these brothers are sometimes very inconvenient to *us*; and as he has been in the thick of war's alarms, I hope by this time that he's pop'd off.

Lau. He's much obliged by your good wishes.

Fad. Eliza resides at this place, with a stiff frump of an aunt, Miss Eleanor Arundel. Tom! Tom Tough! *(Calling towards the Hotel).*

Enter GUILLAUME *and* LISETTE.

Guil. Now, while Jaques attends the Commandant on a different route, if I can see Altieri, you, Lisette, may conduct him to the cottage of the vineyard—'twas well you followed me so soon.

Lau. Ah, Guillaume! my kind-hearted guard, what brings you to Dieppe so suddenly?

Guil. I am in search of a fugitive—perhaps, Sir, you may have seen him. (*Retires with Laurel*).

Fad. Tom, I say—where the plague is Tom?—stuffing himself with lobscouse, I protest.

Tom. Aye, aye, Sir! (*coming from the Hotel,* ALTIERI *following, retreats at the appearance of strangers*).

Fad. Take this billet-doux to Madmoiselle Arundel, as they call her here—no blunder now.

Tom. To Mad^{lle} E. Arundel—what's the lady mad?

Fad. Mademoiselle—'tis directed to Eliza—mind, no blunders—Adieu, Laurel, adieu! Waiter, a dressing-room immediately—Waiter! [*Exit.*

Tom. Never sail'd in the packet service afore, so I'll stow it away under hatches—I'll give it a birth a-board my bacco-box.

Lau. I have seen no man so dress'd here—A black cloak—

Guil. And a broad hat and feather, that is the description given in this order for his apprehension.

Tom. Hey! how was he rigg'd, brother? overhawl that article again.

Guil. A dark cloak—

Tom. So, so—a pirate has hung out the signal of distress, and I have—(*Here* ALTIERI *appears at the window*)—Well, they may sink him without my help; I have been on a lee-shore myself before now, and damn me if I betray him. (*Here* ALTIERI *appears at the window, imploring* TOM).

Guil. Have you seen him?

Tom. Where should I have seen him?—I'll lead 'em into a different part o'the house—he

may then slip his cable, and scud out o'port without being hail'd.

Enter JAQUES, *with Soldiers.*

Jaq. We have traced him at last. You station yourself at that door, the rest follow me into the house.

Guil. Then he is lost! *(Aside.)*

Jaq. Come!

Tom. Stand by, you lubber—I'll show you the way.

QUARTETTO—LAUREL, TOM TOUGH, JAQUES, *and* LISETTE.

Tom. Now follow, I will lead the way.
Be steady—
Lau. ————Yet a moment stay.
Guil. (Reading paper). Five feet eight inches—
Lis. Pale and wan—
Guil. A broad-brim'd hat, with feathers on.
Lis. To shield his body from the cold,
Guil. A large black cloak, decay'd and old.
All. Now follow, he will lead the way:
Be steady now, be cautious, pray.

(While the description is sung, ALTIERI *is seen to throw off his dress at the articles described).*

[*Exeunt all but* GUILLAUME, LISETTE, *and Centinel.*

*(The Centinel parades before the door of the Hotel—*LISETTE *endeavours to attract his attention, while* GUILLAUME *makes signs to* ALTIERI *to descend—this is render'd difficult, from the peculiar direction of the*

when I told her what had happened, she took on sadly—'tis pity, truly, that she who feels so much for the misfortunes of others, should have any of her own to trouble her. But where is Guillaume?

Lis. Oh, he'll soon follow me, I'll warrant.

Jer. Ah, thou hast attractions, and 'tis but right, for he can never stir but you are close at his heels—just as your mother served me—Well, child, thy love holds merrily.

Lis. Aye, truly does it.—I could follow him still in wealth or poverty, and never heave a sigh of sorrow but when his duty calls him from me.

SONG—LISETTE.

[Omitted after the first representation].

When Guillaume first tried,
To make me his bride,
Then I was the joy of his life,
And the honey-moon's light
On our wedding shone bright,
For he call'd me his dear little wife.
I sung lira, la, la, &c.
When he call'd me his dear little wife.

But the honey-moon set,
The poor man in a pet,
Began thus a conjugal strife—
I am busy, pray go,
And because I said, "No,"
He cried, "Zounds, what a plague of a wife,"
I sung lira, la, la, &c.
Yet I still am his dear little wife.

[*Exit* LISETTE *to Cottage*—JEROME *up the Vineyard*

Jer. Ah, well; I must see after our little festival—You get every thing ready within. Our lady will be here anon. [*Exit up Stage.*

[*Exit* LISETTE *to Cottage.*

Enter on the opposite side, the COMMANDANT *and* JAQUES.

Com. This is their haunt—We are arriv'd in time.

Jaq. 'Tis evident—Guillaume is treacherous, and—

Com Be silent—be cautious—you are too violent—should accident in any way discover that Holstien still lives—

Jaq. Lives!—does Holstien live?—I thought—

Com. (aside). 'Sdeath—'tis too late—so far I must trust him—He does; but Holstien is my dearest friend, and I wish to serve him.—He tendered his affection to this Eliza Arundel, and was rejected—she preferred the youth Altieri.—Smarting with disappointment, Holstien exerted his authority beyond endurance—he reviled, he dishonor'd, and at length he struck the boy Enrico—In a distant province they met, and fought.

Jaq. I remember—

Com. Holstien fell—Altieri fled, and concealed himself, convinced the wound he gave his enemy was mortal; and on this belief does Holstien's future hope depend—for still he loves this girl.

Jaq. Then why not try his fortune now?

Com. Until this fugitive Altieri be taken 'tis useless; therefore lurk near the house, and watch them carefully;—but for your life mention not the Baron to a human being—should they once know that Holstien lives, 'twould mar us

when I told her what had happened, she took on sadly—'tis pity, truly, that she who feels so much for the misfortunes of others, should have any of her own to trouble her. But where is Guillaume?

Lis. Oh, he'll soon follow me, I'll warrant.

Jer. Ah, thou hast attractions, and 'tis but right, for he can never stir but you are close at his heels—just as your mother served me—Well, child, thy love holds merrily.

Lis. Aye, truly does it.—I could follow him still in wealth or poverty, and never heave a sigh of sorrow but when his duty calls him from me.

SONG—LISETTE.

[Omitted after the first representation].

When Guillaume first tried,
To make me his bride,
Then I was the joy of his life,
And the honey-moon's light
On our wedding shone bright,
For he call'd me his dear little wife.
I sung lira, la, la, &c.
When he call'd me his dear little wife.

But the honey-moon set,
The poor man in a pet,
Began thus a conjugal strife—
I am busy, pray go,
And because I said, "No,"
He cried, "Zounds, what a plague of a wife,"
I sung lira, la, la, &c.
Yet I still am his dear little wife.

[*Exit* LISETTE *to Cottage*—JEROME *up the Vineyard*

Jer. Ah, well; I must see after our little festival—You get every thing ready within. Our lady will be here anon. [*Exit up Stage.*

[*Exit* LISETTE *to Cottage.*

Enter on the opposite side, the COMMANDANT *and* JAQUES.

Com. This is their haunt—We are arriv'd in time.

Jaq. 'Tis evident—Guillaume is treacherous, and—

Com Be silent—be cautious—you are too violent—should accident in any way discover that Holstien still lives—

Jaq. Lives!—does Holstien live?—I thought—

Com. (aside). 'Sdeath—'tis too late—so far I must trust him—He does; but Holstien is my dearest friend, and I wish to serve him.—He tendered his affection to this Eliza Arundel, and was rejected—she preferred the youth Altieri.—Smarting with disappointment, Holstien exerted his authority beyond endurance—he reviled, he dishonor'd, and at length he struck the boy Enrico—In a distant province they met, and fought.

Jaq. I remember—

Com. Holstien fell—Altieri fled, and concealed himself, convinced the wound he gave his enemy was mortal; and on this belief does Holstien's future hope depend—for still he loves this girl.

Jaq. Then why not try his fortune now?

Com. Until this fugitive Altieri be taken 'tis useless; therefore lurk near the house, and watch them carefully;—but for your life mention not the Baron to a human being—should they once know that Holstien lives, 'twould mar us

instantly—This paper, signed by the Intendant of Police, is the order for his apprehension. Whatever assistance you may want, this will procure—(*gives a purse*)—be faithful, and remember your reward. [*Exit* COMMANDANT.

Jaq. To thwart this haughty Guillaume, would have been sufficient recompense, but this private service money has fixed me—a smart affair enough—but what does it contain *(empties the purse)*—Oh! this will do.

(Music heard.—JAQUES *retires*—*Enter* LISETTE *from Cottage: she places a table seats, fruit, &c. as the Villagers advance with* ELIZA ARUNDEL, JEROME—*first, joyfully).*

Lis. They are coming! I hear the music.

(Advances to meet ELIZA).

Eliz. Ah, Lisette, my poor girl—ever the first to welcome home your mistress.

Jer. 'Tis her duty, lady—

Lis. And I'm sure my greatest pleasure.

Eliz. Good girl—but where is Guillaume? Has he brought Altieri hither?

Lis. Not yet.

Jaq. Altieri!—so—

(Aside—watching from his concealment).

Eliz. Poor Enrico!—love has been thy only crime—justly, but rashly resenting the insults of a detested rival, thy only fault.

Jer. Be of good cheer, lady—in this cottage you may see him in safety.

Eliz. True, I may once again see him, whom, to my unfeeling aunt, I dare not confess is so dear to me. The unexpected appearance of my brother, Captain Laurel, has given me new hope: to him I have disclosed our situation, and he has promised to assist us.

Jaq. Indeed! *(Aside).*

Eliz. When the tide turns at sun-set, a boat will be ready on the shore—a vessel will be lying-to in the harbour, and in a few short hours Altieri will breathe the air of liberty.

Jer. Aye, in England!—'tis the wanderer's home!

Eliz. But I interrupt your merriment—come!

*(*ELIZA *seats herself at the table, attended by* JEROME *and* LISETTE.—*A Pastoral Dance commences the various implements of the Vintage, with ribbons and flowers, made use of in a gay fanciful arrangement.—*JAQUES *looks occasionally from his concealment.—As the Dance concludes,* GUILLAUME *enters in haste and alarm, followed by* ALTIERI—*in* GUILLAUME*'s hand the cloak, &c.)*

Guil. Courage, Sir, courage! this is to be your place of concealment.

Jaq. (behind). Is it so!—Now to the Commandant.

Guil. Ah! whose voice was that?

Eliz. (*Having risen from the table, at the interruption).*—Enrico! my beloved Enrico!

Alt. Eliza, here!

Guil. Stay not in this spot—you may be observed—retire to the cottage, I entreat you.

[ELIZA, ALTIERI, *and* LISETTE *Exeunt.*

Jer. (*to Peasants).* Away lasses, away boys—away—away with you. [*Exit Peasants.*—What has happen'd? (*to* GUILLAUME).

Guil. We have been seen—watch'd—this coat and this belt must be destroy'd—As we pass'd hither, the Commandant, or I am much mistaken, cross'd our path—if he has discover'd us my life is forfeit.

Jer. Your life,—Oh no, no—not your life.

Guil. Death will be more welcome than disgrace; and if nothing less will prove my gratitude, willingly for her shall I resign that life which she preserved. But come, father, our plan is laid, and when the sun sets, Enrico's free!

[*Exeunt to Cottage. (Music).*

SCENE II.

An Apartment at Miss E. ARUNDEL'S.

Enter LAUREL *and* TOM TOUGH.

Lau. You and your companions then promise your assistance—you will not fail?

Tom. Not we, your Honour—when I pipe all hands they'll obey the signal. But who'd have thought of seeing my old Commander here! I haven't been better pleas'd since you made Tom Tough a boatswain.

Lau. Well, brother sailor, wait within, and when you have delivered Sir Frank's message, remember my request.

Tom. I warrant your Honour. [*Exit.*

Lau. So far all bids fairly—My sister's explanation has been ample—her aunt's obstinate refusal to sanction the addresses of Altieri, was the chief cause of their misfortunes; and if I have power to prevent it, they shall no longer be the victims of injustice and oppression—that done, the ocean, again shall be my element, a ship my cradle, and the rough wind my lullaby.

SONG.—Laurel.

I.

Scarce had the tempest ceas'd to roar,
Scarce had our ship beat off the shore,
When beam'd the morning light,
All hands make sail! the boatswain cries,
Our flying royals sweep the skies,
A vessel hove in sight!

II.

We near'd the chase, the fight began—
When ship to ship, and man to man,
Each Briton's heart beat high!
Longside the foe our guns we plied,
Till a mere reck on ocean's tide,
We shouted victory!

III.

A crippled hulk, now home we steer,
To friend and mistress doubly dear,
With hearts elate we fly;
For those who fell, a sigh they heave,
For us a crown of laurel weave,
And hail our victory!

Re-enter Tom.

Tom. Now for a peep at Sir Frank's sweetheart —I shouldn't wonder now if my Nell wasn't the tighter vessel o'the two, tho' she ban't so smartly rigg'd—*(pulls the letter out of his tobacco box)*—Wheugh!—*(gives a long whistle)* black as a collier in the Pool—Ecod there she is, stately as a three-decker—How large she looms—she's about, and

stands this way—My eye! how her canvas shakes in the wind. *(Retires).*

Enter Miss ELEANOR ARUNDEL.

Miss A. So, the hour approaches when I shall again behold the elegant Sir Francis Faddle—when last in England, his attentions to me were too evident to be misunderstood, and this opportunity will no doubt be chosen to lay his title and fortune at my feet.—I am surprised he is not here – the weather appears favourable—I wonder what's the hour.

Tom. (suddenly—who during the speech, has been making observations)—Half past four P.M. scud flying, with squalls, and a gale of wind from the northward, please your Ladyship; at least that's the reckoning by the log-book of my understanding.

Miss A. Mercy on me, what a voice!—why, who are you, fellow?

Tom. By name Tom Tough, please your worship. I'm rated on Sir Frank's books as a sort of loblolly boy, and ha' brought this here billy doo—I think he called it.—(*Miss Arundel receives the letter—turns it in amazement, &c. which disconcerts* TOM.)

Miss A. To Mad[lle] E. Arundel—

Tom. That's right mun—E. stands for—

Miss A. Eleanor—it should have been written at full.

Tom. Eleanor—oh!—that's French for Nell, I take it—they call my wife so sometimes.

Miss A. This is very strange!

Tom. Bless you—Sir Frank be as strange as his writing every bit—afore I went to sea the last cruise, he was as tight a lad as ever crack'd bis-

cuit; but since the Admiral died, he has hoisted the standard of Folly—crowded more sail than he's ballast to carry, and yaws confoundedly—

Miss A. (finishing the letter) "Your devoted admirer, Francis Faddle."—Your master is well, I hope.

Tom. Mortal bad, I tell you—the topping lifts of jaws ha' given way, and he clips the king's English cruelly—aw-yaw, then the main and back stays of his leg are gone, and he swags starboard and larboard like a crippled mast after an action, as if he'd go by the board every roll (*imitating Sir* F.)

Miss A. Dreadful indeed!—I was not prepared for this—his constitution must be greatly impaired.

Tom. Bless your heart, no—but you see, he rigs himself out as gay as a French galley—keeps race-horses, and hunters, and hounds—then he keeps a—but that's no affair of yours.

Miss A. What, he delights in rural sports?

Tom. No, but his friends do—O he's got plenty o' friends since he's had plenty o' shot in his locker.—Then he plays billiard and hazard—talks of cannons—and the main—and then the yellow boys fly about like so many spent shot.

Miss A. Is Sir Francis successful at play?

Tom. Oh no—but his friends are, and that's the same thing, you know, Ma'am.—Ah, the old Admiral was the lad for Tom Tough—he knew of no main but the salt sea—no cannons but the guns of his fleet; and talk of hunting—no chace was like the pursuit of an enemy, and no colour so glorious as the red rags of Old England flying over an enemy's Ensign.

Miss A. Inform your master I am impatient till I behold him.

Tom. I'll pass the word. *(As she turns away, he snaps his fingers aside).* I thought so—no more to be compared to my Nell, than a purser's shirt is to a main-top-sail.

Miss A. This secures my fondest hope—I shall be the bride of Sir Francis—and triumph over a niece, who would degrade her family by a marriage with the worthless Altieri. I know at this moment she is exerting all her interest to have his rank restored; but the fatal termination of the duel, will for ever banish him the country, and Eliza's presence. [*Exit.*

Tom. Well, I wonder what Sir Frank can see in her—but its the way with these fair-weather chaps now-a-days—they covet the command of these crazy old vessels, and let some o' the tightest little frigates in the service sail by 'em.

Enter Sir FRANCIS FADDLE, *dressed.*

Fad. At last I have made myself tolerable look-at-able—hope the ladies will admire me—raptures no doubt, tho' they won't say so—but really this is a very disagreeable affair of Eliza's with that—that—I forget the fellow's name—but, however, it has not gone too far, and I'll take pity on her—wonder she didn't answer my tender billet, tho'—perhaps that sea-horse, my man Tom, has never deliver'd it—never seen her face, I dare say.

Tom. O yes, I have—and such a face—its right worshipful.

Fad. Right worshipful!

Tom. Yes; like my Lord-Mayor's.

Fad. Did you deliver my letter to the accomplish'd and beautiful—

Tom. Beautiful!—why I took an observation,

your Honour, but from the size and redness of her face, damn me if it wasn't a lunar one—Bless your heart! she's not half so handsome as the figure-head of the Venus, tho' she was fresh painted.

Fad. Fresh painted! she never wore rouge in her life.

Tom. She did when I saw her—look'd like the Red Commodore's broad pennant run up to her topmast-head.

Fad. Hold your horrid jargon, pray—I say her face is beautiful.

Tom. Might ha' been when first launched—but its laid up in ordinary now, however.

Fad. Ordinary! you Vandal!—Oh, here comes her aunt—stand aside, Goth!—that tar-barrel sees no beauty but in a mermaid. Now should Eliza accept me, the aunt's consent will still be necessary, or some of her golden charms will be lost—I must endure the bore of wheedling the old one first; for the matrimonial pill, properly gilded, slips down easy enough, but I can't swallow a bolus.

Enter Miss ARUNDEL.

Ah! my dear Madam, I rejoice to see you, I protest.

Miss A. Sir Francis Faddle is most welcome—how elegantly modern! (*Aside*).

Fad. Shockingly antique! (*Aside*). I am sorry to intrude—but a tender anxiety respecting—

Miss A. Oh, Sir, I will no longer oppose an union that will, I trust, be productive of mutual felicity.

Fad. Dearest Madam, how shall I thank you?

Tom. Give her a one-and-twenty!—a Royal Salute! your Honour.

Fad. Get out!

Tom. Get out!—Oh, hem!—I know—time for me to sheer off—I'll bring-to within hail, tho'. [*Exit* TOM.

Miss A. Yet there are circumstances which should be consider'd.

Fad. Hey!—I—I don't comprehend.

Miss A. A certain difference of manner, of habit—a—a—a difference of age too.

Fad. Difference of age! Why I am only thirty, and Eliza must be (*aside*)—oh, a trifle—a mere trifle, I protest:—besides, a little experience of the world will be useful, and I intend to reform immediately.

Miss A. Then I may hope—

Fad. Yes, yes—I shall endeavour with all possible dispatch to regain the perfect use of my faculties, for the facetious rogues in Saint James's Street, say I'm quite effeminate; and because my name happens to be Francis, salute me with the title of Fanny—Fanny Faddle,—they do, I protest—then the people laugh.

Miss A. Insolent, indeed! Why do you permit such liberties?

Fad. I can't help it—but none of *us* mind being laugh'd at. It was but t'other day, I caught my rascal of a valet displaying every fashionable eccentricity with as much ease as he did my cast-off cloathes: the fellow had contrived to get near-sighted too! and what with the abrogation of the R's, the lassitude of his voice, and the apparent dislocation of his joints, curse me if I didn't take him for one of *us!* and actually made my bow, before I discover'd my error.

Miss A. Is it possible!—

Fad. Fact, I protest. I actually blush'd, to see how completely a fellow devoid of education, could in one moment attain qualifications, which cost all *us* so much assiduity to acquire. Oh, I'll reform—I'll make an excellent husband—therefore let me be bless'd by hearing an avowal.

Miss A. Sir Francis, I will no longer refuse a consent on which depends my future happiness.

Fad. Charming woman! on my knees—

Miss A. Approach, and take the hand you have so long and anxiously solicited (*holding her hand out affectedly*).

(FADDLE *having dropped on his knees, is electrified by the conclusion of Miss* ARUNDEL'*s speech*).

Fad. Hey! Your—your hand, Madam?

Miss A. What means this coldness?

Fad. Coldness! (*rising*)—Curse me if I am not in a fever!

Enter TOM.

Tom. They've been telegraphing a long while; but neither vessel seems to know its number. (*She scolds*)—I thought how 'twould be—ship has miss'd stays, and run bump ashore!

Fad. This is a very awkward accident—quite a critical crisis—I presumed it was Miss Arundel's fair hand that—

Miss A. Well, Sir, am not I Miss Arundel?

Fad. Miss Eliza Arundel, I presumed.

Miss A. Miss Eliza!

Tom. Ods bobs! I ha' given the letter to the wrong woman.

Miss A. Miss Eliza!—but I'll restrain my anger. Sir, this insult is not to be borne, after

your repeated tenders of affection to me; after your vows, your protestations, your letters.

Fad. Letters! letters!

Tom. So, now we shall go a voyage of discovery, and I shall be cast away on the rocks and shoals of explanation.

Miss A. Yes, Sir (*produces the Letter*)—Here, (*to* Tom) did you not deliver this to me from your master?

Tom. Please your ladyship's honour, I—I—I'm swamp'd, split my topsails.

Fad. Speak, rascal!

Tom. Rascal!—lookey, Sir Frank, 'twas hazy weather, and I lost my bearing—the letter was superscribed to Miss E. Arundel. This old woman called herself Miss E. something, so I gave it her.

Miss A. Old woman, indeed! Enough! I have deserv'd this for a condescension so derogatory to the family of Arundel; but I thank fortune for my escape.

Fad. So do I for my escape, I protest.

Tom. Humbly axes your worship's pardon.

Miss A. Out of the way, porpuss!—Sir Francis Faddle, I leave you with the contempt you merit; and be this your consolation, as it is mine, my niece Eliza shall never be your wife, unless she sacrifices half her fortune, which, without my consent, she forfeits—So fare you well, Sir Francis Faddle. [*Exit.*

Tom. Mercy on us! Why she bounces like a bomb-vessel: three such fire-ships as that would set Portsmouth in a blaze.

Fad. I'll be reveng'd on that terrible old woman.—What an escape!—Her husband—faugh!—If this be her temper, she would certainly have

clapt that family extinguisher, a monument, over my unfortunate body, before the brightness of our honeymoon had waxed dim.—Oh, you blundering, rascally rapscallion! [*Exit.*

Tom. Talk of troubles at sea—Pooh! give me sea room enough, and a snug birth aboard, after all—a man may live or die ashore, as it suits him, but let Tom Tough live as he has always done, and die as he hopes to do, like a true British Sailor.

SONG—Tom Tough.

I.

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
And his dear native land, on the ocean to roam,
Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
And was true British Oak, boys, when older he grew.
Tho' his body was weak, and his hands they were soft,
When the signal was heard, he the first went aloft;
And veterans all cried, he'll one day lead the van,
For tho' rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man,
And the heart of a true British Sailor!

II.

When in manhood promoted, and burning for fame,
Still in peace and in war, Harry Bluff was the same,
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
The myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his grave.
For his country he fell, when by victory crown'd,
His flag shot away, fell in tatters around,
The foe thought he'd struck—but he sung, Avast!
And the Colours of England he nail'd to the mast!
Then he died like a true British Sailor!

SCENE III.

Same as the first, but varied in effect by the setting Sun.

Enter from the Cottage, LAUREL *and* ALTIERI.

Lau. You must now prepare for your departure—the wind is favourable, and when the sun has set, you can leave us without fear of interruption.

Alt. Your generous friendship will ever live in my remembrance—but thus to part from my beloved Eliza—

Lau. Hope the best—and remember, you have friends that never will desert you.

Enter GUILLAUME, *in haste.*

Guil. It was surely he—I could not mistake him.

Lau. What mean you?

Guil. Danger is abroad—you must retire, Sir. How he has discovered us I know not; but if I live, I saw that villain Jaques.

Enter LISETTE *from the Cottage.*

Lis. The sun is setting, and our friends have not appeared.

Lau. I begin to fear some accident. *(Aside).*

Guil. Lisette, conduct this gentleman to the room above—there, Sir, you must remain, and do not stir till I pronounce aloud the name of Enrico Altieri! [*Exit* ALTIERI *and* LISETTE.

Lau. Where can these fellows loiter—'tis

well Eliza feels not my anxiety; but the object of her affection, at every risk, shall be preserved.

Guil. Hush! I hear a footstep.

Lau. It cannot be the seaman, or his companions—you would have heard the signal.

Guil. I hear the tread of feet distinctly—the house is watch'd.

Lau. Let us enter the house, and secure the door.

Guil. I will—(*as* GUILLAUME *advances to the door,* JAQUES *enters and interrupts them).* Jaques!

Jaq. Aye!

Guil. What brought you hither?

Jaq. My duty. I am an unwelcome visitor, no doubt.

Guil. Right—What seek you here?

Jaq. The runaway described in this paper.

Lau. You must find him elsewhere.

Jaq. But I'll search this house first.

(*As* JAQUES *turns to speak to* LAUREL, LISETTE *enters, and seeing him, immediately retires on a signal from* GUILLAUME).

—Here is my authority.

Lau. Sign'd by the Intendant of Police.

Guil. Indeed! that's strange.

Jaq. Aye (*puts up the paper*).

Guil. Well, convince yourself he is not here.

Jaq. I will (*looking round*). I'll not take your word for it, however. [*Exit after* LISETTE.

Guil. 'Tis unusual for the police to interfere—but 'twas in vain to resist that order, Sir.—Now Lisette, if ever woman's cunning served you at a pinch, this is your time.

Enter LISETTE.

Lis. He's safe, he's safe!—he drop'd from the

window as Jaques entered the apartment; and lies concealed at the back of the house.

Guil. Then I live again!

Lis. From the window I observ'd your friends approaching.

Lau. Listen!—'tis the signal.

(*a whistle heard*).

Enter TOM.

Tom. The boat's crew are at hand, your Honor.

Guil. Hark! So far all is well—Now Lisette, while Jaques toils upon a fruitless search, bring Altieri forth.

Lis. I will instantly.

Guil. But remember, not before you hear his name pronounced aloud.

Lis. I'll remember. [*Exit* LISETTE.

Lau. Another interruption might destroy us—I'll hasten forward, and prevent all difficulty.

[*Exit* LAUREL.

Jaq. (*bursting from the house*). You are too late.

Guil. For what?

Jaq. Escape!—if you attempt further to conceal him, I arrest you in his place—Do you know this belt? (*Producing the belt, which he has found with the cloak in the house*).

Guil. Ah, fool! I neglected to destroy it—(*aside*)—What belt?

Jaq. This—do you know the initials on the clasp?

Guil. Ye—yes—what of them, E. A.?—they are those of my benefactress, Eliza Arundel.

Jaq. Indeed! is this cloak too hers, with the same initials—the same clasp upon the collar? No, 'twas Enrico Altieri's. (*Speaking very loud*).

Enter LISETTE *and* ALTIERI.

Alt. I am call'd—I come.

Jaq. You are welcome, Sir. *(Seizing him).*

Guil. Then our course is desperate. Seize that fellow! (TOM *grapples him).*

Jaq. Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. You needn't grin, mun—you'll find it no joke—I'll give you a salt eel for your supper.

Jaq. I have assistance near.

Tom. So have we, mayhap.

Guil. Search him (TOM *forcing away the paper, the purse falls on the ground).* Speak! from whom did you receive this purse?

Jaq. From the Commandant.

Guil. Indeed!—the name of Holstien is upon it, emboss'd in gold.

Jaq. Holstien!

Guil. Now, give me that paper, as I suspected, 'tis a forgery.

(JAQUES *attempts to fly, and is caught by* TOM, *but not before he has sounded a bugle, and armed men rush forward).*

Jaq. Seize that traitor, Guillaume, and the long-sought fugitive, Count Altieri.

*(They are surrounded—*LISETTE *and* ELIZA *enter from the House).*

Lis. Hold! hold! Spare my husband!

Eliz. Oh, my Altieri!

Alt My Eliza!

Jaq. Bear them away!

Tom. Nay then, we must clear ship for action! *(Whistles).* "FOR ENGLAND, HO!"

(Sailors rush on, led by Captain LAUREL, *and front the Soldiers).*

Tom. I say, how do you like 'em?

(Distant drums heard).

Jaq. The Commandant, and the Intendant of Police!—now escape if you can.

Enter COMMANDANT, *&c. &c.*

Lis. Oh, Sir, spare him—spare my husband! *(Clinging about him).*

Eliz. (On the opposite side) Turn not away—hear—in pity hear me!

(They, in the struggle, force the cloak from the face of the COMMANDANT).

*(*ELIZ. *starting)*—Holstien!—then we are free.

Guil. Jaq. &c. Holstien! you the Baron Holstien?

Hol. Aye, Holstien!—But a day of vengeance may arrive.

Inten. of Pol. Never, to gratify your malice; for know that a new trial has been granted to Altieri; and I am deputed to bring you, Baron Holstien, before the Court.

Hol. Well, lead on—whatever be their sentence, no punishment can equal the torture I now feel at Altieri's triumph. [*Exit. guarded.*

Lau. Honest Guillaume, it shall be my first care to purchase your discharge from the army, that my sister still may have your loves and service.

Guil. We'll follow her thro' the world—accept our gratitude and thanks—may all, like Guillaume and Lisette, find in their hearts the rich reward we feel, for assisting the unfortunate—and protecting those who have protected us.

JEROME *enters, with Peasants.*

FINALE.

All our cares are ended—
Those we love are free,
While by them befriended,
Happy must we be!

Hail! Supreme protecting Power,
Hail! Triumphant joyous hour.
All our cares, &c.

THE END.

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SHARP AND FLAT,

A MUSICAL FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS:

FIRST PERFORMED

AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE,

ENGLISH OPERA,

ON WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1813.

BY D. LAWLER.

THE OVERTURE AND MUSIC, ENTIRELY NEW,

COMPOSED BY MR. HOOK.

London:

PRINTED FOR C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL.

1813.

[*Price Two Shillings.*]

J. G. BARNARD,
SKINNER-STREET, LONDON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir Peter Probable	Mr. Gattie.
Captain Belford	Mr. Pine.
Nikey	Mr. Oxberry.
Solomon Sharpwit	Mr. Liston.
Brisk	Mr. Knight.
Footman	Mr. J. West.

WOMEN.

Rosabel	Miss Poole.
Jenny	Mrs. Orger.

*** *This Farce is printed exactly as it was performed on the first night; since then those parts which are distinguished by inverted commas have been omitted in representation, and some alterations made, which are inserted as Notes in their proper places.*

PREFACE.

I BEG leave to return my warmest thanks to the Ladies and Gentlemen, whose justly admired talents gave effect to the following scenes. Were I to give full latitude to my feelings on the subject, I should be apprehensive of falling into that strain of common place so often had recourse to on similar occasions; but as circumstances attending the first representation of this Farce called forth in an especial manner their zeal and interest in my behalf, I feel particularly bound to express the sentiments of acknowledgment, respect, and esteem which they have impressed me with. I need not say how much this Dramatic Trifle stands indebted to the dry humour of KNIGHT, to the *serious* drollery of LISTON, (that *unique* in Momus's Cabinet); and I notice these Gentlemen as material supporters of the Piece, without being insensible of what it owes to the exertions of Messrs. OXBERRY and GATTIE. I am sorry that the necessary curtailments after the first night, deprived me so much of Mr. PINE's valuable assistance.—My Female Characters owe all their effect to the native sweetness of Miss POOLE, and the playful fascination of Mrs. ORGER.

I return thanks to Messrs. ARNOLD and RAYMOND for

the politeness, attention, and support I have received from them; to my friend Mr. Hook, for the powerful aid my feeble verses derived from his pleasing music; and lastly, to my very good friends the Public, for the generous support they afforded me on the first night, against as illiberal an opposition as ever was formed in a Theatre, as well as for the independent and triumphant manner in which they every succeeding night asserted their own opinion against the many attempts made to influence and destroy it.

What kind of spirit the opposition just alluded to proceeded from may be inferred from a precious specimen of *Modern Criticism*, upon which I shall make a few observations. On Sunday last my notice was attracted by a placard announcing observations in a certain newspaper, which I forbear to name, on the "*Execrable Farce of Sharp and Flat.*" So *extraordinary* an advertisement induced me to purchase the Journal, not doubting that I should find in the Writer's Remarks something extraordinary also—and in this I was not disappointed.

This modest writer affirms, that "*in the present state of our literature, no decent Play or Farce makes its appearance;*" that, "*no Author is acceptable in the Green Room unless he is a fool;*" that "*the doors of the Theatre are never shut against a blockhead,*" and that "wherever bad writing is likely to be found," the Managers "*seek for it, and when procured patronize it.*"

A very lamentable situation we are in indeed, and were it but true the *polished urbanity* of this *gentle writer* could not be better employed than in endeavours to reform an age so *barbarous and uncivilized;* but if they are such round hard falsehoods, that even credulity itself would choke in the swallowing of them, what must

we think of this writer; or rather what must he think of his readers? Must he not suppose them to be as destitute of understanding as he himself appears to be of principle?—Such a farrago of nonsense was perhaps never strung together as the column and half of unmeaning rant, contradictory jargon, and low scurrility to which I am alluding. I should not deem it worthy of notice, were it intended alone for the eye of the enlightened reader; but knowing that it is merely designed to mislead the unlettered many (being sprinkled with a little common-place reading, and written in a style which now-a-days, sooth to say, passes for *strong writing*, the only effect of which is to pervert the mind and corrupt the heart of the unwary) on that account alone I deem it worthy of comment.

As for myself, when I considered my own placidity, in reading the effusions of this writer's malice, contrasted with the picture which I drew to my mind's eye, of the dirty scribe, seated in his garret, gnawing the feather of his poisonous quill, scratching his angry pate, and ever and anon grinning horribly, when he had hit upon some venomous point, or turned some period, sufficiently pregnant with vulgar abuse, to gratify his malignant soul, I could not help pitying him and enjoying my own triumph.

This man asks you to believe, that no Dramatic Writer of the present day is competent to produce a decent Play or Farce; that to the *professional society* of a SIDDONS, a JORDAN, a KEMBLE, a YOUNG, and every other ornament of the Histrionic Profession, no author is acceptable unless he is a fool, and that managers, in direct opposition to their own honour, and interests, are continually in search of bad writers!!!

Would not a man be scouted in any decent company who

would advance any thing so despicably low, false, and stupid, and yet this is unblushingly stated by one of the pretended luminaries of the age----the Pseudo Reformers of our manners, and improvers of our laws!

The conclusion of this notable Criticism is sufficiently remarkable:---the writer laments bitterly the "*impossibility* of visiting with sufficiently *condign punishment* so loathsome and ignorant a production." What would this man have? He has solaced his soul with hissing at my production from the back of the boxes, pit, or gallery of the theatre; he has discharged the overflowings of his spleen in the lutulent stream of his own Journal, and yet he is not content. What revolutionary inquisition would he drag us to for more "*condign punishment?*" He laments, no doubt, the *impossibility* of impregnating the Public with feelings like his own. I trust it is an *impossibility* that he will long have to lament, and that the good sense and good heart of the English people will ever be opposed to the wishes of any Literary Savage, who, having hurled his tomahawk at the Throne, and at the Senate, would carry the torch of discord into our places of public amusement, and mingle the poison of political rancour with Literary Discussion and Dramatic Criticism.

D. L.

Aug. 12th. 1813.

SHARP AND FLAT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Apartment in an Hotel.

Enter BELFORD *and* BRISK.

Belford.

SO you don't think there is any probability that your master would consent to my marrying his daughter, were I openly to declare myself her lover?

Brisk. It is just as probable as that you would excite *generosity* in a *miser* by an open confession of *poverty*—he has made up his mind that she shall marry his nephew, and I don't think it possible to alter his determination.

Bel. I have heard something of Sir Peter: he is an odd character I am told.

Brisk. You have been truly told Sir—he is a strong believer in astrology—places more faith in *Moore's Almanack* than he does in the *Bible*, and has been duped by an hundred pretenders to the gift of prophecy.—He can tell you to a day, when every great man in Europe will make his exit, and has a clear foresight of every remarkable event that is to happen for an hundred years to come!

Bel. Have I any thing to fear from this rival of mine—Sir Peter's nephew?

Brisk. Nothing on the Lady's score I assure

you, for he is a mere ideot; but much from the obstinacy of Sir Peter; for besides this youth's having a large fortune left him by his grandmother, Sir Peter has had both his and his daughter's nativities cast; so pretends to have found out that the stars have decreed their union, and it would be as easy to preach a gambler *into* honesty or an old maid *out* of scandal, as to reason him from this notion.

Bel. Well then, our operations must be secret —do you know when the old boy will be out to day?

Brisk. I am inclin'd to think he is from home about this hour—if you will be in waiting in the street, presently, I will inform my mistress, who, I dare say, will give you admittance if it can be done with safety.

Bel. Thank you my dear fellow! I will reward your fidelity, you may depend—do you think Brisk you should like the army?

Brisk. Why, Sir, I have had a taste of that before—indeed there are few professions that I have left untried:—I have been a *public actor* and a *private soldier*, a *walking* stationer and a *flying* newsman, a *coach*man and a *foot*man, (in other words) a *driver* of horses, and a *leader* of lap dogs.

Bel. You have been very changeable indeed.

Brisk. You'll excuse me, Sir, I cannot stay any longer, you won't forget to be in waiting in the street?

Bel. I won't; here Brisk—take this [*gives him money.*] I know not how to express my obligations to you.

Brisk. O my dear Sir, words are unnecessary when you can express yourself in this manner—formerly *knowledge* was derived thro' the *ears;* but modern refinement has condens'd all the organs of perception into the *palm of the hand.* Thus it is with some great men—exhaust all the powers of eloquence and they are perfectly deaf; but touch

'em here [*pointing to the palm of his hand*] and they understand you directly. [*Exit.*

Bel. An odd fellow; but faithful—well, possess'd of the maiden's heart, obstacles shall not dismay me:—I will not rest night or day till the lovely fair one is mine!

" BALLAD.

I.

" O welcome is the spot endear'd,
" Where my sweet maid doth dwell,
" There true love hath an altar rear'd
" To charming Rosabel!

II.

" How sweet at twilight, when we stray'd,
" Within the silent dell;—
" 'Twas there my vows of love were paid
" To charming Rosabel!

III.

" Had I to choose a monarch's lot,
" Away from her to dwell,
" I'd quit my palace for a cot,
" With lovely Rosabel!"

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Sir Peter's House.

Enter ROSABEL *followed by* BRISK.

Ros. Waiting in the street you tell me!

Brisk. He will be presently.

Ros. How fortunate that my papa is out! Well Brisk, I want you to step with this note for me as directed—and take this for your trouble.

[*Gives him money.*

Brisk. O dear Miss! you are all goodness!

This is an excellent cause I have undertaken:—feed on both sides. [*Aside.—Exit.*

Ros. The Captain I believe entertains no doubt of my sentiments towards him—tho' I was rather coy at our first meeting; but now I am determin'd he shall know my mind: I'll look out of window and try if I can see him. [*Runs to the window*]—[*returning.*] What can make the Captain delay so long.

RONDEAU.

Where, where, where is my lover gone—
Why is he absent from me?
When he's away,
Dull is the day,
No sunny moments I see.

On Pleasure's wing to me,
Joy he will bring to me,
Dance too and sing to me,
Merry, light-hearted and free!
O could I meet him now,
Fondly I'd greet him now;
Gently entreat him too,
Never to wander from me!

Where, where, where is my lover gone,
Why is he absent from me?
When he's away,
Dull is the day,
No sunny moments I see!

Ros. I almost begin to repent me of this frolic—if Papa should come home sooner than I expect, what will become of me.

Enter BELFORD.

Bel. My charming girl!

Ros. O Captain! I can hardly speak—I feel so alarm'd—I fear you'll think me very forward.

Enter SIR PETER *and* NIKEY.

Sir P. Come along Nikey.

Ros. Oh! [*screams.*] My father!

Sir P. Hey? what the devil is the meaning of all this?

Bel. Don't be alarm'd my love *(aside to Rosabel)* I will excuse you, *(to Sir Peter)* Sir, to account for the honour of meeting you here, I have to say that *(aside)* damme I hardly know what to say.

Sir P. So! here are pretty doings upon my soul!

Bel. That I am here, Sir, is owing to my own boldness, and not to this lady's encouragement. I am a British officer and a gentleman—my views are honourable, and I submit my pretensions to your decision.

Sir P. Daughter, daughter, you ought to be ashamed of yourself—don't you know you are to be married to your cousin here?

Nik. Yes, don't you know that I am to be married to you?

Sir P. Is'nt he as handsome and as proper a husband as any girl could wish to look for.

Nik. Yes, an't I as handsome and improper a husband as you could wish to look for.

Sir P. Has not he besides a large estate left him, by his grandmother, and moreover hav'n't I consulted the stars, and found out that the future prosperity of both our families depends upon this union. Go, go, if I hear any more of this I'll lock you up, I will.

Bel. Ha! she must not suffer on my account! *(aside).* Sir Peter, you need not have recourse to harsh measures. I shall give you no farther trouble, you may depend. I am satisfied with your explanation, and wave all claim to the lady. *(Makes motions to Rosabel that this is feigned).*

Sir P. Sir, you speak like a gentleman, nevertheless you must allow me to see you safe out of my house.

Bel. Sir, I take my leave most respectfully, *(makes motions to Rosabel)*

Nik. Don't go uncle. Rosy always thumps me when she gets me by myself.

Sir P. Poh, poh, go to her Boy—accost her like a man—now Sir, if you please. *Exeunt Sir Peter and Belford. Rosabel stands apparently much vex'd. Nikey approaches her with fear—she turns round to cuff him—he runs from her.*

Nik. Ah if you do now, I'll tell my uncle, that I will!

Re-enter SIR PETER.

Sir P. Come Nikey! take your cousin a walk in the garden and Rosy—let me see no more captains about my house; or I'll lock you up, I will—come Nikey, take her by the hand, come now!

Nik. (takes her by the hand.) Oh dear! she pinches me!

Sir P. Come, Miss, take hold of his arm, do. *She takes hold of his arm.*

Nik. Oh la! now she's a tickling me.

[*Exit with Rosabel.*

Sir P. Ah! the baggage! I must get 'em married, and then all will go on in the right way. I'll provide a license—I'll—but stay, I forgot something, *(rings a bell.)*

Enter BRISK.

Here Brisk, I have just been informed by Sir Marmaduke Marvellous, that a celebrated German astrologer has lately arrived in England—he is for the present at the Swan with two Necks, in Lad Lane—do you go to him, and leave my card, with a request that he will wait upon me as soon as possible.

Brisk. You have never seen him, Sir?

Sir P. No.

Brisk. Do you know his name, Sir?

Sir P. No; they will know who you mean—

leave word that he is to wait upon me as soon as possible. [*Exit.*

Brisk. He has never seen him, and don't know his name—if I don't turn this to the captain's account, either he or I must be uncommonly dull—I dare say, he is quite in the dumps at the unsuccessful issue of his late enterprise.—Jenny has just told me all about it—oh here she comes!

Enter JENNY.

Well, Jenny, go and give your mistress some consolation under her late disappointment.

Jen. What consolation?

Brisk. Tell her the captain will be in the garden in half an hour.

Jen. How?

Brisk. Leave that to my contrivance—let him follow my directions, and tho' ousted by a majority I'll bring him in on the petticoat interest.

Jen. Well, I shall not lose by this piece of news—ah Brisk, I have acquainted her with all the fine things you told me the captain said about her.

Brisk. Aye, and I dare say your mistress gave you many *fine things* for your information.

Jen. Well, I suppose you did'n't miss your advantage in all those tender confessions of love for the captain on my mistress's part which I have told you *in confidence.*

Brisk. Oh they have been to me, so many bills payable at sight—that's the way—you're retain'd in the lady's cause, and I in the captain's—like honest counsellors we meet in private, exchange briefs—betray the secrets of our clients, and pocket the reward of our ingenuity. But come now, make haste to your mistress.

Jen. (going—returns.) You have nothing to say on your own account, have you?

Brisk. Why, yes; but as time is short, I must be as brief as possible *(kisses her.)* [*Exit Jenny.*

That's a nice girl—I have a devilish good mind to —— Stop! stop! Her terms, I know, are positively marriage, of which having had *one taste*, I don't wish to try another.

SONG.

I.

In Cheshire I was bred,
Where a merry life I led,
My daddy was a pains-taking cobler,
But had a scolding wife,
Who fill'd his days with strife,
The devil sure himself couldn't hobble her.
When they'd pass'd the honey-moon,
They like others chang'd their tune;
At first she was sweeter than syrup,
But liked a little sup,
Aye, and when came on the fit,
So his temper it put up;
If she ask'd him for the *bit*,
That dad always gave her the *stirrup*.
Thus finding comfort past,
He wish'd to see her *last*,
And discord they took such delight in,
That their Clapper clawing,
Scolding, jawing,
Snubbing, drubbing,
Reeling, squeeling,
Everlasting broils and huffs,
Curses, frowns, and fisty cuffs,
First gave me a passion for fighting.

II.

But, like a silly goose,
I was caught in Hymen's noose,
A damsel I met—thought to carry her.
When this bewitching prude
Begg'd that I would not be rude,
And vow'd I should leave her, or marry her.
So a parson soon we found,
And in marriage ties were bound,
For love made the case rather urgent;
Then she was kind and free,
Said without me she would die,
Vow'd eternal constancy,
But a fortnight pass'd or nigh,
Ran off with a tall Irish sergeant.

So, panting high for fame,
A soldier I became,
And cursed married men for dull asses.
Then With battering,
And clattering,
And plundering,
And thundering,
Full of frolic, fight, and fun,
O the game was never done,
Storming towns, and besieging the lasses.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Hotel.

Enter BELFORD.

Bel. How I long to hear from my dear Rosabel —I dare not venture into the house again.—What shall I do? All my hope is in the contrivance of Brisk.

Enter BRISK.

Brisk. Oh Captain! Captain!

Bel. What, my dear fellow?

Brisk. If you want to obtain a footing in the house of Sir Peter, now's your time.

Bel. Only tell me how!

Brisk. A great German astrologer has lately arrived at the *Swan with two Necks*—Sir Peter has sent me to invite him to our house. Now, love is a bad tutor, if you have not address enough to personate a German astrologer—I will take care that you shall not be interrupted by the real one; and as Sir Peter is unacquainted with both his name and person, all difficulty is removed.

Bel. Thank you, my dear fellow, you have given me new life—I will go to the next masquerade-shop, and equip myself for the character.

Brisk. Let your dress be as *outré* as possible—it will the more easily impose on my master.

Bel. But how to reach your master's house in such a figure?—'twould raise a mob about me.

Brisk. True; they might suppose another *Don Cossack* was arriv'd; but that we will prevent.—In the narrow street behind the house, there is a door that enters the garden—give three distinct knocks at that door—I will admit and conduct you to my room, where you can dress for your part, and when ready, I will announce you to Sir Peter.

Bel. Why truly Brisk, you deserve to be Cupid's prime minister—I know not how I shall ever sufficiently reward you.

Brisk. Don't mention it, Sir—were I not devoted to your interest, I would promote this adventure for the joke's sake.—A good joke, Sir, is my delight, tho' I may say it is the *Cleopatra* for which I have *lost the world.*—Yes, Sir, I have been turn'd out of place—had before justices—and toss'd in blankets, through my joking propensity; I have encounter'd all the perils of horse-ponds and horse-whips, for the sake of a horse-laugh; and yet for all this, let fun start in any shape, and I'm sure to hunt it down, let the consequence be what it may.

[*Exit.*

BALLAD*.

I.

Let others go climb the proud hill of ambition,
On history's tablet to chissel their name,
True happiness bows not to their definition,
Her home is not found in the bubble of fame.

* This ballad, after the first night, was sung in the place of "Rosabel," and none sung here,

Let some think the chace can give charms beyond measure,
And others with learning their hours beguile,
My worship shall be at that fountain of pleasure,
The sweet lip of beauty when deckt with a smile.

II.

Let topers preside at the full merry meeting,
And boast the delights that of Bacchus are born;
The friendship that springs from the grape is but fleeting,
A vapour of night that dissolves in the morn.
That jewel I'd seek in my life's dearest treasure,
Unfashion'd by int'rest, unsullied with guile,
The heart of a friend in the bosom of pleasure,
When beauty's sweet lip is adorn'd with a smile.

SCENE IV.

Before Sir PETER's *House.*

Enter SOLOMON.

Sol. Well, here I am arriv'd at last, at my journey's end.—What means this strange beating I feel at my heart—what should it be but—love! Ah! my sweet Dolly Dimple, you'll soon crown my anxious longing—here's her sweet letter!—[*Reads.*]

" Dear Sir,

" I receiv'd your letter, and have to say " in answer to your *purposals*, that your person is " not disagreeable to me; and as you say you feel " an affection for me, why I feel the same for you " —Could you make it convenient to come to town " —you know where I live——I can say no more " at present; but shall conclude with the words of " the song,

" Adieu, thou lovely youth,
" Let hopes thy fear remove,
" Preserve thy faith and truth,
" But never doubt I love.

" Your's until death us does part,

" DOLLY DIMPLE."

[*Wiping his eyes.*] It's very foolish of me, but I can't help it. Let me see—this is the street; but for the life of me I can't recollect the number.

Enter BRISK.

Brisk. What queer customer is this? [*Aside.*] The very cut of his coat awakens my old propensity.

Sol. Pray, Sir, can you inform me where one Squire Addlepate lives in this street?

Brisk. Have you any bus'ness pray with Squire Addlepate?

Sol. Not with him, Sir, but with a young woman who lives servant at the squire's—one Dolly Dimple!

Brisk. So! a country sweetheart to the plump wench at the next house—[*Aside.*] Oh! I perceive you mean our Dolly.

Sol. Your Dolly, Sir?

Brisk. That is—my master's Dolly.

Sol. [*In a crying tone.*] Your master's Dolly, Sir.

Brisk. Yes, my fellow servant—this is the very house. [*Unlocks the door.*]

Sol. Sir. [*Giving the way.*]

Brisk. After you, Sir.

Sol. No, I really can't think of going first.

Brisk. Nay, I insist upon it.

Sol. Oh dear, Sir!

[*Enters the house with much ceremony,* —Brisk *follows.*]

SCENE V.

Hall in Sir PETER'S *House.*

Enter BRISK, *followed by* SOLOMON.

Brisk. As fine a subject as I could wish to meet with—Let me see, your name is———

Sol. Solomon.

Brisk. Oh! Solomon!

Sol. Yes, Solomon Sharpwit, Sir.

Brisk. True—Solomon Sharpwit—that was the name, now I recollect.

Sol. My father would have me called Solomon, after himself—my father was a very sensible man, Sir.

Brisk. Was he?

Sol. Oh dear yes, and a very pleasant man in company: he never open'd his mouth without making every body laugh.

Brisk. And pray where did you come from, Mr. Solomon?

Sol. I came from Folkstone, in Kent, where I keep a shop—deal in chandlery, grocery, and so on, Sir; besides, I do a little in the smuggling way; but that I always keep to myself.

Brisk. Yes, I perceive, you always keep that to yourself—you're a very close fellow.

Sol. Oh yes! very close—they say so at our club—there they call me a *deep file.*

Brisk. Indeed! What at your club?

Sol. Yes, Sir; the society of Comical Codgers: they meet every Friday at the sign of the Bull, in our town—I'm partial to the house, for I was born in it.

Brisk. Really! Your father kept it, perhaps?

Sol. Oh no! But he lived in it: he was the postman of the place—a clever fellow—they used to call him the "Flying Mercury:" he married the bar-maid of the inn: she had given him many *handsome* proofs of her affection.

Brisk. Yourself among the number perhaps. [*Aside.*

Sol. Therefore, having scraped together a few pence, they took advantage of the death of an old blind widow, and jump'd into what the neighbours call'd a *good thing*—that is the shop that I keep.

Brisk. So now you are after another good thing, eh?

Sol. Sir! eh! Oh! you mean Dolly, Sir—why yes, she's a nice young woman. When the family was down in our part, she used to come to my shop for a few odd articles, now and then. I threw many a longing glance at her across the counter, while wrapping up a square of butter, or weighing a pound of tea, but couldn't muster courage enough to tell her my mind; after she was gone though I corresponded with her, and she very lately, by the sweet delicate hand of a fellow-servant, that she got to write the letter for her, has own'd a mutual affection for me.

Brisk. And so you are now come to town, to settle the business; now do you know, Solomon, that I begin to think you a very sensible fellow.

Sol. Oh Lord, Sir———

Brisk. Nay, I'll be sworn you are; you and I must be better acquainted.

Sol. Upon my word, Sir, you do me too much honour.

Brisk. Not at all. Mrs. Dolly has just stepp'd out into the neighbourhood; she'll be in presently: in the mean time make yourself quite at home.—Now to attend the Captain [*aside.*]—make yourself quite at home, King Solomon!

Sol. That's a mighty civil sort of a gentleman: well, I begin to think that now I shall succeed in the darling object of my hopes, and not be treated again in the scurvy manner I was by my first love.

BURLESQUE BALLAD.

I.

I lov'd a maid,
Call'd BETTY WADE,
So tall and perpendicular,
Her neck and waist
Did please my taste
In every particular;
Her roguish eye
It seem'd to cry,
If you would have me, follow, man;
Then at her feet,
I sigh'd—O sweet!
Do pity MR. SOLOMON!

II.

I bought a fine
New valentine,
And eighteen-pence I paid for it;
I sent her too
Some verses new,
Which I myself had made for it.
The verses said,
O Betty Wade!
I'm no deceitful hollow man;
A lovyer true,
I sigh for you,
Your constant faithful SOLOMON

III.

A grenadier,
As you shall hear,
Her sweetheart was, unknown to me;
And him I met,
With my sweet Bet,
But she was like a stone to me:
" Good Sir, this maid
" Is mine," I said,
" Tho' you're a fierce and taller man;"
Said she, " You lie,
" It's all my eye—
" So hop off, Mr. Solomon!"

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Hall in SIR PETER'S *House.*

Enter JENNY.

Jenny.

HERE comes my master's dolt of a nephew. He gives me money to teach him to make love to my mistress, and she rewards me for assisting her correspondence with the Captain.—Altogether, mine is a pretty comfortable place.

Enter NIKEY.

Nik. Ah, Jenny! I wanted to see you. Do you know, I can't get my cousin Rosey to be good-natured to me for all I can do.

Jen. Indeed!

Nik. No, upon my word and honour. She told me just now, if ever I mentioned a word about love to her again, she would take a blunderbuss and shoot me.

Jen. Poh! poh! that was all a joke.

Nik. No, upon my word, it was right earnest. The great blunderbuss in the hall, and that's loaded, you know.

Jen. You don't attack a young lady in the right way.

Nik. Don't I? La, Jenny! will you shew me the right way to attack a young lady.

Jen. Why you must throw off that sheepish air, and adopt the manners of a man of fashion.

Nik. Must I?

Jen. Yes; that walk, for instance, like a starv'd footboy following his mistress to church of a Sunday morning, you must change to the Bond-street swagger—so. [*Shews him.*

Nik. What? so! [*He imitates.*

Jen. Aye, the more slovenly, the more like a

man of fashion.—Now, to accost a lady with a good grace, there are three things indispensable.

Nik. Three things!

Jen. Yes, the first is an impudent stare; the second, a large pair of whiskers; and the third, is a quizzing glass.

Nik. But I have not got any whiskers.

Jen. Poh, nonsense! You can get a pair ready made of any fashionable wig-maker; then you must get the tailor to rig you in the newest fashion, from top to toe.

Nik. Is that all, Jenny?

Jen. Oh, no! You must not only alter your walk and your dress, but you must alter your language—Don't go sneaking to your cousin with, "I say, Miss Rosey, will you go and take a walk this morning? [*Mimicking*] March up to her with a bold impudent stare, and say, "How do, Rose? Your dad says we must be married, and I've no great objection, for you're a devilish fine girl—damme!

Nik. What! must I say naughty words?

Jen. O, yes; you must swear a little—no being a buck without.

Nik. You're a devilish fine girl—damme!

Jen. Aye, that will do. Then don't go whining to your uncle, crying, "Uncle! Rosy won't have me! But give him a hearty slap on the back, with "Well, old one! what do you say to me now? —I think I'm the thing—damme!"

Nik. I think I'm the thing—damme! Well, Jenny! here's a new guinea, I have saved, for you; and if Rosy marries me, I'll give you a good deal more—I think I'm the thing—damme! [*Exit.*

Jen. Poor, stupid dolt! Well, I hope my mistress won't stand shilly shally now, and disappoint the Captain's scheme—Only let the man I like put the question to me, and he shall know my mind directly.

SONG.

I.

Where's the use of sitting, sighing,
Where's the use to seem denying,
When I know my heart complying,
To the lad that woo's me:
Ought I by dissimulation,
Give a loving youth vexation,
Who doth, without hesitation,
From all others choose me?

Oh, no, no! I'll let him see,
I can love as well as he,
Truth my counsellor shall be,
And gain my point completely;
Blythe as are the birds in spring,
We will dance and we will sing,
While the merry, merry bells shall ring,
At our wedding sweetly.

II.

Let the silly prudish maiden
Wait till beauty's flow'r is fading,
Sadly then herself upbraiding,
For not being wiser,
She should smile in life's gay morning,
Nor repel fond love with scorning,
Lest a lover—maid, take warning!
Afterwards despise her.

Oh, no, no! &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of SIR PETER; *a Door in the Flat leading to an Antichamber.*

SIR PETER *discovered seated at a Table, examining some Papers.**

Sir P. "Two wonderful prophecies indeed!—

* *Alteration after the First Night's Performance.*

SCENE III.—The Chamber, with Door in the Flat, is substituted for this, and continued to the End of the Farce.

" What an acquisition they will be to my collec-
" tion!—Let me see: the British navy will be en-
" tirely destroyed on the 21st of March, 2940—
" Hey! how's this? The other says the world is to
" be destroyed on the 18th of the same month—Oh!
" then it seems the British navy won't be destroyed
" 'till three days after the end of the world. Hey!
" what's this? sent by the post.—[*opening a letter*]
" What! more prophecies! and set to music I de-
" clare!"

" CHAUNT.

I.

" A great many things, more wonderful than new,
" Will happen in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two;
" Bankrupts will be made, stocks will rise and fall,
" Levee days at court, and much stuffing at Guildhall.
" Moderation! Moderation!
Spoken—" *You know at city feasts they always eat in*——
" Moderation!

II.

" Many young ladies will long to get married,
" And some from boarding school to Gretna will be carried;
" Some married ladies will live happy, and some run away;
" Work for Westminster-Hall, and a good round sum to pay.
" Moderation! Moderation!
Spoken—" *Lawyers always charge in*——Moderation!

III.

" Statesmen will love pensions, lawyers will love fees,
" Actors be very proud when their friends they can please;
" Millers will grind corn, and husbandmen will till
" And doctors will cure all the patients they don't kill.
" Moderation! Moderation!
Spoken—" *Doctors always physic their patients in*——
" Moderation!

SIR PETER *enters, bringing on* ROSABEL.

Sir P. So, so, Miss; I've found you out, have I? I'll take care of you in future—no more love-making at the window—In, Madam, in! When lock'd in your apartment I shall be sure of you.

[*Forces her into the door in the flat, and turns the key upon her.*

IV.

" Many an old miser will fall in love with pelf,
" Many a young buck fall in love with—himself!
" Tradesmen will get rich when misfortune don't break 'em.
" Buonaparte will build ships, and British tars will take 'em.
" Celebration, &c.

Spoken—" *Of such events we've had many a*
" Celebration!"

[*Solomon is seen in an Anti-Room examining the Pictures.*]

Sir P. Why, who's that?—Oh! its the German astrologer, I suppose—Aye, these great men like to introduce themselves with as little ceremony as possible.

Enter SOLOMON.

Sir, your humble servant. [*Bowing.*

Sol. Sir, your very humble servant. [*Bowing*

Sir P. Pray, Sir, be seated. [*Hands a chair.*

Sol. Vastly civil, I declare. [*Aside.*

Sir P. You are just arrived in London, I presume?

Sol. Yes, I am, Sir.

Sir P. He talks very good English for a foreigner—[*Aside*]. You are in great repute, no doubt, in the part you are come from?

Sol. Yes, I am indeed, Sir, in a very reputable way.

Sir P. And member of a learned society.

Sol. He means our club, I suppose. [*Aside*]—Yes. Sir, I belong to a society.

Sir P. Let me see—the society of——

Sol. Comical Codgers, Sir.

Sir P. Comical Codgers! Bless me! What an odd name for a society of philosophers! Aye, they drink deep, no doubt, at the fountain of science.

Sol. Sir! [*not seeming to understand him at first*] Oh, yes!—true!—they do drink deep o'times, Sir, I own.

Sir P. Pardon my question, Sir; I have a particular reason for it—Pray what sign were you born under.

Sol. The sign of the Bull, Sir.

Sir P. The Bull! Aye, the bull denotes strength—strength confers greatness—a very likely sign for a great man to be born under——I have observ'd now that Jupiter and Mercury——

Sol. Mercury! do you mean my father, Sir?

Sir P. Why, was Mercury your father?

Sol. Oh! no, Sir; I thought you alluded to his birth.

Sir. P. O, Mercury presided at his birth!—that's odd too. Your father was a great man, no doubt.

Sol. About my size, Sir.

Sir P. I mean he was a great scholar—a man of letters?

Sol. Yes, Sir; he was a *postman.*

Sir P. A postman! thank you; that's a very good one—a postman a man of letters! very witty indeed, doctor. Well, well, that's no uncommon thing—a great genius may be born in any station.

Sol. Very true, Sir, very true, indeed; I had a brother that was reckon'd a *genus.*

Sir P. Was he?

Sol. Yes, Sir; he could eat fire, play on the salt-box, and dance the slack rope.

Sir P. Upon my soul, that's such a genius as I never heard of.

Sol. He has'n't been heard of a long time, Sir.

Sir P. No? It's a pity such a genius should be lost. What can have become of him?

Sol. I've heard from some of our neighbours, that latterly he took to *sleight of hand.*

Sir P. What! and left off the slack rope, eh?

Sol. Yes, Sir, they do say he made his last appearance on the *tight rope.*

Sir P. Why, who am I talking to? Pray, Sir, allow me to ask—are you not a philosopher, newly arrived from Germany?

Sol. Lord love you! no, Sir.

" *Sir P.* No!* Then what brought you here, pray?

---

* *Alteration*——BRISK *enters here, and announces the German Astrologer.*

Sir P. Shew him up.

Brisk. Shew him up? Had'n't you better go down to him, Sir?

Sir P. Shew him up, I say.'

Brisk. [*Aside*] I saw him lock up my young lady—I'll try, egad; 'tis neck or nothing. [*Exit.*

Sir P. Now, Sir, who are you, pray?

Sol. Who am I, Sir? Lord bless you, that little man that brought me here, knows all about me; but I'll tell you my whole story over again, if you like.—Bless you, I'm Solomon Sharp-wit; so was my father, and came from Folkstone—kept a shop—dealt in grocery and chandlery—a deal of smuggling going on there, Sir.—[*The* CAPTAIN *enters behind,* BRISK *unlocks the door, lets out* ROSABEL, *and hands her over to the* CAPTAIN; *they all go off as* SOLOMON *is speaking the last words.*]—Then you must know, Sir, I am a *deep file.*

Sir P. A deep file! But what brought you here?

Sol. Dolly, Sir.

Sir P. Dolly! Who the devil's Dolly?

Sol. She's your servant—my sweetheart, Sir. Where is she? Is she come in?

Sir P. How should I know?

Sol. Not know? Why a'n't you Squire Addlepate?

Sir P. Addlepate, you scoundrel? What do you mean by that?

Sol. Lord, Sir! I thought you was old Addlepate.

Enter BRISK.

Brisk They're off!—[*Aside*]—Oh, Sir! Sir! The German astrologer has been struck with a sudden discovery respecting marriage, and is flown out of the house to communicate it to the Royal Society.

Sir P. The devil he is! Why, he must be mad! however, I suppose he'll return and communicate it to me—Well, Mr.

Sol. Dolly, Sir.
Sir P. Dolly?

Enter BRISK,

Brisk. Sir, here is the German gentleman you sent me for from the Swan with Two Necks.
Sir P. Shew him in.
[*Exit* BRISK, *chuckling and looking at* SOLOMON.
[*To* SOLOMON, *who is going*]—Stay you here, Sir, I must know who you are before you go.

Enter BELFORD, " *disguised in a black gown and wig.*

[*Looking at his dress*]. " This is another comical " codger I suppose. [*Aside.*] Will you allow me to " ask what is your name, Sir?
" *Bel.* I am de Professor Flim Flam, Hum " Sham, Qeer'emall Von Bounce.
" *Sir P.* Ah, that sounds something like a phi- " losopher.
" *Sol.* [*Behind.*] Bless my heart, what a long " name!
" [*He walks to and fro, and examines Belford* " *minutely.*
" *Sir P.* I want your assistance, most learned " Professor, on a very important point.
" *Bel.* You shall be obey in all dat you desire.
" *Sol.* Lord, I'm sure that beard can't be his " own! [*Aside.*]
" *Sir P.* But, Sir, pray be seated till I have done " with this person here. [*Pointing to Solomon.*

Solomon Sharpwit, you're a sharp fellow I dare say; stop 'till my return, and I'll send for Dolly. [*Aside*]—But I shall lock you in till I send for a constable; so, my service to you, Mr. Solomon Sharpwit! [*Exit.*

[*Then follows the scene betwixt* BRISK *and* Solomon.

" *Sol.* [*Whispers him.*] That man's got a false " beard, Sir.

" *Sir P.* Has he? The devil!

" [*Looks at Belford suspiciously.*

" *Bel.* [*Aside.*] I'm afraid the old fellow smokes " me.

" *Sir P.* Learned Sir, please to step this way— " there is one thing I should like to know.

" *Bel.* I shall answer ev'ry ting dat you desire.

" *Sir P.* Then pray be so good [*getting close to* " *him*] as to let me know if———this beard is your " own or not. [*Tugs at the beard, which comes off.*] " So, your humble servant Mr. Flim Flam, and the " devil knows what—these are your tricks are they? " I know your face again. [*Rings.*

Enter BRISK.

" Here Brisk, send for a constable and have this " gentleman secured.

" *Bel.* Sir, I'd have you know—

" *Sir P.* And, Sir, I'd have you know that I " am not to suffer people to enter my house in dis- " guise (perhaps to rob it) without knowing what's " what.

" *Brisk.* Leave him to me, Sir.—I'll secure " him.

" *Bel.* How dev'lish unlucky. [*Aside.*

" *Brisk.* Come along, Sir. [*To Belford.*

" *Sir P.* Hold him tight Brisk.

" *Brisk.* He shan't escape you may depend, Sir. " —Come along." [*Exit with Belford.*

" *Sir P.* Now friend, tell me what is your name?

" *Sol.* Solomon, Sir.

" *Sir P.* And what business brought you here?

" *Sol.* I only came to see your servant, a sweet- " heart of mine.

" *Sir P.* O, that was all, was it? Then Solo- " mon, you're a very honest sensible fellow. You " have sav'd me from being impos'd on, and you " shall be welcome to any thing the house affords. " You are a devilish sensible fellow. [*Exit.*

" *Sol.* Aye, every body says I am a sensible " fellow, and I think I have made a sensible choice " in my Dolly.—She'll not serve me as my friend " Timkins was serv'd, when he went courting in " London.

" COMIC BALLAD.

I.

" MR. TIMKINS, the tailor, he woo'd SALLY NOBBS,
" With a hey diddle, ho diddle dee.
" He work'd for her master, and did many jobs,
" With a hey diddle, ho diddle dee.
" ' Sally Nobbs, Sally Nobbs, pray have pity,' said he,
" ' If you don't I shall hang myself sure as can be,
" ' And in *Bedford Bury* they will bury me.'
" With a hey diddle, ho diddle dee.

II.

" He met her one day near *Round Court in the Strand,*
" With a hey, &c.
" Mr. Timkins a bundle had got in his hand,
" With a hey, &c.
" Now she was as curious as woman could be,
" ' What have you got there Mr. Timkins,' said she.
" ' My dear Sally Nobbs, it is *cabbage,*' said he,
" With a hey, &c.

III.

" But she was determin'd to see the inside,
" With a hey, &c.
" 'Twas a pair of *red small clothes* in handkerchief tied,
" With a hey, &c.
" Said Timkins, who seem'd rather proud of his pelf,
" ' Some *breeches* I made for a huge strapping elf,
" ' From which I have *cabbag'd this pair for myself.*'
" With a hey, &c.

IV.

" Said he, ' Sally Nobbs, they'll look natty you know,'
" With a hey, &c.
" ' When to church to be married together we go,'
" With a hey, &c.
" Said she, " No, I'll wait first 'till wrinkles make ravage;
" ' Begone, Sir, I sooner would marry a savage,
" ' Than a husband whose small-clothes are made of *red*
" ' *cabbage.*'
" With a hey, &c."

"SCENE III.

" *Another Apartment in the same, with a Door in the* " *flat, leading to Rosabel's Chamber.*

" *Enter* BELFORD, ROSABEL, JENNY, *on one side,* " *and* BRISK *on the other.*

" *Brisk.* My dear Lady! you have scarcely a " moment to decide betwixt freedom and slavery.— " Sir Peter is in a dreadful fury, and vows that he " will immediately lock you up 'till your marriage " with his nephew places you out of farther danger.

" *Ros.* That decides me. If I do wrong " parental tyrrany is alone the cause.

" *Bel.* My dear angel! A life of gratitude and " love shall repay this generous confidence.

" *Brisk.* That way, Sir.—Down those stairs you " may effect your escape.

" [*Exeunt Belford, Rosabel, and Jenny.*"

Here comes my friend Solomon. I'll have more sport with him.—He's too precious an original to be parted with easily.

Enter SOLOMON.

Oh my dear fellow, I have been looking for you all over the house—I am glad I have met with you.

Sol. What's the matter?

Brisk. Matter enough:—there are two Custom-house officers after you, who swear they saw a smuggler enter this house; by the description they give I am sure it must be you they are in search of, ——all possibility of escape is closed; if they detect you, you are ruin'd.

Sol. What shall I do? I did a little in the smuggling way to be sure.

Brisk. But you always kept that to yourself you know—I think I hear them coming.

Sol. O Lord! you don't say so! Pray, my dear friend, do think of something.——

Brisk. I have it—there is my young lady's room—she is out—go and dress yourself in her

cloaths, and in that disguise I will contrive your escape.

Sol. Oh dear! * I am so much obliged to you:

Brisk. There is no time for thanks, use dispatch!

Sol. My dear worthy kind friend!

Brisk. And mind, if you meet my master, don't discover yourself—he will give you up.

Sol. My dear friend, I am so much obliged to you. [*Exit into the room.*

Brisk. Come, if I mistake not this will be the best joke yet. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Hall in the same.

Enter SIR PETER.

Sir P. Yes, yes, I am determined on it— I have a license prepared, and I'll lock her up till every thing is ready for the marriage ceremony,

Enter BRISK.

Here, Brisk.

Brisk. Sir.

Sir P. Where is your prisoner?

Brisk. Escaped Sir.

Sir P. Escaped?

Brisk. Yes—he tripped up my heels and was off like lightning.—Dear me, Sir, he's quite a Hercules.

Sir P. Do you know *B*risk I begin to suspect that you are a d——d Rascal?

Brisk. Sir I hope——

Sir P. Not a word—I am sure of it.

Brisk. Indeed Sir——

Sir P. Don't tell me—this trick of the sham Astrologer was all your contrivance.

Brisk. Really Sir——

* ALTERATION. *Sol.* Oh dear, I couldn't think of such a thing!

Sir P. I am sure of it; so don't say a word, —I insist upon your leaving my house this very hour, go and pack up your things—you'll find your wages in the hall window! Begone! [*Exit.*

Brish. So this is what I have got by serving the captain—well he won't prove ungrateful I dare say, and although I have lost my place, nobody can deny that I made the most of it while I had it.

SONG.

I.

Tho' now I am popp'd out of place,
The loaves and the fishes I'll chace;
I'll pursue the old plan,
Do the best that I can,
With the pickings I've made when in place.

II.

Each one makes the most of a place,
His lordship as well as his grace;
And candle-end savings,
And cheese-paring shavings,
Are trifles you know when in place.

III.

Loud Orators with a bold face,
The ministry try to disgrace;
Tho' their tongues shake the House
They'll be mute as a mouse,
If you tie 'em up with a good place. [*Exit.*

" SCENE V.

" *The Gallery with Door in the Flat.*

" *Enter* SOLOMON, *from the Door dressed in Fe-*
" *male Apparel.*

" *Sol.* Where is my dear worthy friend? He
" promised to get me safe out of the house.—How
" unlucky that he is not in the way.

(" *Is going off when* SIR PETER *meets him.*)

" *Sir P.* So Miss! you were going to be off
" to your captain I'll warrant——I'll lock you up,
" you hussey! Get into your chamber do, you dis-

" obedient baggage! *(Drives* SOLOMON *into the* " *Chamber and locks the door.)* Now I have you " safe Miss Runaway! The ceremony shall be cele- " brated immediately. The bridegroom is ready " —the license has been bought, we only wait for " the parson—as for the bride, I've got her safe " enough I warrant me! *(Pointing to the Room.)*"

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment same as Scene Third of this Act.

Enter SIR PETER *followed by Footman.*

Sir P. Where is my nephew? What makes him delay so long?

Foot. He is dressing.

Sir P. Indeed I never knew him to be so long dressing before.

Foot. Bless you, Sir, he has had half a dozen different tradesmen here.

Sir P. Has he?

Foot. Yes Sir,—bootmaker, barber, tailor, jeweller, and I don't know who beside. Aye, aye? Well, come, I like his notion.

Sir P. He is determined to make a proper appearance on his wedding day.—— [*Exit Footman.* Go tell him I am waiting—a perverse baggage to refuse such a lad—all for her trumpery captain. —Hey? who's this?

Nikey comes on dressed in the first style of fashion, with whiskers, quizzing glass, &c.; he struts about —SIR PETER *stares at him*—NIKEY *gives him a thump on the back.*

Nik. Well Old one? What do you say to me now? I think I'm the thing—damme!

Sir P. Why, nephew? Can that be you, ha! ha! ha! I declare I didn't know you. Well, my boy, I like your spirit—let her see that you can be

as stylish as the best captain of them all; but ha! ha! ha! upon my soul I can't help laughing.—Where did you get that large pair of whiskers?

Nik. I bought 'em Uncle—gave 10 guineas for 'em—the man said they were as cheap as dirt.

Sir P. As cheap as dirt.

Nik. Yes as cheap as dirt—damme!

Sir P. Well, well, come Miss Froward, let's see if you will refuse my nephew now.——Come along (*he unlocks the door and brings out* SOLOMON*.) There Nikey—take her my boy—take her and be happy. ("NIKEY *marches up to* SOLOMON *looking thro' his glass.*")

" *Nik.* How do Rose? your old dad says we " must be married, and I've no great objection; " for you're a devilish fine girl, damme!

" *Sol.* Oh dear! What shall I do! He takes me " for a woman—I had better let it pass so, (*gives " himself many affected airs,) at last he takes " Nikey's arm.*

" *Nik.* I say old one look here.

" *Sir P.* Aye, Aye, I knew she'd come to at last, " come along! [*Enter Belford and Rosabel.*

Bel. Sir, your blessing.

Sir P. Hey? How the devil's this? (*Looks at his daughter and then at Solomon " several times.*) " Surely here's witchcraft. (*Looks in the face of " Rosabel.*

Sir P. " Why this is my daughter; then who " the Devil can this be? [*Looks in the face of* So- " lomon] Damme if it is'nt Solomon!"

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Nik. La, uncle! was I going to be married to Solomon?

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir P. So, I'm glad you're come back, Miss; now you shall be married immediately.

---

* ALTERATION. Solomon comes out *not* in female apparel.

Bel. I beg your pardon, Sir, she is married already.

Sir P. Married already! Damme! here's pretty smuggling!

Sol. [*Aside.*] O Lord! he's up to the smuggling.

Sir P. Here go and fetch the officers!

Sol. No, pray don't fetch the officers [*much alarmed.*]

Brisk. A word, Mr. Solomon—Dolly lives next door—don't alarm yourself about the officers—that's all a hum—and heark'ee, when you deal in smuggled goods again, always *keep that to yourself.*

Sir P. So, you are come back, sirrah! I thought I had discharg'd you.

Brisk. Yes, Sir; but this gentleman has hired me—do not be angry, Sir: there is no one to blame here but myself; 'twas I that metamorphosed Solomon, and effected the escape of your daughter.

Sir P. You did, you d—n'd rascal!

[*Going to strike him.*

Brisk. Excuse me, Sir; it was all to obey the planets.

Sir P. How?

Brisk. Send for the German astrologer, Sir;—he is an ass if he don't say that *Mars* and *Venus* are the bright luminaries who preside over the destinies of your house, and therefore it will be in vain to oppose them by withholding your consent, *Old Saturn.*

Sir P. Old Saturn! [*To the Audience.*

Brisk. But now to learn what *our* high Fates decree,
The actor and the poet's destiny,
Let yon bright galaxy of fashion shew,
[*Pointing to the Boxes.*
Ye pow'rs that rule above! [*To the Galleries.*
And ye below! [*To the Pit.*
Beam kindly then—our harvest do not mar,
And let good-humour be our guiding star.

FINALE.

Tho' *sharp* the test,
If *flat* our jest,
Kind mercy here invoking;
To patrons true,
We humbly sue,
Forgive our harmless joking.

BELFORD *and* ROSABEL.

Now love is crown'd,
Let joy abound,
And heart and heart uniting,
May smiling Mirth
Give pleasure birth,
To usher each gay night in.

ALL.

Tho' *sharp*, &c.

[*Curtain falls*

FINIS.

J. G. BARNARD,
SKINNER-STREET, LONDON.

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